





THE

DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK

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Book of the Dean of Lismore.
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THE
DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK

A SELECTION OF

ANCIENT GAELIC POETRY

FROM A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION MADE BY SIR JAMES M'GREGOR,
DEAN OF LISMORE, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED WITH A TRANSLATION AND NOTES

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'LAUHLAN

AND

AN INTRODUCTION AND ADDITIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM F. SKENE Esq.

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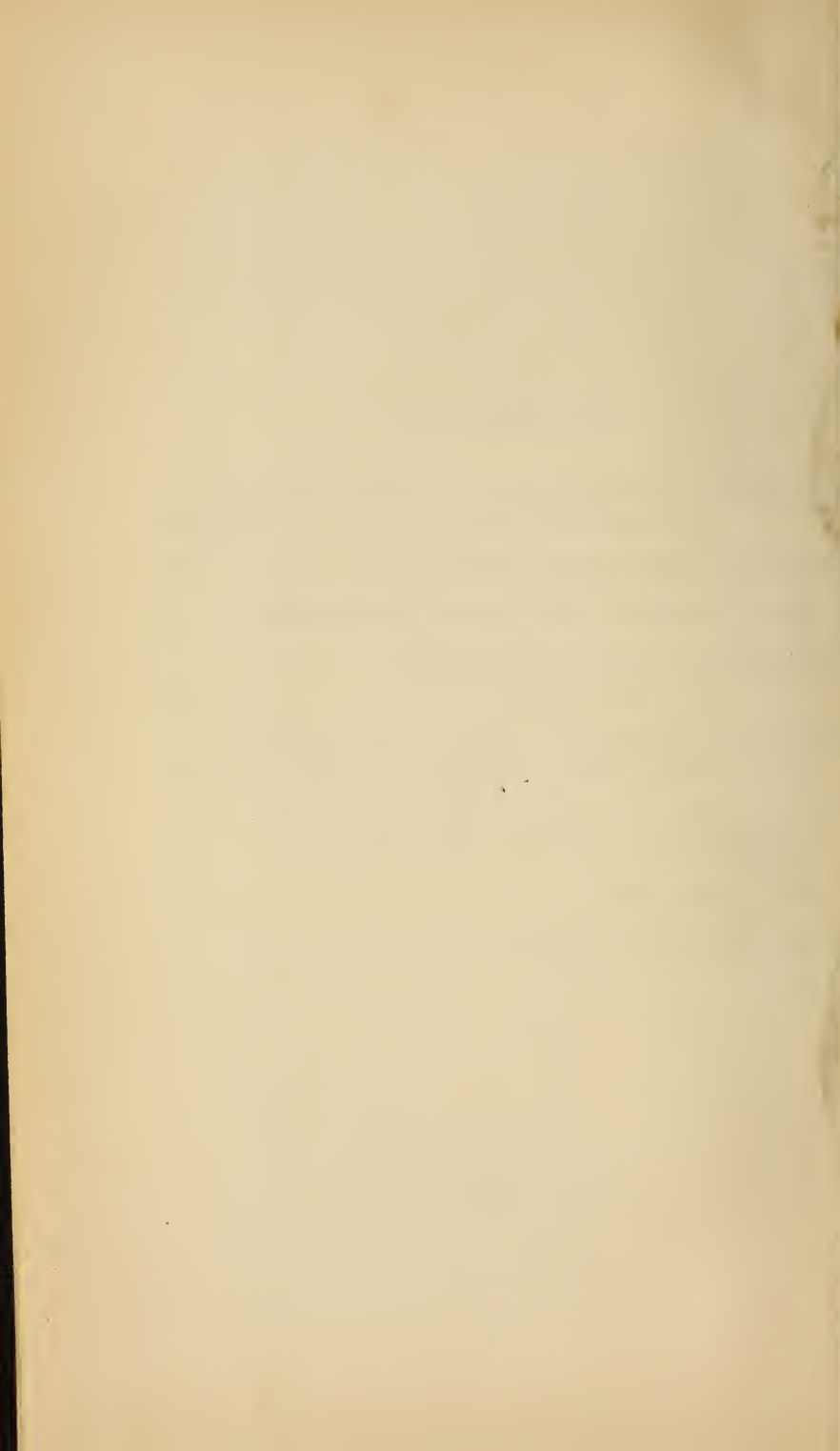
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INTRODUCTION.

IN the heart of the Perthshire Highlands, and not far from the northern shore of Loch Tay, there lies a secluded vale of about six miles long. The river Lyon, which issues from the long and narrow valley of Glenlyon through the pass of Chesthill, hardly less beautiful than the celebrated pass of Killichranky, meanders through it. On the east bank of a small stream which falls into the Lyon about the centre of the vale, is the Clachan or Kirkton of Fortingall, anciently called Fothergill, from which it takes its name; and on the west or opposite bank is the mansion of Glenlyon House, anciently called Tullichmullin.

A stranger stationed at the clachan or little village of Fortingall, would almost fancy that there was neither egress from nor ingress to this little district, so secluded and shut in among the surrounding mountains does it appear to be. It is a spot where one could well suppose that the traditions of former times, and the remains of a forgotten oral literature, might still linger in the memories of its inhabitants; while the local names of the

mountains and streams about it are redolent of the mythic times of the Feine. On the west is the glen of Glenlyon, the ancient Cromgleann nan Clach or Crooked Glen of the Stones, associated with many a tradition of the Feine, and where the remains of those rude forts, termed Caistealan na Feine, crown many a rocky summit; and the vale is bounded on the south and east by the ridge of Druimfhionn or Finn's Ridge.

In the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, there dwelt here a family of the name of Macgregor. They were descended from a vicar of Fortingall, who, at the time when, during the century preceding the Reformation, the Catholic Church was breaking up, and their benefices passing into the hands of laymen, secured for himself and his descendants the vicarage of Fortingall and a lease of the church lands.

Of the history of this family we know somewhat from an obituary commenced by one of his descendants, and continued to the year 1579 by the Curate of Fothergill, which is still preserved.

His son, whether legitimate or illegitimate we know not, was Ian Rewych, or John the Grizzled, termed Makgewykar or son of the Vicar.¹

His grandson was Dougall Maol, or Dougall the Bald or Tonsured, called patronymically Dougall Johnson, or the son of John.

This Dougall Johnson appears in 1511 as a notary-

¹ Obitus Katherine neyn Ayn Weyll
Sponse Johannis M'Ayn Rawych Mac-

Gewykar apud Aychly in Mense Decem-
bris anno Domini Mvexlij.—Chron. Fort.

public,¹ and dwelt at Tullichmullin, where his wife Katherine, daughter of Donald M'Clawe, *alias* Grant, died in 1512.² He is twice mentioned in the obituary or Chronicle of Fortingall; in 1526, as repairing the cross in Inchadin, or the old church of Kenmore, situated on the north bank of the river Tay, nearly opposite Taymouth Castle; and in 1529, as placing a stone cross in Larkmonemerkyth, the name of a pass among the hills which leads from Inchadin to the south.³

Of Dougall the Bald, the son of John the Grizzled, we have no further mention; but of his family we know of two sons, James and Duncan.

James was a Churchman. He appears as a notary-public, an office then held by ecclesiastics, along with his father, in the year 1511, and he early attained to honour and influence, through what channel is unknown; for, in 1514, we find him Dean of Lismore,⁴ an island in Argyllshire, lying between the districts of Lorn and Morvern, which was at that time the Episcopal seat of the Bishops of Argyll. He was, besides, Vicar of Fortingall and Firmarius or tenant of the church lands; and died possessed of these benefices in the year 1551, and

¹ Charter Robert Menzies of that ilk to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, dated at the Isle of Loch Tay, 18th September 1511. Inter test. Dugallo Johneson Notario et domino Jacobo M'Gregour notario-publico.—Reg. Mag. Sig. xvii. 69.

² Obitus Catherine neyn Donyll M'Clawe alias Grant uxoris Dougalli Johnson apud Tullychmollin xxij. die Julij anno domini M°V°xj.

Memorandum solium crucis in Inchadin compositum fuit per Dougallum Johnson. Anno domini M°V°xxvj°.

Crux lapidea fuit posita in Larkmonemerkyth in magno lapide qui alio nomine vocatur clachur . . . per Dougallum Johnson primo Octobris anno domini, etc., V°xxix.—Chron. Fort.

⁴ Origines Parochiales, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 161.

was buried in the choir of the old church of Inchadin.¹

In 1552, a year after his death, Gregor Macgregor, son of the deceased Sir James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore, as became the head of a small but independent sept of the Macgregors, and with a due regard to its safety, bound himself to Colin Campbell of Glenurchy and his heirs, "taking him for his chief, in place of the Laird of Macgregor, and giving him his calp."²

In 1557 Gregor and Dougall Macgregors, natural sons of Sir James Macgregor, receive letters of legitimation;³ and, in 1574, Dougall Macgregor appears as Chancellor of Lismore.⁴

It is unnecessary for our purpose to follow the history of this family any further; suffice it to say, that the two brothers, James and Duncan,⁵ members of a clan which, though under the ban of the Government, and exposed to the grasping aggression of their powerful neighbours, the Campbells of Glenurchy, considered themselves as peculiarly Highland, and had high pretensions, as descended from the old Celtic monarchs of Scotland—connected with the Church, and as such, possessing some

¹ *Obitus honorabilis viri ac egregii Viri Domini Jacobi (M'Gregor) filii Dougalli Johnson ac decani Lesmorensis Vicarii de Fortyrgill et Firmarii dicte ecclesie . . . bone memorie in nocte Sancte Lucie virginis hora . . . post meridiem et sepultus in die Lucie videlicet . . . Anno Domini M V^o l^o j^o. in choro de Inchadin.*—Chron. Fort.

² Black Book of Taymouth, p. 196.

³ Precept of Legitimation in favour of Gregor and Dougall MacGregors, natural sons of Sir James MacGregor.—Privy Seal, xxix. 46.

⁴ Charter by Dougall Macgregor, Chancellor of Lismoir, with consent of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, of the lands of Auchnacroftie, dated at Balloch, 25th December 1574.

⁵ Duncan McCowle voil vic Eoyne Reawych.—MS., p. 223.

cultivation of mind and such literary taste as Churchmen at that time had, yet born and reared in the farm-house of Tullichmullin, in the secluded vale of Fortingall, and imbued with that love of old Highland story and cherished fondness for Highland song, which manifests itself in so many a quiet country Highlander, and which the scenery and associations around them were so well calculated to foster—the one, from his high position in the Church of Argyll, having peculiar facilities for collecting the poetry current in the West Highlands—the other, though his brother, yet, as was not uncommon in those days, his servitor or amanuensis, and himself a poet—and both natives of the Perthshire Highlands—collected and transcribed into a commonplace book Gaelic poetry obtained from all quarters.

This collection has fortunately been preserved. It is, unquestionably, a native compilation made in the central Highlands, upwards of three hundred years ago. It contains the remains of an otherwise lost literature. In it we find all that we can now recover of native compositions current in the Highlands prior to the sixteenth century, as well as the means of ascertaining the extent to which the Highlanders were familiar with the works of Irish poets.

It is a quarto volume of some 311 pages, and is written in the current Roman hand of the period. Though much injured by time, the leaves in part worn away, and the ink faint, it is still possible to read the greater part of its contents.

With the exception of a short Latin obituary, and one or two other short pieces, it consists entirely of a collection of Gaelic poetry made by the two brothers.

At the bottom of the 27th page appears the following note in Latin:—*Liber Dni Jacobi Macgregor Decani Lismoren.*

At page 78, there is a chronological list of Scottish kings written in the Scottish language, which ends thus:—“James the Fyfte reignis now in great felicitie.” He reigned from 1513 to 1542; and, on page 144, there is a genealogy of the Macgregors, written by the brother Duncan, deducing their descent from the old Scottish kings, and he adds a docquet in Gaelic, which may be thus translated:—Duncan the Servitor, the son of Dougall, who was son of John the Grizzled, wrote this from the Book of the History of the Kings, and it was done in the year 1512.¹

There can be no question, therefore, that this collection was formed during the lifetime of the Dean of Lismore, and a great part of it as early as the year 1512. How it was preserved through that and the succeeding century is unknown. In the last century it passed into the possession of the Highland Society of London, by whom it was transferred to the custody of the Highland Society of Scotland, when a committee of that Society was engaged in an inquiry into the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, published by Macpherson. It has now been deposited, along

¹ Agis Duncha Deyr oclych mcdowle
vec oyne Reywiche di Skreyve so a
loywrow Shenchych nyn reig agis ros

zenyt Anno Domini 1512.—MS., p. 144.
Deyroclych is Daoroglach, and is the
Gaelic rendering of Servitor.

with other Gaelic MSS. in the possession of that Society, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and forms part of that collection of Gaelic MSS. which have been brought together within the last few years, and contain nearly all the Gaelic MSS. which are known still to exist.¹

The Dean's MS. differs from all the other MSS. in that collection in two essential particulars. It is not, like the other MSS., written in what is called the Irish character, but in the current Roman character of the early part of the sixteenth century; and the language is not written in the orthography used in writing Irish, and now universally employed in writing Scotch Gaelic, but in a peculiar kind of phonetic orthography, which aims at presenting the words in English orthography as they are pronounced.

The peculiar orthography employed is, however, evidently not the mere attempt of a person ignorant of the

¹ This collection has been formed within the last few years mainly through the instrumentality of the writer. When he commenced, the Faculty of Advocates possessed four Gaelic MSS. The collection now consists of sixty-five.

The writer formed the plan of collecting the remains of the MS. Gaelic literature of Scotland, which was rapidly disappearing, into one place, where they could be preserved, by inducing the possessors of Gaelic MSS. to deposit them in some public library for preservation; and as the Faculty of Advocates were already in the possession of some MSS., their library was evidently the most appropriate depository for this purpose. The valuable MSS. belonging to the Highland Society of Scotland formed the basis of the collection; the directors,

and their secretary, John Hall Maxwell, Esq., C.B., having at once responded to the call, and the fortunate discovery of the Kilbride collection, which its possessor likewise agreed to deposit, added a large number. The remainder consists of MSS. deposited by individual possessors, and the collection now embraces nearly all the MSS. known or believed still to exist.

It is hoped that, if any Gaelic MSS. still remain in the hands of individual possessors, they will add to the value of this collection by making them known, and depositing them in the Advocates' Library for preservation.

The MSS. are preserved in a locked cabinet, and a general catalogue of the whole has been prepared by the writer.

proper orthography to write the words in English letters in an arbitrary manner, so as to present, as nearly as possible, the sound of the words as they struck his ear when repeated to him, but bears evident marks of having been a regular and known system of orthography, which, although we have few specimens of it left, may not the less have once prevailed in that part of the Highlands more removed from the influence of Irish teaching.

It is a peculiarity of all the Celtic dialects, that the consonants suffer a change in the beginning of words, from the influence of the preceding words, or in forming the oblique cases, and likewise change their sound in the middle of words by being aspirated.

In the Irish orthography, the original consonant is invariably preserved ; and the change is indicated by prefixing another consonant when the sound is affected by eclipsis, or the influence of the preceding word, or by adding the letter *h*, when it is changed by aspiration.

In the Welsh dialects, however, and in the Manx, which is a dialect of the Gaelic division of the Celtic languages, a different system of orthography has always prevailed. Instead of retaining the original letter, and indicating the change in the sound by prefixing or adding another, a different letter expressing simply the new sound, is substituted for the original letter ; and hence the orthography bears more of a phonetic and less of an etymologic character.

Both systems have their advantages and disadvantages. In the one, the original form of the word is preserved,

and the primary sounds of the letters are retained. The alteration in their sound in inflection is marked by prefixing another letter, or adding the letter *h*. It is by the application of grammatical rules that the pronunciation of the word is ascertained, and that pronunciation may deviate from time to time to a greater degree from the original standard, while the orthography, always remaining the same, fails to chronicle it.

In the other, a new letter is substituted for the original letter, when the sound is changed by inflection, or by the position of the word in a sentence, and the orthography employed expresses the pronunciation of the word in its inflected, without reference to its original form.

The one presents the language in its etymologic form, without reference to its pronunciation, and is of value in preserving the original form of the written speech.

The other stereotypes its sounds as spoken at the time; it is committed to writing without reference to the original form or primary shape of the words; and is of value in exhibiting the living dialects as spoken by the people.

An apt illustration of this is afforded by the English language and its dialects.

The English orthography exhibits the language as it once was, but from which it has greatly deviated in pronunciation; and it is hardly possible to frame rules by applying which, to the orthography, the present pronunciation can be deduced. It is obvious that if the words, which are differently pronounced in the Scotch dialect, were spelt according to the English orthography,

no clue would be afforded to its peculiarities. On the other hand, when the Scotch dialect is spelt phonetically, as is done, for instance, by Sir Walter Scott in his Scotch romances, the peculiarities in the pronunciation of a living dialect are vividly presented, and these elements of the original language, which may have been preserved in this dialect, are made available for philological purposes.

The collection of Gaelic poetry made by the Dean of Lismore and his brother is thus written in an orthography of this latter class. It attracted some notice when the Highland Society was engaged in its inquiry into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, from its including among its contents some poems attributed to Ossian. Three of these are printed in the report, though incorrectly and imperfectly, but little was known of the other contents of the ms.

A transcript was made of the ms. for the Highland Society by the late Mr. Ewen M'Lachlan, an accomplished Gaelic scholar, who was employed to examine their ms. It, however, passed into the possession of the Rev. J. Macintyre of Kilmanievaig, who allowed it to be examined for a short time by the editors, but no full or correct account was given of the ms. till the Rev. T. M'Lauchlan, one of the editors of this work, read an account of it to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in the year 1856, which is printed in their proceedings.¹ This account attracted considerable notice to the ms., and led to its value being more appreciated.

¹ Vol. ii. pt. i. p. 35.

The present publication has, in consequence, been undertaken.

The Dean's MS. has a double value, philological and literary, and is calculated to throw light both on the language and the literature of the Highlands of Scotland. It has a philological value, because its peculiar orthography presents the language at the time in its aspect and character as a spoken language, and enables us to ascertain whether many of the peculiarities which now distinguish it were in existence three hundred years ago ; and it has a literary value, because it contains poems attributed to Ossian, and to other poets prior to the sixteenth century, which are not to be found elsewhere ; and thus presents to us specimens of the traditionary poetry current in the Highlands prior to that period, which are above suspicion, having been collected upwards of three hundred years ago, and before any controversy on the subject had arisen.

It has been found impossible to present so large a collection entire, but the selection has been made with reference to these two objects. Each poem selected for publication has been presented entire. There is a literal translation of the poem made by the Rev. T. M'Lauchlan, and appended is the original Gaelic text of the poem in the Dean's orthography, exactly as it appears in the MS. ; and, on the opposite page, the same Gaelic has been transferred by Mr. M'Lauchlan into the modern orthography of the Scotch Gaelic, which is nearly the same as that of the Irish, so as to afford the means of comparing

the one orthography with the other, and the modern spoken dialect in the Highlands with the language of the poems collected by the Dean upwards of three hundred years ago, as well as to furnish a test of the accuracy of the translation, by showing the rendering given to the Dean's language.¹

The present spoken language of the Highlands of Scotland is, as is well known, a dialect² of that great branch of the Celtic languages termed the Gwyddelian or Gaelic, and to which belong also the Irish and Manx, or spoken language of the Isle of Man. These three dialects of the Gaelic branch of the Celtic languages, the Irish, the Scotch Gaelic, and the Manx, approach each other so nearly, as to form in fact but one language; and the peculiarities which distinguish them from one another are not of a nature sufficiently broad or vital to constitute either of them a distinct language.

The language spoken by the Highlanders of Scotland is termed by them simply Gaelic; but the name of Erse

¹ It is hardly possible to convey to the reader an adequate conception of the labour of the task undertaken by Mr. M'Lauchlan, or of the courage, perseverance, and ability with which it has been overcome. Mr. M'Lauchlan had first to read the Dean's transcript—no ordinary task, when, to a strange orthography, affording no clue to the original word, was added a careless handwriting of the beginning of the sixteenth century, faded ink, and decayed paper. He had then to convert it into the corresponding Gaelic in its modern shape and orthography, and then to translate it into English, in which he had to combine the literal rendering of an idiomatic

language with an intelligible exhibition of its meaning in English.

It may be as well to take this opportunity of stating, that Mr. M'Lauchlan is solely responsible for the selection made from the Dean's ms., the rendering in modern Gaelic, the English translation, and the notes at the foot of the page. The writer of this is responsible only for the Introduction and the additional notes, to which his name is attached.

² I use the word *dialect* throughout, in the restricted sense of the German word *mundart*, for want of a better English word to express it.

has occasionally been bestowed upon it during the last few centuries by the Lowlanders.¹ As early as the year 1690 a short vocabulary of Scotch Gaelic words was appended to an edition of Bedel's Irish Bible, to adapt it to the use of the Scotch Highlanders; and a somewhat fuller vocabulary, by the same author, was published in Nicolson's Scottish Historical Library in 1702.

In 1741, a more complete vocabulary was published by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, for the use of their schools in the Highlands. It was compiled by Mr. Alexander M'Donald, schoolmaster at Ardnurchan. Another vocabulary was published in 1795 by Robert M'Farlane; and, in 1815, a further step in advance was made by the larger vocabulary of Mr. P. M'Farlane.

In 1825, a large quarto dictionary of the Scotch Gaelic was published by R. A. Armstrong; and in three years afterwards the splendid dictionary compiled by the first Gaelic scholars, under the auspices of the Highland Society of Scotland, appeared. In this dictionary Gaelic words from all quarters are inserted; but those which belong to the vernacular dialect of the Scotch Highlands are carefully distinguished.

The small dictionary compiled by M'Alpine, a schoolmaster in Islay, affords a genuine representation of the Gaelic spoken in that island.

¹ This term is unknown to the Highlanders, who call themselves Albanaich; and was a term of reproach applied to them by the Lowlanders, from their language being the same as the Irish. It is curious that the same reproach was ap-

plied by the English to the Scotch in the twelfth century. Lambarde records that, at the battle of the Standard, when the Scots shouted *Albany, Albany!* the English soldiers retorted with *Yry, Yry!* "a term of great reproach at that time."

The only grammar of the Scotch Gaelic which it is necessary to notice, is the able and philosophic grammar by Alexander Stewart, Minister of the Gospel at Dingwall, the first edition of which was published in 1801, and the second in 1812. As a first attempt to reduce the spoken language of the Scotch Highlanders to a grammatical system, it is a work of rare excellence and fidelity, and all other grammars have been more or less taken from it.

This grammar, then, and the vocabularies and dictionaries above referred to, contain the Gaelic language as spoken, at the time of their compilation, in the Highlands of Scotland, and afford the materials for judging of the character of those peculiarities which distinguish it from the Irish and Manx Gaelic.¹

The differences between the spoken language of the Scottish Highlands and the Irish exist partly in the pronunciation, where the accentuation of the language is different, where that peculiar change in the initial consonant, produced by the influence of the previous word, and termed by the Irish grammarians *eclipsis*, is unknown except in the sibilant, where the vowel sounds are different,

¹ I reject from this list the grammar and dictionary by the Rev. Wm. Shaw, published in 1778 and 1780, because, so far as they purport to be a grammar and dictionary of the Scotch Gaelic dialect, they are a deception, and not trustworthy.

Shaw was a native of Arran, where a corrupt and Irishised Gaelic is spoken; and it is well known that he failed in his attempt to compile his dictionary from the spoken language in the Highlands, where he made a tour for the pur-

pose, and resorted to Ireland, where he manufactured his works from Irish sources and authorities, adapting the Irish grammar to a very imperfect knowledge of the language.

The subscribers complained of the deception, and refused to take the work, till compelled by a process at law. The evidence taken in this process is very instructive as to the position of Shaw's grammar and dictionary, so far as their Irish element is concerned, towards the Scotch Gaelic dialect at that period.

and there are even traces of a consonantal permutation ; partly in the grammar, where the Scotch Gaelic prefers the analytic form of the verb, and has no present tense, the old present being now used for the future, and the present formed by the auxiliary verb, where the plural of one class of the nouns is formed in a peculiar manner, resembling the Anglo-Saxon, and a different negative is used ; partly in the idioms of the language, where a greater preference is shown to express the idea by the use of substantives, and the verb is anxiously avoided ; and in the vocabulary, which varies to a considerable extent, where words now obsolete in Irish are still living words, and others are used in a different sense.¹

The Scotch Gaelic is spoken in its greatest purity in the central districts of the Highlands, including Mull, Morvern, Ardnamurchan, Ardgowar, Appin, Lochaber, and that district termed the Garbh chriochan, or rough bounds, consisting of Arisaig, Moydart, Moror, and Knoydart. The language here spoken is characterized by a closer adherence to grammatical rules, by a fuller and more careful pronunciation of the vowel sounds, by a selection of the best words to express the idea, and by their use in their primary sense.

In the county of Argyll, and the islands which face the coast of Ireland, the language approaches much more nearly to the Ulster dialect of the Irish, there being probably no perceptible difference between the form of the

¹ A more detailed statement of the differences between Scotch and Irish

Gaelic will be found in the additional Notes.

language in Isla and Rachrin, or in Cantyre and the opposite coast of Antrim.

In the Gaelic of Sutherland and Caithness, again, there are marked differences of a different and opposite character, a native of Sutherland and the southern districts of Argyll having some difficulty in understanding each other; and in Perthshire, on the other hand, the influence of the English language is apparent, the pronunciation is more careless, the words selected less pure, and the secondary senses of many are only used.

The central districts afford the best type of that variety of Gaelic which forms the spoken language of the Highlands of Scotland.

Of this language two views may be taken. The peculiarities of the language may have sprung up quite recently, and the language may, at no very distant period, have been absolutely identical in form and sound with the Irish, from which it may have become corrupted by the absence of cultivation, and must be regarded merely as the rude *patois* of a people whose ignorance of the cultivated language has led to their adoption of peculiarities sanctioned by no grammatical rule; or, on the other hand, these peculiarities may partake rather of the character of dialectic differences, and enter more deeply into the organization of the language, and thus may have characterized it from that remoter period, when geographical separation and political isolation may have led to the formation, in the Highlands of Scotland, of a dialectic variety of the common language.

The first is the view taken by Irish grammarians, and if correct, these differences cannot be considered as of any philological importance. The question has not, however, been treated by them in a candid spirit, or with any grasp of the subject; and their opinion must be based upon a more accurate knowledge of the spoken dialect which is the subject of it, and upon a sounder and more impartial examination of those philologic elements which ought to enter into its consideration, before it can be accepted as conclusive. If the second view is the correct one, then it is obvious that the Scotch Gaelic is well deserving of study, as a distinct variety of the Gaelic language which was common to Scotland and Ireland; and everything that tends to throw light upon it, and upon the existence and origin of these differences, acquires a philologic value.

In the study of language, the spoken dialects are of great value. It is from the study of the living dialects, which are not merely corruptions of the spoken language, but present dialectic peculiarities, that we arrive at a full perception of the character and tendencies of the mother tongue.

It is the destiny of all languages, that they no sooner enter upon the domain of history than they begin to alter, decompose, and split into dialects. The formation of the mother tongue belongs to the prehistoric period; and it is a process which, carried on in the infancy and growth of the social state, is concealed from observation. When its possessors first emerge into

view, and take their place among the history of nations, counter influences have already been at work, their language has already entered upon its downward course, and we can only watch it in its process of decomposition and alteration, and reach its primitive condition, through the medium of its dialects.

There are two opposing influences by which all languages are affected—the etymologic and the phonetic. The etymologic principle is all-powerful in the formation and original structure of the language, producing combinations of sounds demanded by the laws of its composition, but irrespective altogether of the requirements of harmony, or the tendencies of the human organs of sound. It contains in it, however, the seeds of its own destruction, and has no sooner completed its work of formation than a process of modification and decomposition commences, caused by the respective idiosyncrasies of its speakers, their craving after harmony of combination and ease of utterance, and the influence of physical situation and surrounding agents upon the organs of speech.

These phonetic causes enter at once into conflict with the strictly etymologic formations of the language, moulding its sounds, decomposing its structure, and interchanging the organs producing the sounds; and these effects are perpetuated by circumstances causing the separation or isolation of the people who have adopted them, while new words and combinations are added to their vocabulary by new wants arising in their separate state, by their advance in social condition, or by the peculiarities of their

new condition. Thus innumerable dialects spring up. Whenever a difference of situation takes place among the people composing the aggregate by whom the original language was spoken, a diversity of dialect is at once created. In these dialects are preserved the bones of the mother tongue ; and it is only by a comparison of these that her full character can be ascertained.

This tendency of the mother tongue, to break up into as many dialects as there are shades of difference in the position and tendencies of its speakers, is only arrested by the formation of a cultivated dialect, created when the wants of an educated or cultivated class in the community demand a common medium of interchanging their ideas. This cultivated language is usually first formed by poetry, completed by writing, and adopted by education. Its first stage is that of the language in which the songs and poems, the first literature of a rude people, are recited by its bards, its earliest literary class ; and, by the introduction of the art of writing, it passes over into the written speech. It then becomes a common dialect, spoken and written by the cultivated class of the community, and to a knowledge of which a portion of the people are raised by education.

This cultivated or written language may have been originally one of the numerous dialects spoken by the people composing the community, and which circumstances have elevated into that position ; or it may have been introduced from another country speaking a sister dialect, which has preceded it in cultivation ; or it may,

like the German, have been developed from an unspoken variety of the language created by other causes and for other purposes. In the one case, the language first cultivated by poetry passes over into the written language. In the other, it remains an indigenous, cultivated, spoken language, which is antagonistic to, and contends with, the imported written speech till the influence of the latter prevails, and it is either extinguished by it, or remains as popular poetry in the vernacular tongue, while everything prose is absorbed.

But however it originates, the spoken dialects still remain as the vernacular speech of portions of the community. They are not the children or creatures of the written speech, still less corruptions of it, but are equally ancient, and retain much of the elements of the original language which the written speech has rejected.

The formation of a cultivated or written language is always an eclectic process. It selects, it modifies, and it rejects, while the living dialects retain many of the forms and much of the structure modified and rejected by it. Hence, for the study of the character and formation of the mother tongue, the living spoken dialects are of the first importance; and a restricted attention to the written language, and the contemptuous rejection of everything in the spoken dialects which vary from it, as barbarisms and corruptions, is simply to part with much valuable material for the study, and to narrow the range of inquiry.¹

¹ Professor Max Müller has the following excellent remarks in his recent lec-

tures on the Science of Language, p. 49.
“The real and natural life of language is

Perhaps the English language affords an illustration of these remarks. As a written and cultivated language, it took its rise in England, but was introduced from England into Scotland.

In England, the provincial dialects have remained as the spoken language of the uncultivated class in the respective provinces side by side with it; but their antiquity and their value for philological purposes is fully acknowledged. No one dreams of viewing them as merely corruptions of the written language, arising from rudeness and ignorance.

In Scotland, the English language has been introduced as the written or cultivated language, but a different form

in its dialects; and in spite of the tyranny exercised by the classical or literary idioms, the day is still very far off which is to see the dialects entirely eradicated. . . .

"It is a mistake to imagine that dialects are everywhere corruptions of the literary language. . . . Dialects have always been the feeders rather than the channels of a literary language; anyhow, they are parallel streams which existed long before one of them was raised to that temporary eminence which is the result of literary cultivation." The whole of the lecture in which this passage occurs is well worthy of perusal, in regard to the proper view and position of the spoken dialects in the study of language.

Schleicher takes the same view in his masterly work, "Die Deutsche Sprache." He says, in relation to the German language, what is equally true of the Gaelic:

"Die mundarten sind die natürlichen nach den Gesetzen der Sprachgeschichtlichen Veränderungen gewordenen

Formen im Gegensatze zu der mehr oder minder gemachten und schulmeisterisch geregelten und zugestutzten Sprache der Schrift. Schon hieraus folgt der hohe Werth derselben für die wissenschaftliche Erforschung unserer Sprache; hier ist eine reiche Fülle von Worten und Formen, die, an sich gut und echt, von der Schriftsprache verschmätzt wurden; hier finden wir manches, was wir zur Erklärung der älteren Sprachdenkmale, ja zur Erkenntniss der jetzigen Schriftsprache verwerthen können, abgesehen von dem Sprachgeschichtlichen, dem lautphysiologischen Interesse, welches die überaus reiche Mannigfaltigkeit unserer Mundarten bietet.

"Wer einer Mundart kundig ist, der hat beim Studium des altdeutschen einen grossen Vorsprung vor demjenigen voraus der nur in der Schriftsprache heimisch ist.

"*Nichts ist thörichter, nichts verräth mehr den Mangel wahrer Bildung als das Verrachten unserer Mundarten.*"—
P. 110.

of the language, the Broad Scotch, is the vernacular speech of the people, and preceded the English language as the written language of the country in which its earliest literature was contained. Its great value, as an early form of the original Anglic tongue which formed the language of the country, is so fully acknowledged, that Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scotch language has been called the best dictionary of the English language. It has ceased to be a vehicle for prose composition ; but there exists a ballad literature in the Scotch dialect which has resisted the absorbing influence of the English.

So it was also in the Scotch Highlands, where the written and cultivated language did not originate in this country, but was brought over from Ireland in the sixth century, though in this case the analogy is not so great, from the various dialects of the Gaelic having probably at all times approached each other much more nearly than the provincial dialects of England and Scotland, and been more greatly influenced by the written language.

In order to determine the philological position and value of the Scotch Gaelic, it is necessary to form a more accurate conception of the historical position of the people who spoke it, and of the influences to which they have been exposed, and by which the language was likely to be affected.

Two races seem to have entered, as original elements, into the population of Ireland and of the Highlands of Scotland. These were the race of the Scots and the people termed by the early Irish authorities the race of

the Cruithne. The latter appear everywhere to have preceded the former.

Prior to the sixth century, the Cruithne alone seem to have formed the population of the Scotch Highlands. In Ireland they formed the original population of Ulster and the north part of Leinster. Connaught, the rest of Leinster, and Munster, were Scottish. The east and north of Ireland appear to have been most exposed to external influences, and to have suffered the greatest changes in their population. In the south and west it was more permanent; and from Connaught and Leinster the royal races of the Scots emerged, while their colonies proceeded from south and west to north and east.

The traditionary history of Ireland records an early settlement of the Scots among the Cruithne of Ulster, termed from its mythic founder Dalriada, and likewise the fall of the great seat of the Cruithnian kingdom, called Emania, before an expedition, led by a scion of the Scottish royal race, who established the kingdom of Orgialla on its ruins. It is certain that, while we have reason to believe that the Cruithne formed the original population of the whole of Ulster, we find them in the historic period confined to certain districts in Ulster only, although their kings retained the title of kings of Ulster.

In the beginning of the sixth century, the Scots, who are frequently recorded by the Roman writers as forming part of the predatory bands who, from time to time, assailed the Roman province, and finally overthrew their

empire in Britain, passed over to the opposite coast of Argyll, and effected a permanent settlement there, which, from its mother tribe, was also called Dahriada. This settlement is recorded, by the oldest authority, to have taken place twenty years after the battle of Ocha, which was fought in the year 483, and, therefore, in the year 503. The territory occupied by this settlement of the Scots was the south part of Argyllshire, consisting of the districts of Cowall, Kintyre, Knapdale, Argyll-proper, Lorn, and probably part of Morvern, with the islands of Isla, Iona, Arran, and the small islands adjacent. The boundary which separated them from the Cruithne was on the east, the range of mountains termed Drumalban, a mountain chain which still separates the county of Argyll from that of Perth. On the north, the boundary, which probably was not very distinct, and varied from time to time, seems to have been coincident with a line extending from the Island of Colonsay through the Island of Mull to the centre of the district of Morvern, through which it passed to the shores of the Luine Loch opposite Appin.¹ The rest of the Highlands was still

¹ In the Island of Colonsay there is a cairn called Carn cul ri Erin. In Bleau's Atlas, the map of the Island of Mull marks, on the high mountain which separates the north from the south of the island, two cairns, called Carn cul ri Erin and Carn cul ri Allabyn. These seem to mark some ancient boundary; but as they are exactly in a line with Iona,—which seems to have lain so nearly on the boundary as to be claimed by both races, and also with the line

which separates the ancient parishes of Killintach and Killcholumkill in Morvern, and Killintach is said, in an old document, to be in Garwmorvaren, a district which extended as far north as Loch Hourn, while Killcholumkill is said to be in Kinelbadon, which belonged to the ancient kingdom of Lorn,—there seems much reason to conclude that this may have been the line of the boundary between the Dahriad Scots from Erin and the Cruithne of Alban.

occupied by the Cruithne, who were Pagans, while the Dalriadic Scots were Christians.

In the year 563, an event took place which was destined to exercise a powerful influence both on the condition and the language of the population. This was the mission of Saint Columba, a Scot from Ireland, to convert the Cruithne to the Christian faith, and the consequent foundation of the Monastery of Iona, which became the seat of learning, and the source of all ecclesiastical authority, both for the Cruithne and the Dalriadic Scots, from whence innumerable Scottish clergy issued, who spread over the country and founded churches among the Cruithne under its influence and authority.

The platform occupied by the two populations, embracing both Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, in the sixth century, thus showed in the south and west of Ireland pure Scots; in the north and east settlements of Scots among the Cruithne, gradually confining the latter to isolated districts; in Argyll, a Scottish settlement among the Cruithne of Alban; and in the rest of the Highlands pure Cruithne; but over both Scots and Cruithne in Alban a Scottish clergy, who brought a cultivated and literary language with them.

In Ireland the Gaelic spoken in the different provinces varies, and probably has always varied from each other. They differ in words, pronunciation, and idiom; and in grammatical construction and idiom there is a marked difference between the Gaelic of the northern and of the southern half of Ireland. The written language resem-

bles most the language of the south and west of Ireland. It seems to have been formed from it, and to have become the common language of the literary and cultivated class, while the other dialects remained as the spoken language of their respective populations.

This written language was brought over to Scotland in the sixth century by Columba and his clergy, who introduced it, with Christianity, among the Cruithne; where, however, the native dialect must have received some cultivation, as we find that he was opposed by Magi, which implies a literary class among the Pagan Cruithne. At this time there was so little political separation between the two countries, that the Scots of British Dalriada remained subject to the Irish Dalriada, from which they emerged, till the year 573, when Aedan, son of Gabran, became king of Scotch Dalriada, and, at the great Council of Drumceat, it was declared independent of Irish Dalriada, and he was crowned as its first independent monarch. The Cruithne of Ireland, likewise, formed part of that great Cruithnian kingdom, which had its head-quarters in Scotland, till the reign of Fiacha mac Baedan, King of Ulster, who ruled over the Irish Cruithne from 589 to 626, and probably in the year 608, when they threw off the yoke of the Cruithne of Scotland.¹

The Cruithne and the Scots of Ireland and of Scotland then first became separated from, and independent of,

¹ There were thirty kings of the Cruithne over Eri and Alba, viz., of the Cruithne of Alba and of the Cruithne of Eri, *i.e.*, of Dalaraide. They were from

each other, and a complete political separation took place between the two countries.

The Cruithne of Scotland remained under the influence of the Scottish clergy till the beginning of the eighth century, when their king, Nectan, adopted the usages of the Romish party, and in 717 expelled the Scottish clergy out of his dominions across the boundary of Drumalban,¹ which separated them from the Scots of Dalriada, and a new clergy was introduced into that part of the country, occupied by the Cruithne, from the Anglic kingdom of Northumberland. In 731, we learn from Bede, who then closes his history, that the Scots of Dalriada were still confined within the same limits; and that no change had up to that date taken place in the relative positions of the two populations, the Cruithne and the Scots. After this date we know little of the history of the population of the Highlands till the middle of the ninth century, when we find that a great change had, in the interval, taken place in their political condition. The two populations had now become united in one kingdom, and a family of undoubted Scottish race ruled over the united people.

Of the events which brought about this great change, authentic history tells us nothing—of the fact there can be no doubt; and the question arises of how the Gaelic language originated in the undalriadic part of the Highlands.

Ollamhan to Fiachna mac Baedain, who fettered the hostages of Eri and Alba.

Book of Lecan, as quoted in Irish Nennius, lxxii.

A.D. 608. Bass Fiachrach chraich mic Baedan la Cruithnechu.—(Tigh. An.)

¹ A.D. 717. Expulsio familiæ Ie trans dorsum Britannîæ a Nectano rege.

Prior to this date, it was exclusively occupied by people of the race of the Cruithne, first Pagan under native Magi, then Christian, and for 150 years under clergy of Scottish race, who were, however, driven out in the year 717. Either then these Cruithne spoke a Gaelic dialect, or, if they spoke a different language, we must suppose that the language of Gaelic Dalriada had, subsequently to the ninth century, spread, with the rule of a Scottish king, over the whole of the Highlands not embraced in that limited territory. We have no materials for determining this question. The latter supposition has always been assumed by the Irish historians, but without proof ; and they have never attempted to account for the entire disappearance of the previous language, and the expulsion of the previous population of so extensive a district, so mountainous and inaccessible in its character, and so tenacious of the language of its early inhabitants in its topography, which such a theory involves.

If the first supposition be the correct one, and the Cruithne spoke a Gaelic dialect, we can easily understand how, though originally different from the Gaelic dialect of Dalriada, it may, by the influence of the written language, and its vernacular use by their clergy for so long a period, have become modified and assimilated to it ; and if, as is probable, their dialect had been so far cultivated, as the existence of popular poetry, the first literature of a rude people, was calculated to effect, the influence of the clergy would probably be antagonistic to such literature, and be employed to suppress it ; and

the language in which it was conveyed might remain for some time in opposition to the written language, as a vernacular and popular form of the language, the type and symbol of the anti-Christian party, till it was finally amalgamated with, or assimilated to it as the party itself was ultimately overcome.

But another event had taken place during this obscure period, extending to little more than a century, and in which the union of the two populations under a Scottish royal race had been effected, which must have interposed an obstacle to the spread of an influence from Ireland into the nondalriadic portion of the Highlands, and greatly counteracted that arising from a dominant royal family of Scottish descent. This was the destruction of Iona by the Scandinavian pirates, and their subsequent occupation of the Western Isles and western sea-board of Scotland. Towards the end of the eighth century, these hordes of Vikings or sea-robbers, issuing from Norway and Denmark, had appeared in the western sea, ravaging and plundering the coasts and islands, and their course was everywhere marked by the burning and sacking of the monasteries and religious establishments. In 794, the ravaging of the islands and the destruction of Iona by these Gentiles, as they were termed, is recorded in the Irish annals. In 802, the Monastery of Iona was burnt by them, and in 806 the community or family of Iona, as it was termed, slain, to the number of sixty-eight. In consequence of the insecurity of Iona, the abbot even-

tually retired to Kells, another foundation of St. Columba, and the reliques of St. Columba were subsequently taken to Ireland, when Derry became the head of the Columbian houses in Ireland, while a part of the reliques were removed to Dunkeld, which represented the Columbian clergy in Scotland. The influence of Iona, as the nucleus and centre of Gaelic learning, and of its Scottish clergy upon the population of the Highlands, thus ceased for ever.

The islands were, by degrees, occupied by these pirates, till eventually the Norwegian Kingdom of Man and the Isles was formed ; and after they had passed over from Paganism to Christianity, and their power became constituted, the bishopric of the Isles became included in the Norwegian diocese of Man. During this period, which lasted till the middle of the twelfth century, while the Western Isles and the western shores of the mainland were in the occupation of the Norwegians, and a royal family of Scottish race was on the throne of the united population, all that remained intact of the Gaelic population of the Highlands was mainly represented by the great province of Moray, which contained the mainland part of the modern counties of Inverness and Ross, and whose chiefs or maormors are found, during the whole of this period, maintaining a struggle for local independence against the ruling powers, whether Scottish or Saxon, till they were finally suppressed in the year 1130 by the great battle in which Angus, the Celtic Earl of Moray, was defeated and slain by David the First.

The Norwegian Kingdom of Man and the Isles was now approaching its fall, and a new power arose on the ruins of that of the Maormors of Moray, which soon became paramount in the Western Highlands, and exercised a very different influence upon its language and population. This was the dynasty of the Celtic kings or Lords of the Isles, which took its rise under Somarled, the founder of the race in the twelfth century, and maintained a powerful sway in the West Highlands till the Lord of the Isles was forfeited at the close of the fifteenth century ; and, after several ineffectual attempts to maintain their ground against the Government, finally fell in the middle of the succeeding century.

Whether the race of the Lords of the Isles was of Irish descent or not, is a question which depends upon the precise degree of credibility to be given to a Celtic pedigree which reaches back to the beginning of the fourth century ; but certain it is, that the spirit and tendency of the whole race was essentially Irish. The history of Somarled, the founder of the family, who may, from female connexion, have possessed a Norwegian name, is quite incompatible with the idea of his representing a Norwegian house, or deriving his position by inheritance from them. The names of his father Gilla-bride, and his grandfather Gillaagamnan, are purely Celtic. The interest of his family was antagonistic to that of the Norwegians ; their efforts were to supplant and drive them out, and to elevate a Gaelic kingdom

upon their ruins. In the foundation of this kingdom, Irish aid and Irish interest entered largely, and the connexion of the family with Ireland became always more and more closely connected,—an influence and connexion extending to the powerful Celtic families who rose under their auspices and owned their sway.

Somarled, the founder of the race, first appears in history as *regulus* or petty king of Oirirgaidheal, or, as it is given in the Irish form, Airergaidheal, and, in the Latin, Argathelia, a name which had sprung up subsequently to the ninth century, signifying the coast-lands of the Gael, and embracing the entire west coast from Cowall to Loch Broom.

To this district he must have had hereditary claims ; and an ancient sennachy of the race thus details the steps by which he recovered possession of it :---

Gillabride, the son of Gillaagamnan, the son and grandson of the Toiseach of Argyll, and descendant of Colla, being amongst his kindred in Ireland, the clan Colla, that is, the Macguires and Macmahons, held a great meeting and assembly in Fermanagh, the country of Macguire, regarding the affairs of Gillabride, how they might restore him to his patrimony, from which he had been driven by the power of the Lochlans and Finngalls. When Gillabride saw such a large body of men assembled together, he besought them to embark in his cause, and to assist the people of Alban, who were favourable to him in an attempt to win back the possession of the country. The people declared themselves willing to go, and four or five hundred put themselves under his command. With this company Gillabride proceeded to Alban, and landing there, commenced a series of skirmishes and sudden assaults, with the assistance of friends, for his name was then very powerful. The Lochlans possessed the islands from Man to

the Orkneys ; but the Gael retained possession of the woods and mountains in the districts, extending from Dumbarton to Caithness, north of the two oirirs,¹ and in Mar. Somarled, the son of Gillabride, was now becoming manly and illustrious, and a band attached themselves to him, who had possession of the hills and woods of Ardgowar and Morvaren. Here he came upon a large army of Lochlans and Fingalls, and assembled round him all the soldiers he could muster and the people engaged in herding the flocks, and ranged them in order of battle. He practised a great deception on his enemies, for he made the same company pass before them three times, so that it appeared to them as if there were three companies, and then attacked them. The enemy were broken by Somarled and fled, till they reached the north bank of the river Shiell, and part escaped with their king to the Isles. Somarled did not desist from his efforts till he had cleared the whole west side of Alban from the Lochlans, except the islands of the Finnlochians, called Innsegall.

Having married the daughter of Olave the Red, the Norwegian king of Man and the Isles, he succeeded in 1154 in obtaining one-half of the Western Isles for his eldest son Dougall, the ancestor of the M'Dougalls, Lords of Lorn, in right of his mother. The portion of the Isles thus added to the Gaelic kingdom of Oirirgaidheal were those south of the point of Ardnamurchan, including Mull, Isla, and Jura. Ten years afterwards, in 1164, he showed still further his close relation with Ireland, by placing the Monastery of Iona under the Abbacy of Derry, and in the same year he was slain in Renfrew, in an attempt which he made to subvert the Scottish throne itself, with Irish assistance. His successors remained in possession of this territory, consisting of Oirirgaidheal, or

¹ The two oirirs were the Oirir a tuath and the Oirir a deas, which make up the district known as Oirir Gaedheal, or Oirir Alban, and in Latin, Argathelia.

the western districts, from Cowall to Loch Broom, and the southern half of the Isles, till 1222, when Alexander the Second took possession of Argathelia, and annexed the north part of it to the earldom of Ross, and the central portion to the district of Moray, leaving the districts of Morvaren and Garwmorvaren, and parts of South Argyll, with the south half of the Isles, to the descendants of Somarled. On the conquest of the Norwegian kingdom of Man and the Isles by the King of Scotland in 1266, Skye and Lewis were annexed to the earldom of Ross, the rest of the Isles went to Somarled's family, their possessions were further increased by grants from Robert Bruce, and in the end of the fourteenth century they inherited the possessions of the earldom of Ross, by which they regained possession of the Oirir a tuath. A petty kingdom was thus formed, consisting of Argathelia, or the western districts, from Cowall to Loch Broom and the Western Isles, nominally subordinate to the Scottish throne, but in reality all powerful among the population of the Highlands ; the clans of the centre and north Highlands, which had once looked up to the almost equally powerful Maormors of Moray, alone representing a different interest.

The marriage of the Lord of the Isles, the head of this race, with a daughter of the great Irish house of O'Cathan, princes of an extensive territory in the north of Ireland, towards the close of the thirteenth century, still further cemented the connexion with Ireland. Tradition records that twenty-four families followed this lady from

Ulster to the Scottish Highlands, and founded as many houses there, and, in the subsequent century, a scion of the House of the Isles acquired land in the north of Ireland, and founded the Antrim family. In all the Irish wars this race took generally a part, and, in their own wars at home, were rarely without assistance from Ireland.

The struggle between this great Celtic family and the Crown assumed an aspect at length which could only terminate in the ruin of the former or the humiliation of the latter, and at length resulted in the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles in 1478, and his subsequent submission, when he resigned his hereditary Celtic title, and received in exchange the feudal dignity of Lord of the Isles ; a humiliation which gave deep offence to his subjects, and was not acquiesced in by them, and produced such internal dissensions, that the Crown took advantage of them to enforce the final forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles in the year 1493. A series of insurrections followed in favour of the descendants of the forfeited Lord, which finally terminated in the utter extinction of the kingdom of the Isles in the year 1545.

During this period, which extends to nearly four centuries, there was not only a close political connexion between the Western Highlands and Islands and Ireland, but the literary influence was equally close and strong ; the Irish sennachies and bards were heads of a school which included the West Highlands, and the Highland sennachies were either of Irish descent, or, if of native

origin, resorted to bardic schools in Ireland for instruction in the language and the accomplishments of their art.

The annals of the four masters record the following Irish sennachies as being recognised masters in the Highlands :—

In 1185 died Maclosa O'Daly, ollav, or chief sage or poet of Erin and Alban ; a man illustrious for his poetry, hospitality, and nobility.

In 1328 died the blind O'Carril, chief minstrel of Erin and Alban in his time.

In 1448 died Tadg og, son of Tadg, son of Giolla-colum O'Higgin, chief preceptor of the poets of Erin and Alban.

In 1554 died Tadg, son of Aodh O'Coffey, chief teacher of poetry in Erin and Alban.

The oldest of the Gaelic mss., preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, belong to this period. They are all written in the Irish character ; the language is the written language of Ireland ; and they contain numerous specimens of the poetry of these Irish masters, especially of Tadg og and the O'Dalys.

The Betons, or, as their name was in Gaelic, Macbheatha, who were hereditary physicians in Isla and Mull, and who were also sennachies of the Macleans, were of Irish descent, being O'Neills, and are said by tradition to be one of the families who accompanied O'Cathan's daughter to Scotland ; and many of these mss. belonged to them. The M'Vurichs, who were hereditary sennachies

to Clanranald, were likewise of Irish descent, and are said "to have received their education in Irish Colleges of poetry and writing."¹ Many of these mss. were compiled by them ; and the earliest are likewise written in the Irish character and idiom. The sennachies of the other great families, comprised within the dominions of the Lords of the Isles, appear likewise to have all resorted to Ireland for instruction and training in their art.

A powerful influence must thus have been exercised upon the language and literature of the Highlands, which must have become by degrees more and more assimilated to that of Ireland ; and it may well be doubted whether, towards the close of this period, there existed the means of acquiring the art of writing the language except in Ireland, or the conception of a written and cultivated literature, which was not identified with its language and learning.

We have no reason, however, to conclude, on that account, that there was not a vernacular Gaelic, which preserved many of the independent features of a native language, and existed among the people as a spoken dialect ; or that a popular and unwritten literature may not at the same time have existed in that native and idiomatic Gaelic in the poetry handed down by tradition, or composed by native bards, innocent of all extraneous education in the written language of Ireland. It is, in fact, in poetry, or rather in popular ballad poetry, that the nervous and idiomatic vernacular of the

¹ Highland Society's Report, App. p. 6.

people is usually preserved. Prose readily assimilates itself and succumbs to the influence of a cultivated and written language, but the tyranny of rhythm and metre preserves the language in which poetry is composed in its original form and idiom.¹

The fall of the great House of the Isles was coincident with another event, destined to effect a great change in the position of the Highland population and of their literature. This was the Reformation of the sixteenth century and its attendant events, the establishment of a Reformed Church, the introduction of printing, and the translation of the Scriptures and religious works for the instruction of the people.

From this source sprung up a religious literature, which, commencing in the written or Irish Gaelic, gradually approached nearer and nearer to the spoken dialect of the country, and, accompanied by the preaching of the clergy in the vernacular dialect, tended to preserve and stereotype the language spoken in the Highlands in its native form and idiom.

The first printed book was a translation of the Form of Prayer issued by John Knox, which was made by John Carsewell, the Protestant Bishop of the Isles, and printed at "Dunedin darab comhainm Dunmonaidh," that is, at Dunedin or Edinburgh, otherwise called Dunmonaidh, 24th April 1567. Bishop Carsewell was a native of

¹ Prose originally written in a vernacular dialect readily adapts itself to the changes in the language, or passes into a new and cultivated form of it; but not so ballad poetry. The poems of

Burns, for instance, could not be written in English without sacrificing, to a great extent, the rhyme and cadence of the verses, and almost entirely their nerve and power.

Kilmartin, in the southern part of the country of Argyll. He prefixes to his translation an address, which is written in the Irish orthography, and in the pure Irish or written dialect. In it he says, that “we, the Gael of Alban and Erin, have laboured under the want that our dialects of the Gaelic have never been printed ;” and he alludes to the dialects of the language and to the manuscript literature then existing, “written in manuscript books in the compositions of poets and ollaos, and in the remains of learned men,” and characterizes them not unjustly as full of “lying, worldly stories concerning the Tuatha de Dannan, the sons of Milesius, the heroes, and Finn mac Cumhal with his Feine.”

The second printed book was a translation of Calvin’s Catechism, which was published, along with an English edition, in 1631. This translation seems likewise to have been made in Argyllshire, and is in the Irish orthography and idiom.

In 1659, the Presbyterian Synod of Argyll took up the work of issuing translations into Gaelic of the metrical Psalms and of the Scriptures, and commenced with a portion of the Psalter, which was completed in 1694. This also is in the Irish dialect ; but, in 1753, an amended version was published by the Rev. Alexander Macfarlane, minister of Kilninver and Kilmelford, who had previously, in 1750, published a translation into Gaelic of Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted, adapted to the Gaelic of the central and north Highlands ; and, in 1787, another version was issued by Dr. J. Smith,

minister of Kilbrandon, and afterwards of Campbelltown, who had in 1781 translated Alleine's Alarm into Gaelic, and in this version the north country words and Irishisms were thrown out, and the metre suited to the west country dialect; and, finally, in 1807, an edition of the Psalter was published by Thomas Ross for the use of the northern districts, in which the Irish words, unintelligible to them, are explained at the bottom of the page by synonymous words used in that part of the Highlands.

In 1690, the first Bible was published for the use of the Highlands. It was simply an edition of the Irish version of the Bible, by the Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Balquhidder, to which he appended a short vocabulary.

In 1767, the first translation of the New Testament was published. It was translated by the Rev. James Stewart of Killin. It was then considered as pure Scotch Gaelic, and free from Irish idiom; and, in 1796, it was revised and altered by his son, Dr. Stewart of Luss. In 1783, a translation of the Old Testament was undertaken by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, and completed in 1787, and various editions subsequently appeared. In 1816, a memorial was presented to the General Assembly of the Church, urging the necessity of a final revision of the Gaelic Scriptures, and a committee of the best Gaelic scholars appointed to superintend it, under whose auspices an amended edition was published of the Old

Testament in 1820, and of the whole Scriptures in 1826, which may now be considered as the standard of the orthography and idiom of the Scotch Gaelic.

It will be seen that the earlier printed books emanated entirely from Argyllshire, where the spoken dialect approaches more nearly to the Irish ; and the work of translating and publishing the Psalter and Scriptures into Gaelic being a new and difficult task, the translators resorted to Ireland and to the written and cultivated dialect of the Irish as the medium through which to convey it ; but as subsequent editions were issued, they were brought more and more near to the spoken language of the Scotch Highlands in its purest form and idiom, and the Irish orthography by degrees adapted to it, till at length the Scotch Gaelic became clothed in that orthography in which we now find it, and elevated to the position of a written and cultivated language.

Throughout the whole of this period, however, there existed, side by side with this printed religious literature, another literature in the popular poetry of the uncultivated native bards, removed from the influence of Irish training, whose compositions were expressed in the pure idiom of the spoken dialect ; and in the poems of Ian Lom, the Lochaber poet of the Wars of Montrose ; Duncan Ban Macintyre, whose exquisite poem of Bendoran is a beautiful specimen of pure Gaelic, and whose poems were printed in 1778 ; Ailen Buidhe Macdougall, W. Ross, and Allan Dall Macdougall—all natives of the central districts of the Highlands,—we find ample evi-

dence of the existence and character of a vernacular dialect, in which the people interchanged their homely ideas, and their favourite bards composed their poems which found an immediate access to the hearts and imagination of the people; while the language in which their scriptures and formularies were conveyed was looked upon as a sort of sacred dialect, through which they received their religious teaching.

There was thus, throughout, a double influence exercised upon the language and literature of the Highlands. One from Ireland, which was associated with the written and cultivated dialect of Gaelic which had there been formed, and brought over with Christianity to Scotland. With it came the Irish orthography. It was mainly connected with learning and religious teaching, and its influence was most powerful in the western districts and islands, and the territories subject to the power of the Lord of the Isles. The other, indigenous and antagonistic to it, falling back upon a literary influence from the south and east, when not predominant, and associated more with the popular poetry of the Highlands. Its orthography seems to have resembled that of the other Celtic languages, the Welsh and the Manx; and its influence prevailed in the central and north Highlands, where the best and purest type of the Scotch Gaelic is still to be found.¹

¹ Mr. Donald Macintosh, the Keeper of the Highland Society's MSS., in his list of MSS. then existing in Scotland in 1806, mentions that "Mr. Matheson of

Fernaig has a paper MS., written in the Roman character, and in an *orthography like that of the Dean of Lismore*, containing songs and hymns, some by

The literary history of the Highlands falls into periods as these influences respectively prevailed.

The first period is prior to the seventh century, when there was no political separation between Ireland and Gaelic Scotland. The great divisions of the people were regulated by race rather than by geographical distribution. The Cruithne everywhere were united by common origin and ties of race ; and the Scots, wherever settled, owned the Milesian Ardrigh in Ireland. The countries were simply viewed as the east and the west, and were known as Erin and Alban, and the communication between them was free and unrestrained. The second period commences with the separation of the Scotch Dalriada from the Irish in 573, and of the Irish Cruithne from the present race, some thirty years later, when a political as well as a geographical separation between the Celtic tribes of the two countries took place ; but, for upwards of a century afterwards, the church and clergy of the Highlands were Irish, and the written Irish dialect imported by them must still have remained in use, and exercised its accustomed influence on the spoken language.

After the expulsion of the Scotch clergy in 717, a period of great obscurity in the history of Scotland occurs, extending to nearly a century and a half, during which the ecclesiastical influence exercised was from the south, taking its origin from the Anglie kingdom of Northumbria ; some revolution also took place, which placed a

Bishop Carsewell." This MS. has not been recovered ; but if we had it, we might find that, while the Bishop resort-

ed to Ireland for his prose translation of Knox's Liturgy, his original poetry was in a different dialect and orthography.

Scottish royal family upon the throne of a kingdom consisting of the united tribes situated to the north of the Forth and Clyde. But during the same period another event took place, of great significance in the literary history of the country ; the Monastery of Icholumkill or Iona, the time-honoured seat of Gaelic learning, went down amidst the troubled waters of Scandinavian piracy, and its position, as head of the learning and religion of the country, was gone for ever.

During the fourth period, which lasted for three hundred years, the Norwegian kingdom of Man and the Isles, which likewise embraced the western seaboard of the Highlands, interposed itself between the Highlands and Ireland ; and the influence from the latter country must for the time have been paralysed, while the indigenous and native influence maintained itself in the extensive Highland province of Moray.

At the close of this period we have a hint of the existence of an Albanic dialect of Gaelic in the Life of St. Kentigern, first Bishop of Glasgow, by Jocelyn, the biographer also of St. Patrick, who wrote in the year 1180. He says that the name of Kentigern was justly given to one who might be called their dominus capitaneus ; “ nam *ken* caput Latine, *tyern Albanice*, dominus Latine interpretatur.” This is nearly a phonetic orthography, and not unlike that of the Dean of Lismore’s MS. In Irish orthography the words would be *cend*, signifying caput, or a head ; *tigerna*, dominus, or lord ; but in pronunciation the *d* in *cend* is quiescent, and the aspirated

g in *tigerna*, so that the sound is exactly represented even as now pronounced. Jocelyn seems to recognise the existence of a native dialect designated by *Albanice*; and one of the peculiarities of Scotch Gaelic is also present in the omission of the final *a* from the word *tigerna*.¹

The fate of the great Celtic earldom of Moray, and the decay of the Norwegian power in the Isles, was followed by the powerful sway of the Celtic Lords of the Isles, who, during the fifth period, extending from three to four centuries, were dominant in the western districts; and, as far as their sway extended, the spirit, influence, and literature were all Irish, and it was only when the fall of the almost independent kingdom of the Isles, and the Reformation again separated the country from Ireland, that a reaction towards the vernacular and spoken Scotch Gaelic took place, which has resulted in a clear development of its grammatical rules and construction, and the establishment of a fixed orthography.

It was at the close of the fifth period, during which the Lords of the Isles were all-powerful in the west, and just before the middle of the sixteenth century ushered in the Reformation, that the collection, of which selections are now published, was made by the Vicar of Fortingal, who was also Dean of Lismore. It is a col-

¹ In the older life of St. Kentigern, written prior to 1164, it is said that Servanus, at Culross, when he heard of Kentigern's birth, exclaimed, "*A dia*

cur fir sin, quod sonat Latine O utinam sic esset." In modern Scotch Gaelic the phrase would be, *A dhia gur fìor sin*.

lection, formed upwards of three hundred years ago, from all quarters, and presents to us a specimen of the literature which was current in the Highlands during this period. There are poems by the Irish bards, whose schools extended also to the Highlands, by the O'Dalys, who lived during the fifteenth century ; by Teague og O'Higgin, who died in 1448 ; by Dermod O'Hiffernan ; and by Turn O'Meilchonair, Ollav of the Sil Murray, who died in 1468. There are poems by Allan M'Ruadrie and Gillecallum Mac an Olla, who seem to have been native bards ; by John of Knoydart, who celebrates the murder of the young Lord of the Isles by his Irish harper in 1490 ; by Finlay M'Nab, called the Good Poet ; and by the transcriber of the greater part of the manuscript, Duncan, the Dean's brother, who wrote in praise of the M'Gregors.

The great value of this collection, as regards the language, arises from the peculiar orthography used, which presents it as it must have been pronounced, and affords a means of testing one of the chief differences which characterize the different provincial dialects, the vowel and consonantal sounds, and the presence or absence of eclipsis and aspiration.

It has been found impossible to print the whole of the contents of the ms., but the selection which has been made, chiefly with reference to the literature of the Highlands, will also afford a fair specimen of the shades of difference which characterized the language in which the poems are written. Some are in pure Irish, and must

have been transferred from the Irish orthography into that used in the MS. Others are in pure Scotch Gaelic, as the poems of Duncan, son of Dougall Maol, Finlay M'Nab, the bard roy, and John of Knoydart. Others are in a mixed dialect, in some of which the Irish idiom, in others the Scotch, predominates.

In general, it will be found that the language approaches more or less nearly to the Irish, as the writers appear to have had more or less cultivation in the written language, or were more or less removed from Irish influence ; and the MS. may be viewed as the only known record of those vernacular dialects of Gaelic in the sixteenth century which differed in any degree from the written and cultivated language.

But while the Dean of Lismore's MS. has in this respect a philological value, it has likewise no mean literary value, from the circumstance that it contains no fewer than twenty-eight Ossianic poems, extending to upwards of 2500 lines, nine directly attributed to Ossian, two to Farris or Ferghus Filidh, and one to Caolte M'Ronan, the three bards of the Feine ; two to Allan M'Ruadri, and one to Gillicallum Mac an Olla, bards hitherto unknown ; and eleven poems, Ossianic in their style and subject, to which no author's name is attached.

The circumstances under which the controversy regarding the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, published by James Macpherson, arose, and the extent to which it for the time agitated the minds of the *literati* of England and Scotland, are well known.

In the summer of 1759, Mr. John Home, the author of *Douglas*, met Mr. James Macpherson, then a tutor in the family of Graham of Balgowan, at Moffat. Mr. Home had previously been told by Professor Adam Fergusson, a native of Atholl, and acquainted with Gaelic, that there existed in the country some remains of ancient Gaelic poetry. Mr. Home mentioned the circumstance to James Macpherson, also a Highlander, and a native of Badenoch, and was told by him that he had some pieces of ancient Gaelic poetry in his possession. After some difficulty, Mr. Home obtained translations of them from Macpherson, and took them to Edinburgh, and showed the translations to Drs. Blair, Fergusson, and Robertson, by whom they were much admired. Macpherson was importuned to translate all he had, and the translations furnished by him were published in a little volume in June 1760, under the title of "*Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland.*"

There seems little reason to doubt that these translations were made from genuine fragments in Macpherson's possession. If they existed at all, they were in his possession before any talk had arisen of translating Gaelic poetry. There was no pretext of going to the Highlands to collect them. There was no idea, at the time the translations were produced, that such poetry could have any value in the eyes of the literary world, and there seems no motive for any deception. In the fragments, or rather short poems, contained in this little work, the proper names are smoothed down from their

original Gaelic form to suit English ears ; and Macpherson had already hit upon that happy prose version, the conception of which has great merit, and had no little share in the popularity which immediately attached to them ; but, in other respects, they have every appearance of having been translations from short Gaelic poems which really existed. The admiration which they excited in the minds of men of the great literary reputation of Home, Blair, Fergusson, and Robertson, must have first astonished, and then greatly flattered, a man of the disposition of Macpherson. He was urged to undertake a journey to the Highlands, to collect all that remained of poetry of this description, and a subscription was raised to defray the expense. This proposal must have raised a prospect sufficiently dazzling before the poor Highland tutor, who seemed likely to exchange a life of poverty, obscurity, and irksome duty, for one of comparative independence and literary fame ; and he acceded to it with affected reluctance. At that time, anything like that spirit of severe and critical antiquarianism, which attaches the chief value to the relics of past ages from their being genuine fragments of a past literature, and demands a rigid and literal adherence to the form and shape in which they are found, was totally unknown. That feeling is the creation of subsequent times. At that time literary excellence was mainly looked to, their authority was usually taken on trust, and it was thought that the claims of such criticism were sufficiently satisfied when the remains of the

past were woven into an elegant and flowing narrative. With Homer and other classical epics before him, such a proposal as the publication of the ancient poetry of the Highlands, assuming, as we now know to be the fact, that Ossianic poetry of some kind did exist, and looking to the high expectations formed, must have at once suggested to him the idea that he should not do justice to the task he had undertaken if he could not likewise produce a Gaelic epic. This idea seems early to have suggested itself to Macpherson's mind ; it is obscurely hinted at in the preface to the Fragments ; and Macpherson seems to have started on his tour with the preconceived determination to view any short poems and fragments he might find as parts of longer poems, and, if possible, by welding them together, to produce a national epic which should do honour to his country, and confirm his own reputation as its recoverer and translator. He was accompanied, in the earlier part of his journey, by a countryman of his own, Mr. Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, who was a better Gaelic scholar than he was himself, and an excellent Gaelic poet. It is certain that, in this tour, a number of MSS. were collected by them, and poetry taken down from recitation ; and that he was joined in it by another Gaelic scholar, Captain Alexander Morrison, who likewise assisted him. On his return, he proceeded to Badenoch, his native place and that of Lachlan Macpherson, and here he remained till January 1761, engaged, with the assistance of Lachlan Macpherson and Alexander Mor-

riſon, in preparing the materials for the next publication of Oſſian ; and then proceeded to Edinburgh, from whence he writes to the Rev. James M'Lagan, in a letter dated 16th January 1761,—“I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem, and truly epic, concerning Fingal. . . . I have ſome thoughts of publishing the original, if it will not clog the work too much.”

His task, whatever it was, had then been accompliſhed ; and after remaining ſome time in Edinburgh, engaged in preparing the English verſion for the preſs, he went to London, and early in 1762* iſſued a quarto volume, containing the epic poem of Fingal, in ſix books, and ſixteen other poems. In the following year another quarto appeared, containing another epic poem in eight books, called Temora, and five other poems. This volume alſo contained what was called “a ſpecimen of the original of Temora,” being a Gaelic verſion of the ſeventh book, and the only Gaelic bearing to be the original of any of the poems which appeared.

The English verſion, contained in theſe two quartos, poſſeſſed the ſame character as the English of the Fragments ; the ſame accommodation of the Gaelic proper names to the ſuppoſed requirements of English ears, and the proſe ſtyle, originated by Macpherson, ſuſtained with equal ſpirit ; the poems, however, were longer, and more elaborate.

The literary public, who had welcomed the Fragments with admiration, received the volume containing the

epic of Fingal with startled but silent acquiescence, and exploded under the eight books of Temora. It seemed incredible that poems such as these could have been handed down by oral recitation from the supposed age of Ossian ; the refined manners described, and the allusions to the Roman Emperors, awakened suspicion, and a storm of adverse criticism and questioning incredulity arose, in which Dr. Johnson—at that time in the zenith of his reputation—took the lead.

Macpherson, who found the fair breeze of flattery and laudation, before which he had been sailing so smoothly on his heavy quartos, without a suspicion that he had not attained the full success he aimed at, so suddenly changed into an adverse storm of criticism and depreciation, knew not how to meet the crisis. He had not courage to avow the truth, and state candidly to the world how much of his work was based on original authority, and to what extent he had carried the process of adapting, interpolating, and weaving into epic poems. He took refuge first in sulky silence, and eventually seemed to find a sort of compensation for his denunciation, as a detected forger, in the necessary alternative, the credit of having been a successful composer, and by half hints encouraged that view.¹

The journey which Dr. Johnson took to the Hebrides,

¹ In 1778 and 1780 a collection of Ossianic poems, in the original Gaelic, was made by Duncan Kennedy, schoolmaster. His ms. collection was purchased by the Highland Society, and is now in the collection of mss. in the Advocates'

Library. There is appended to it a list of the persons from whose recitations the poems were taken down.

In 1780, Dr. Smith, of Campbellton, published a quarto volume, entitled *Gaelic Antiquities*, containing versions

in order to examine the question, and of his Journal of which, one passage seems to have adhered to men's recollections almost as pertinaciously as that of Ossian's Address to the Sun did to the Highland reciters of his poems—the celebrated description of Iona—was not likely to do much in the way of solving the question.

A man of the obstinate prejudices and overbearing temper of Dr. Johnson, with a firm belief that no Ossianic poems really existed, and that Gaelic was not a written language, with an entire ignorance of that language, and a colossal reputation as a critic, bursting suddenly among the frightened Highland ministers, who believed in him, and trembled before him, could hardly return with any other result than that he had found no poems of Ossian, and no one bold enough to avow, in his presence, that he believed in their existence; and most men now subsided into the conviction that the whole

in English of poems attributed to Ossian, Ullin, etc.; and in 1787 the originals were published under the title of *Sean Dana*.

Unhappily, Dr. Smith, instead of publishing the poems as he got them, with a literal English version, was ambitious of shining, like Macpherson, as an editor of Ossian, and of sharing in his notoriety; but the poems of the latter had already lost their lustre, and Smith did not possess the wonderful tact and originality Macpherson really showed in producing his English version, and which alone made them bearable; his version was diffuse, heavy, and turgid, and his book fell dead from the press.

The *Sean Dana* showed that he had largely made use of Kennedy's collection.

Kennedy, with the strange desire that

all of these collectors of Ossianic poems showed to be supposed capable of composing them, and thus to acquire literary credit at the expense of their honesty, laid claim to the authorship of part of them, and furnished the Highland Society with a statement of those parts of the poems he had really taken down from recitation, and those he claimed to have composed.

It is strange that the passages he claimed as his own composition are just those which have been most clearly established to be genuine.

Thus, lines which Kennedy marked as his own composition, are found *verbatim* in the Dean's MS.

I believe that there was little or no truth in Kennedy's assertion, which was dictated by vanity, and that his collection is, on the whole, genuine.

thing was an imposture, an opinion embodied and elaborately worked out by Malcolm Laing.

This led to the Highland Society of Scotland undertaking an inquiry into the authenticity of the poems of Ossian published by Macpherson, which involved the subsidiary inquiry of whether such poems existed in the Highlands in the original Gaelic. The result of this inquiry is contained in the elaborate report prepared by Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, and published in 1806.

The inquiry was conducted with much candour. The committee were aided by receiving from Mr. John Mackenzie, Secretary of the Highland Society of London, and executor of Mr. James Macpherson, all the Gaelic MSS. in his possession, including those which Macpherson had left behind him ; and they resorted to every means within their reach to obtain information.

The whole of the materials for forming a judgment which they had collected were placed impartially before the public ; and the subject, so far as such materials then existed or were at their command, is really exhausted by this report.

The committee were cautious in giving an opinion, but the result they arrived at seems to have been—

1st, That the characters introduced into Macpherson's poems were not invented, but were really the subjects of tradition in the Highlands ; and that poems certainly existed which might be called Ossianic, as relating to the persons and events of that mythic age.

2*d*, That such poems, though usually either entire poems of no very great length, or fragments, had been handed down from an unknown period by oral recitation, and that there existed many persons in the Highlands who could repeat them.

3*d*, That such poems had likewise been committed to writing, and were to be found to some extent in MSS.

4*th*, That Macpherson had used many such poems in his work ; but by joining separated pieces together, and by adding a connecting narrative of his own, had woven them into longer poems, and into the so-called epics.

No materials existed, however, to show the extent to which this process had been carried, and the amount of genuine matter the poems, as published by Macpherson, contained.¹

¹ A comparison of the poems in the Fragments, with those in the first quarto, containing the epic of Fingal, shows indications of the mode in which Macpherson dealt with his materials.

There are sixteen poems in the Fragments, all short ; and some bearing the usual mark of a complete poem, by the first line being repeated at the end.

Thus, the second fragment begins with the sentence, "I sit by the mossy fountain ; on the top of the hill of winds." And the same expression is introduced at the end—"By the mossy fountain I will sit ; on the top of the hill of winds ;" marking a complete poem.

The first and fourth fragments we find in the quarto volume, containing Fingal, forming part of a longer poem termed Carrickthura, and here they are joined together by intermediate passages of some length, evidently interpolated by Macpherson.

The sixth and twelfth fragments contain dialogues between the poet and the son of Alpine. This was no doubt, in the original, the usual dialogue between Ossian and Patrick, always called in Scotch Gaelic poems Macalpine. The sixth fragment appears also in the quarto, in the so-called Epic of Fingal ; but the dialogue is omitted, and the translation greatly altered.

To the fourteenth fragment there is appended the following note :—"This is the opening of the epic poem mentioned in the preface. The two following fragments are parts of some episodes of the same work," and they accordingly appear in the quarto, in the epic poem of Fingal.

The fourteenth fragment, however, relates to Cuchullin alone ; and in those tales and poems which we know to be genuine, Cuchullin and Fingal are never brought together.

Macpherson seems, at this stage of

Such was the result to which the committee appeared to come, and which may fairly be deduced from this inquiry ; all intelligent inquirers seemed now to adopt this result, and the unbiassed public generally acquiesced in it,—the only difference of opinion being as to the greater or less extent to which Macpherson carried his process of adaptation and amalgamation.

The publication in 1806 of what was called the original Gaelic of Ossian, did not affect this conclusion, or tend to alter the general acquiescence of the public in it. Instead of consisting of genuine extracts from old MSS., or copies of pieces taken down from oral recitation, it proved to be a complete version in Gaelic poetry of the English version transcribed under James Macpherson's eye, and left by him in a state for publication. It was a smooth and polished version in Gaelic verse of the entire poems, in the same shape as they were presented in English, and written in the modern Gaelic of that time.

It is very difficult, however, to believe that this Gaelic version had been composed subsequently to the publication of the English Ossian, and translated from it. To any one capable, from a knowledge of Gaelic, of judging, such a theory seems almost impossible ; and it is difficult to acquiesce in it. A review of all the circumstances which have been allowed to transpire regarding the proceedings of James Macpherson, seems rather to

his collection, to have conceived the idea of weaving the short poems into one epic ; but his unskilful junction of Cu-

chullin and Fingal in the same transactions, betrays its artificial construction.

lead to the conclusion that the Gaelic version, in the shape in which it was afterwards published, had been prepared in Badenoch, during the months Macpherson passed there, after his return from his Highland tour, with the assistance of Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, and Captain Morrison, and that the English translation was made from it by Macpherson in the same manner in which he had translated the fragments,—a conclusion which is the more probable, as, while James Macpherson's acquaintance with the language seems not to have been sufficiently complete to qualify him for such a task, there appears to be no doubt of the Laird of Strathmashie's perfect ability to accomplish it.¹

But while from this date the controversy in England may be said to have terminated, with the exception of

¹ Some years ago I happened to pass a couple of months in the immediate neighbourhood of Strathmashie, and I recollect having been informed at that time, but by whom I cannot now tell, that, after Lachlan Macpherson's death, a paper was found in his repositories containing the Gaelic of the seventh book of Temora, in his handwriting, with numerous corrections and alterations, with this title,—“First rude draft of the seventh book of Temora.”

Mr. Gallie sent to the Highland Society a part of the Gaelic of Fingal, which afterwards appeared in the Gaelic version subsequently published. He said he had taken it from a ms. he had recovered, written by a friend “who was at that time with Mr. Macpherson and me, a gentleman well known for an uncommon acquaintance with the Gaelic, and a happy facility for writing it in Roman characters.”

On being pressed to say who this friend was, he says, “his name was Lachlane Macpherson of Strathmashy. He died in 1767.”

This Gaelic version seems, therefore, to have been put together before 1767; and if before 1762, it will account for the original of the seventh book of Temora having been published in that year, and also for an advertisement which appeared soon after the publication of the second quarto, that the originals were lying at the publisher's, and would be published if a sufficient number of subscribers came forward; but as few subscribers appeared, and fewer came to look at them, they were withdrawn.

The so-called originals were, no doubt, this Gaelic version, which there is every reason to believe had preceded the English version in its preparation.

an occasional reproduction of old arguments and of criticism long superseded, by enthusiastic young Highlanders, and occasional discussions at young debating societies, it broke out from a new quarter, and in a different shape.

The Irish, who had been long murmuring under the neglect of their claims to literary notice, and the absorbing attention obtained by the Highlands, suddenly burst forth with a succession of violent and spasmodic attacks, of which the partial detection of the Ossian of Macpherson afforded a favourable opportunity.

In 1784 Dr. Young, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, a good Irish scholar, had made a tour in the Highlands, with the view of collecting Gaelic poems, and ascertaining from what materials Macpherson had constructed his Ossian. He published an account of his journey in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, in which he maintained that any poems that existed were Irish, and that Macpherson had founded his Ossian on some of these, "retrenching, adding, and altering as he judged proper."

In 1789 a collection of Irish Ossianic poems was published by Miss Brooke, termed *Reliques of Irish Poetry*. They consisted of short poems, either attributed to Ossian or on Ossianic subjects, and were accompanied by the original Irish version from which they were translated. Where that was obtained is not stated.

In 1807 the Dublin Gaelic Society was formed, for the purpose of publishing the contents of Irish MSS.;

and in the only volume of transactions published, the subject of Ossian was taken up. The prose tale of Deirdre, the original of Macpherson's Darthula, interspersed with fragments of poetry, is there given; and the volume likewise contains strictures upon Macpherson, in which his work is boldly denounced as an entire fabrication and imposture from beginning to end, and the assertion made, that no poems of Ossian ever existed in Gaelic except those in Ireland.

In 1827 the Royal Irish Academy offered a prize for the best essay on the poems of Ossian. The subject proposed was "to investigate the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, both as given in Macpherson's translation and as published in Gaelic (London, 1807), under the sanction of the Highland Society of London." The prize was awarded in 1829 to Dr. Drummond, their librarian, whose essay is published in the sixteenth volume of their Transactions. In this essay the arguments of Dr. Johnson and Malcolm Laing are adopted; and the assertion of the former is re-echoed, that "there does not exist in the whole Highlands a person who can repeat one poem of Macpherson's Ossian." Another essay, given in by Edward O'Reilly, the author of an Irish dictionary of no great repute, is printed in continuation of Dr. Drummond's, also asserting the modern fabrication of the whole of the poems published by Macpherson, and that the Gaelic poems of Macpherson contain in them the substance stolen from Irish poems.

In 1853 a society was formed in Dublin, "whose

object should be the publication of Fenian poems, tales, and romances illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish history, in the Irish language and character, with literal translations and notes explanatory of the text." This society was termed the Ossianic Society, and they have already issued six volumes of Transactions.

In the fifth volume there is an essay on the poems of Ossian by Macpherson, which may be considered as a summary of the case of Ireland against Scotland as to these poems.

This essay is, like the others, violent in language and uncandid in spirit. It deals with the controversy as it existed in the last century, and its strength consists in simply ignoring altogether the inquiry made by the Highland Society of Scotland, the whole of the great mass of facts collected by them being passed over in silence, and in imputing to the Scots of the present day the views and feelings of those of a century back, before the rise of a true spirit of historic inquiry and genuine criticism had led them to a just appreciation of their national history, and of the claims of Macpherson's Ossian to be viewed as an authentic work.

The publications of the Dublin Gaelic Society and of the Ossianic Society have, however, not merely assailed the Ossian of Macpherson as a fabrication, and denied to Scotland the possession of any Ossianic poems whatever; they have at length given to the world those genuine Ossianic poems alleged to exist solely in Ireland.

The former contains the prose tale of Deirdre, inter-

spersed with short poems. The latter have presented to the public a number of poems in the original Irish, with literal translations. The first volume contains a poem extending to no fewer than 180 quatrains, termed the Battle of Gabhra, to which is added a short poem termed the Rosg Catha of Oscar son of Ossian ; but, strangely enough, though there is an elaborate introduction, no hint is given of where the originals of these poems were obtained. The second volume, besides a short poem given in a long and elaborate introduction, contains a prose tale called the Festivities of the House of Conan of Ceann-sleibhe ; and in this volume, for the first time, the source from which this tale and the poem in the previous volume was taken is stated. They are from a MS. collection made by a celebrated scribe named Foran, who resided at Portland, in the county of Waterford, in the year 1780, that is, twenty years after Macpherson had published his Ossian.

The third volume contains a long prose tale, interspersed with poetry, termed the Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne ; another prose tale, termed How Cormac mac Art got his Branch ; and a poem, termed the Lamentation of Oisín after the Feinne. And the sources of these tales are stated to be—1st, The collection made by Laurence Foran in 1780, termed *Bolg an tsalathar* ; and 2dly, A closely written quarto of 881 pages, from the pen of Martán O'Griobhtha or Martin Griffin, an intelligent blacksmith of Kilrush, in the county of Clare, 1842-43, called an *Sgeulaidhe*, and containing thirty-

eight Fenian and other legends, some of which are said to have been transcribed from MSS. of 1749.¹

The fourth volume contains ten poems, which, with the exception of two, were taken from the collection of 1780, from another collection made in 1812 by the Rev. Thomas Hill of Cooreclure, and from the volume of the intelligent blacksmith in 1844.

The fifth volume contains a long prose tale termed the Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution, an essay on the poems of Ossian, published by Macpherson, and several short poems which are ancient, but not Ossianic.

And the sixth and last contains nine Ossianic poems, which are stated to be taken from Foran's collection in 1780, from that of Mr. Hill in 1812, and from the intelligent blacksmith of 1844.

No information whatever is given as to the sources from whence these respectable collectors obtained their poems ; they are all posterior to the publication of Ossian's poems by Macpherson ; and, so far as we are yet informed by the Irish editors, the Ossianic poems published by them stand in no better position in regard to their antiquity or authenticity than those of Macpherson.²

Professor O'Curry, in his valuable lectures on Irish literature, with that scrupulous accuracy which always distinguishes him, admits that there exists in Ireland

¹ In vol. iv. p. 230 of these Transactions, it is admitted that some of the poems transcribed in 1749 were the composition of the writer, Michael Comyn.

² Those poems published by the Ossianic Society which are of any length, and

especially the poem termed the Battle of Gabhra, show evident indications of the same process of patching and dovetailing together of shorter poems which characterize Macpherson's Ossian.

only eleven Ossianic poems prior to the fifteenth century—seven ascribed to Fionn himself, two to his son Oisín, one to Fergus Filidh, and one to Caoilte. Most of these are extremely short, and are found principally in the book of Leinster, supposed to be compiled in the twelfth century, and in the book of Lecan in the fifteenth.

The theory, that Macpherson stole his poems directly from Ireland, is obviously untenable and inconsistent with all that we know of his proceedings, for he never was there, and had apparently no communication with Irishmen, or access to their MSS. What he obtained, he got in the Highlands of Scotland, and the collection of poems made by the Dean of Lismore and his brother tends to confirm the result which had been attained by the inquiry made by the Highland Society of Scotland, for it contains poems attributed directly to Ossian and others which may be called Ossianic, collected in the Highlands of Scotland upwards of three hundred years ago. The persons named, and the subjects, are of the same character with those in Macpherson, and such poems must have been handed down by oral recitation, as many of the poems obtained from recitation during the Highland Society's inquiry are the same as those in this MS.

Assuming, then, that Ossianic poems existed in the Highlands of Scotland, and were both preserved by oral tradition, and transcribed in MS. collections, the question arises, What is their real position in the literature of the Highlands? and this question leads to a preliminary question which will materially aid its solution.

Who were the Feinne of tradition, and to what country and period are they to be assigned ?

To this question the Irish historians give a ready response.

They were a body of Irish militia, forming a kind of standing army, employed for the purpose of defending the coasts of Ireland from the invasion of foreign foes. They were billeted upon the inhabitants during winter, and obliged to maintain themselves by hunting and fishing during summer. Each of the four provinces had its band of these warriors, termed Curaidhe or champions. Those of Ulster were termed the Curaidhe na Craoibh Ruaidhe, or champions of the red branch, and were stationed at Eamhain or Eamania, near Ulster. To this body belonged the celebrated Cuchullin and the sons of Uisneach. The militia of Connaught were the Curaidhe or champions of Jorras Domnan, otherwise called the Clanna Morna, to which belonged Goll Mac Morn, stationed at Dun Domnan, in Mayo. The militia of Munster were the Curaidhe Clann Deaghadh, to which belonged Curigh Mac Daire, stationed at Cathair Conrigh, in Kerry. The militia of Leinster were the Curaighe Clanna Baoisgne, to which belonged the renowned Finn Mac Cumhal, his sons, Ossin and Fergus Filidh, his grandson Oscar, and his relation, Caoilte Mac Ronan. Cuchullin lived in the first century, in the reign of Conaire Mac Eidersgeoil, King of Ireland, and Conchobar Mac Nessa, a king of Ulster; and at the same period lived Curigh Mac Daire, who was slain by him. Finn

Mac Cumhal lived in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, who ruled from A.D. 227 to 266, and whose daughter Grainne he married, and Goll Mac Moirna was his cotemporary. Finn was slain in the year 285, his grandson Oscar having fallen in the battle of Gahbra, fought in the following year. Oissin and Caoilte survived to the time of St. Patrick, whose mission to Ireland fell in the year 432, and related to him the exploits of the Feinne; one conversation between these aged Feinne and the apostle of Ireland having been preserved, and is termed *Agallamh na seanorach* or the Dialogue of the Sages.

Such is the account of the Feinne given by the Irish.

If this is history, *cadit questio*: The ancient Irish militia, like their more modern representatives, could not, it is presumed, be called upon to leave their country, except in case of invasion; and poems narrating their adventures and exploits must have been as Irish as the heroes which were the subject of them.

But we cannot accept it as history in any sense of the term. It is as illusory and uncertain as are the dates of St. Patrick, and the narrative of which the one forms a part, is as little to be regarded as a veracious chronicle, as the life of the other can be accepted as a genuine biography. The chronology of the one is as questionable as the era of the other.

Prior to the year 483, the Irish have, strictly speaking, no chronological history. The battle of Ocha, fought in that year, which established the dynasty of the Hy'Neills on the Irish throne, and the order of things which

existed subsequent to that date, is the great chronological era which separates the true from the empirical, the genuine annals of the country from an artificially constructed history.

Prior to that date, we find the reigns of a long succession of monarchs recorded, with a strange mixture of minute detail, chronological exactness, and the wildest fable, a wonderful structure of history palpably artificial, and ranging over a period of upwards of 3000 years. Passing over the arrival of Casar, Noah's niece, who landed in Ireland forty days before the deluge, on the fifteenth day of the moon, the so-called Irish history records the arrival of four colonies before that of the Milesians. First, that of Partolan and his followers, who landed at Inversceine, in the west of Munster, on the 14th day of May, in the year of the world 2320 or 2680 years B.C., and who all perished by a pestilence in one week to the number of 9000 on the Hill of Howth, thirty years after their arrival. Secondly, the Nemedians, under their leader Nemedius, thirty years after, who, after remaining 217 years in the island, left it, in consequence of the tyranny and oppression of the pirates, termed the Fomorians, in three bands,—one going to Thrace, from whom descended the Firbolg; the second to the North of Europe or Lochlan, from whom descended the Tuatha De Danann; and the third to Alban or Scotland, from whom descended the Britons. The third colony were the Firbolg, who returned to Ireland 217 years after the arrival of the Nemedians, and

consisted of three tribes, the Firbolg, the Firdomnan, and the Firgailian under five leaders, by whom Ireland was divided into five provinces. With Slainge, the eldest of the five brothers, the Irish historians commence the monarchy of Ireland and the list of her kings. The fourth colony were the Tuatha De Danann, who went from Lochlan to Alban or Scotland, and from thence to Ireland, where they landed on Monday the 1st of May, and drove out the Firbolgs, after they had been thirty-six years in Ireland, to be in their turn driven out by the Scots, under the three sons of Milesius, Eremon, Eber, and Ir, who, with their uncle's son Lughadh, the son of Ith, led the fifth and last colony from Spain to Ireland. The island was divided between the two brothers Eremon and Eber, the former having the north, and the latter the south half of Ireland; Ir obtaining Ulster under Eremon, and Lughadh a settlement in Munster under Eber.

From the sons of Milesius to the reign of Lughadh, who was placed on the throne by the battle of Ocha, there proceeded a line of monarchs amounting to 116 in number, and extending over a period of upwards of twenty-one centuries, the descendants of the different sons of Milesius alternating with each other from time to time, and the reign of each given with an exactness of date and minuteness of event which betrays its artificial character. As part of this narrative is introduced the existence of these bands of Fenian militia, with the dates at which their leaders are said to have lived.

Is it possible, however, to accept this extraordinary bead-roll of shadowy monarchs during Pagan times, with their exact chronology, and the strange and almost ludicrous peculiarities by which each are distinguished, as serious history, or even to attempt to discriminate between what may be true and what is false? Are there any materials, or any data upon which we can even fix upon a date, within a reasonable compass of time, and say all before that is fable, all after may be history, till we arrive on firm ground, after the introduction of Christianity? Professor O'Curry is right when he says, in his admirable lectures on the MS. materials of ancient Irish history, that he cannot discover any ground on which the annalist Tighernac was able to say, "*omnia monumenta Scotorum usque Cimbaoth* (a king of Ulster, who flourished in the seventh century, B.C.) *incerta erant.*"

From Slainge, the first king of the Firbolgs, who began to reign 1934 years B.C., and ruled only one year, or even from Eremon, the first monarch of all Ireland of the Milesian race, who began to reign 1700 years B.C., down to Dathy, who was killed by a flash of lightning at the foot of the Alps in the year 428, and Laogare, his successor, who was slain by the elements for refusing obedience to St Patrick's mission which is said to have taken place during his reign, every reign is stamped with the same character; and what to accept and what to reject is a problem, for the solution of which the history itself affords no materials.

If this narrative is to be submitted to historic criticism,

is the later portion less an object of such criticism than the earlier? There seems no reason why we should accept the history of Neill of the nine hostages, who reigned from 379 to 405, and had subjected all Britain and part of France to his sway, and reject that of Ugony More, who reigned 1000 years earlier, and whose conquests were equally extensive and equally unknown to European history, or why Ugony's twenty-five sons are less worthy of credit than the thirty sons of Cathoirmor, who reigned 750 years later. Why the division of Ireland into the two great portions of north and south, between Conn of the hundred battles and Modha Nuadhat, in the second century, is to be accepted in preference to the original division into the same districts between Eremon and Eber, the sons of Milesius; or which of the divisions of Ireland into five provinces, that by Tuathal the acceptable, or Eochaddh, called Feidhlioch, from the deep sighs which he constantly heaved from his heart, or that by Slainge, the first king of the Firbolgs, is to be held to represent the event which produced it.

Are the conquests in Scotland by Crimthan mor, and Dathy in the fourth and fifth centuries, to be accepted, and these equally detailed battles of Aongus olmucadha and Rechtgidh righ-derg, some centuries earlier, to be rejected because they occupy a different place in this succession of unreal monarchs? Are we to accept the reign of Conchobar Mac Nessa in the first century—to whom the death of Christ upon the cross was revealed by a Druid at the time it happened, and who became

Christian in consequence, and died from over-exertion in attacking a forest of trees with his sword which he mistook for the Jews ; and the reign of Cormac Mac Art, called Ulfada, either from the length of his beard and hair, or because he drove the Uladh or Ultonians far from their country, where, however, they are ever after found notwithstanding ; who was also miraculously converted to Christianity two centuries before the supposed arrival of St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, and died by choking upon the bone of an enchanted fish, or, according to other accounts, was strangled by a number of infernal fiends,—as history, in preference to the reigns of scores of older monarchs, the events of whose reigns cannot be said to be less probable.

Must we hold that the chronology of Cuchullin and Corroi, of Finn Mac Cumhal and Goll Mac Morn, is fixed, because the two former are placed in the reign of Conchobar Mac Nessa, and the two latter in that of Cormac Ulfada, or that their Irish character is demonstrated because they are woven into this Milesian fable ?¹

¹ The following passage is quoted by Petrie (*Round Towers*, p. 96) from an ancient tract termed the *Senchas na Relec*, preserved in the *leabhar na h'uidhre*, a MS. of the year 1100 :—

“Cormac Mac Art was the third person who had believed in Erin before the arrival of St. Patrick ; Conchobar Mac Nessa, to whom *Ætno* had told concerning the crucifixion of Christ, was the first ; Moran, the son of Cairpre Cinncait, was the second ; and Cormac was the third.”

Cairpre Cinncait was the leader of the

Attachtuatha in the insurrection above referred to ; and it is remarkable that the reign of Conchobar, in which Cuchullin and Curoi are said to have flourished, the era of the occupation of the country by the *Attachtuatha*, the descendants of the ante-Milesian population, and the reign of Cormac Mac Art, in which Finn Mac Cumhal and Goll Mac Morn are said to have lived and fought, should be connected by the link of a conversion to Christianity. It seems to synchronize these three periods in tradition with each other, and

In fact, the whole of this history presents a structure so artificial, so compact, and so alike in all its features, that it is impossible for any one, like Samson, to withdraw any two pillars without bringing the whole edifice about his ears, and crushing the entire bead-roll of unbaptized monarchs beneath its ruins.

The truth is, that notwithstanding the claims of the Irish to an early cultivation and to a knowledge of letters in Pagan times, the art of writing was unknown in Ireland till after the introduction of Christianity, and written history there was none. The only materials that existed for it were poems, legends, historic tales, and pedigrees, handed down by tradition ; and from these, at a subsequent period, when, as in all countries, the leisure hours of monks and ecclesiastics were employed in constructing a history of ante-Christian times, in imitation of more classical histories, a highly artificial system was by degrees constructed, embodying the substance of traditions and myths, real facts and imaginative poems, with bardic and monkish creations, and the whole based upon the classical model, by which the different ethnological elements which entered into the population of the country were cloaked under an artificial and symbolical genealogy.

But it is not chronological history. The dates are quite artificial, and the whole creation melts and resolves itself into its original elements upon investigation. The pre-Milesian colonies are found existing

with the first introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

The same tract states, that the mythic

King Cormac Mac Art "was slain by Siabhras, *id est*, the Tuatha De Danann, for they were called Siabhras."

and occupying large tracts of the country down to a late period of the ante-Christian history. The provincial kings, when closely examined, lose their Milesian name, and are found ruling over Firbolgs, Firdomnan and Cruithne; and notwithstanding that the Milesians had been for 1600 years in possession of the country, and a flourishing monarchy is supposed to have existed for so long a period, we find, as late as the second century after Christ, the Attachtuatha, as the descendants of the Firbolg, Firdomnan, and Tuatha De Danann were termed during the Milesian monarchy, in full possession of the country for nearly a century, and in close alliance with the Cruithne of Ulster; during which time the Milesian kings were in exile, and the process of subjugating these tribes, supposed to be completed 1600 years before by Eremon and Eber, is again repeated by Tuathal teachtmhar, who arrives with an army from Alban.

The descendants of the different sons of Milesius likewise assume foreign characteristics. The race of Ir, son of Milesius, who possessed the whole of Ulster till the Heremonian settlements almost within the domain of history, are found calling themselves on all occasions Cruithne. The descendants of Ith called themselves Clanna Breogan, and occupy the territory where Ptolemy, in the second century, places an offshoot of British Brigantes. Eremon and Eber seem to represent the northern and southern Scots distinguished by Bede, a distinction reproduced in Conn of the hundred battles, and Modha Nuadhat.

The legend of St. Patrick, too, in its present shape, is not older than the ninth century ; and, under the influence of an investigation into older authorities, he dissolves into three personages ; Sen-Patricius, whose day in the calendar is the 24th August ; Palladius *qui est Patricius*, to whom the mission in 432 properly belongs, and who is said to have retired to Alban or Scotland, where he died among the Cruithne ; and Patricius, whose day is the 17th of March, and to whom alone a certain date can be assigned,—for he died, in the chronological period, in the year 493,—and from the acts of these three saints the subsequent legend of the great apostle of Ireland was compiled, and an arbitrary chronology applied to it.

The Feine also, when looked at a little more closely, emerge from under the guise of a Milesian militia, and assume the features of a distinct race. Cuchullin, Conall cearnach, and the children of Uisneach belong to the race of Ir, and are Cruithne. Goll Mac Morn and his Clanna Moirne are Firbolg ; Curigh Mac Daire and his Clanna Deaghadh are Ernai ; and though they are called Heremonians in Irish history, yet they are also said to be a Firbolg tribe of the same race with the Clanna Morna ; and in the poem of Maolmura, who died in 884, they are said to be of the race of Ith, and, therefore, probably Britons,—a conjecture singularly corroborated by the fact that there exists, in Welsh, a poem on the death of Curigh Mac Daire ; and, finally, Finn Mac Cumhal and his Clanna Baiosgne, although a Heremonian pedigree is given to them, it is not the

only one known to the old Irish mss. There is a second, deducing him from the Clanna Deaghaidh, the same race with that of Curigh Mac Daire ; and a third, and probably the oldest, states that he was of the Ui Tairsigh, and that they were of the Attachtuatha, as the descendants of the non-Milesian tribes were called, a fact corroborated by Maolmura, who says—

Six tribes not of Breoghan's people
Who hold lands,
The Gabhraighe Succa, *Ui Tairsigh*,
Galeons of Leinster.

The fact is, when the fictitious catalogue of Milesian kings was extended over so many centuries, and the Milesian monarchy drawn back to so remote a period, it became necessary to account for the appearance of non-Milesian races in the old traditional stories, and they were either clothed with a Milesian name and pedigree, or some device hit upon to account for their separate existence; and thus the Feinne, a pre-Milesian warrior race they could not account for, appear under the somewhat clumsy guise of a standing body of Milesian militia, having peculiar privileges and strange customs.

The Irish Ossianic poems, as well as those in the Dean's ms., indicate that the Feinne were not a body of troops confined to Ireland, but belonged, whoever they were, to a much wider extent of territory.

Thus, the poem on the battle of Gabhra, published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society—a battle in which Oscar the son of Ossian was

slain, and the Feinne from all quarters took part—we find the following verses :

The bands of the Fians of Alban,
And the supreme King of Breatan,
Belonging to the order of the Feinne of Alban,
Joined us in that battle.

The Fians of Lochlin were powerful.
From the chief to the leader of nine men,
They mustered along with us
To share in the struggle.

Again—

Boinne, the son of Breacal, exclaimed,
With quickness, fierceness, and valour,—
I and the Fians of Breatan,
Will be with Oscar of Eamhain.

There were thus in this battle, besides Feinne of Erin, Feinne of Alban, Breatan, and Lochlan.

Alba or Alban was Scotland, north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde.

Breatan was not Wales, but the southern districts of Scotland, of which Dunbreatan, now Dumbarton, was the chief seat.

Lochlan was the north of Germany, extending from the Rhine to the Elbe ;¹ and the name of Lochlanach was originally applied to the ancient traditionary pirates termed the Fomorians. When the Norwegian and Danish pirates appeared in the ninth century, they were like-

¹A passage in one of the oldest of the MSS., deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, shows that the term Lochlan was anciently applied to the districts east of the Rhine. "Cæsar came with some entire legions of the ruthless youth

of Italy into the rough land of Gallia, and the wide and long country of Lochlain. For these are one and the same country ; *but for the interposition of the clear current of the Rhine, which divides and sunders the two lands.*"

wise called Lochlanach ; and the name of Lochlan was transferred to Norway and Denmark, from whence they came. There is every reason to believe that the Low German race were preceded, in the more ancient Lochlan, by a Celtic people.

The Feinne then belonged to the pre-Milesian races, and were connected, not only with Erin, but likewise with Alban, Breatan, and Lochlan. Now, there are just two people mentioned in the Irish records who had settlements in Ireland, and who yet were connected with Alban, Breatan, and Lochlan. These were the people termed the Tuatha De Danann, and the Cruithne.

The traditionary migration of the Tuatha De Danann brings them from Lochlan, where they possessed four cities, to Alban, where they inhabited a district termed Dobhar and Jr Dobhar ; and from thence they went to Erin, where they drove out the Firbolg, to be subdued in their turn by the Milesian Scots.

The Cruithne are likewise brought from Lochlan to Erin and from Erin to Alban, where they founded a kingdom, which included, till the seventh century, the Cruithne of Ulster, and which was subverted in the ninth century by the Milesian Scots.

These two tribes were thus the prior race in each country. Both must have been prior to the Low German population of Lochlan. The Cruithne were the race prior to the Scots in Alban, and the Tuatha de Dannan the prior colony to the Milesian Scots in Erin. The Feinne are brought by all the old historic tales into close contact

with the Tuatha De Danann ; a portion of them were avowedly Cruithne ; and if they were, as we have seen, in Erin, not of the Milesian race, but of the prior population, and likewise connected with Alban, Breatan, and Lochlan, the inference is obvious, that, whether a denomination for an entire people or for a body of warriors, they belonged to the previous population which preceded the Germans in Lochlan and the Scots in Erin and Alban.

This view is corroborated by the fact, that in the old poems and tales the Feinne appear, as we have said, in close connexion with the Tuatha De Danann. They are likewise connected with the Cruithne, as in the Lamentation of Cuchullin over the body of his son Conlaoch, in Miss Brooke's collection, where he says—

Alas ! that it was not in the land of the Cruithne
Of the Feinne bloody and fierce,
That thou didst fall, active youth,
Or in the gloomy land of Sorchu.

While the traditions of the Cruithne, in narrating their migration and the names of their leaders, mention, as the mythic poet of their race, a name singularly like that of Ossian—

Cathmolodar the hardknobbed,
And Cathmachan the bright,
Were glorious youths ;
The two valiant sons of Cathluan,

His hardy puissant champions ;
Heavy, stern was their trampling,
Cing victorious in his victory.
Im, son of Pernn, were their names ;

Huasein was the name of his poet,
Who sought out the path of pleasantry.

In answering, then, the preliminary questions of who were the Feinne ? and to what period do they belong ? we may fairly infer that they were of the population who immediately preceded the Scots in Erin and in Alban, and that they belong to that period in the history of both countries, before a political separation had taken place between them, when they were viewed as parts of one territory, though physically separated, and when a free and unrestrained intercourse took place between them ; when race and not territory was the great bond of association, and the movements of their respective populations from one country to the other were not restrained by any feeling of national separation.

It was natural that the deeds and events connected with this warrior race, associated as they must have been with the physical features of the country in which they dwelt, should have formed the subject of the early poems and legendary tales of their successors, and that a body of popular poetry should have sprung up in each country, which occupied itself with adventures, expeditions, and feats of bravery of this previous race, which were common to both countries, and which, attributed to their mythic poets, and full of the names of heroes, and of the scenes of their exploits, would be appropriated by the bards of each country to their own districts. The names of the places connected in tradition with these events would, as they were localized in the respective countries,

be identified with its scenery and physical features, and thus a species of Fenian topography would spring up in each country, which, having a common origin, would bear the same character, and possess a mutual resemblance. Each country would thus claim the *Feinne* as their exclusive property, and could point to a body of popular Ossianic poetry in support of their claim, and to the Fenian names of their localities, in proof of the events which form the subject of the poems having there occurred.

The allusions to Fingal in the older Scottish historians who wrote long before Macpherson's *Ossian* appeared, or the controversy arose, show that stories of the *Feinne* were current in Scotland, and that they were regarded as belonging to this country as much as to Ireland, while the Fenian names of localities in charters and other documents evince that a Fenian topography likewise existed in Scotland before that period.¹

¹ It is unnecessary here to repeat these references. They will be found in the Report of the Highland Society, page 21.

The quotation from Barbour shows that the name of Fingal was known long before the time of Macpherson; and as most Gaelic proper names had a corresponding name in English which resembled it in sound, and was held to represent it, as Hector for Eachin, or Hugh for Aodh, it is not unlikely that Fingal may have been known as the recognised representative in English of Finn.

In fact, Finn and Fingal are both real names, and closely related to each other.

Gal is a syllable of unknown origin and meaning, which enters largely into

the composition of Gaelic proper names. Thus we have Aedgal, Aelgal, Angal, Ardgall, Artgal, Bodgal, Comgal, Congal, Donngal, Dubhgal, Dungal, Feargal, Fingal, Gormgal, Leargal, Maengal, Riagal, Saergal, Smiorgal. Some also take the form of *galach*; as Congalach, Dungalach, Fiangalach, Irgalach.

Those in which the first syllable expresses a colour appear both alone and with the affix *gal*, as Dubh and Dubhgal, Finn and Finngal, and are really the same name. The annals of the Four Masters mention several persons of the name of Finn, and, in 741, Finghal of Lismore.

Kirke, in his Psalter, published in 1684, adds the following address :—

Imthigh a Dhuilleachan gu dan,
 Le dan glan diagha duisgiad thall ;
 Cuir failte arfonn fial nab fionn,
 Ar-gharbh chriocha is Inseadh Gall.

That is,—

Little volume go boldly forth,
 Rouse whom you reach to pure and godly strains ;
 Hail the generous land of the Feinne,
 The Roughbounds and the Western Isles.

The Roughbounds were the districts from Morvaren to Glenelg, which, with the Isles, are thus called the land of the Feinne.

The districts in which the Fenian names enter most largely into the topography of the Highlands are Atholl, Lochaber, Lorn, and Morva'ren, Glenelg, and the districts about Loch Ness ; and the antiquity of this topography in the Highlands of Scotland is proved by an old gloss to a charter by Alexander the Second to the monks of Kinloss of the lands of Burgyn, within the ancient Celtic province of Moray, which is preserved in the Chartulary of the Bishopric. The boundary of the lands passes by a place called Tuber na Fein, meaning literally the well of the Feinne, and the gloss is “ or *feyne*, of the grett or kempis men callit *ffenis*, is ane well.”

Cuchullin was of the race of the Cruithne, and belongs both to Ulster and to Scotland. In Ulster his seat was Dundéalgan, and the scene of his exploits the district of

Cuailgne and the mountains of Sleave Cuillin ; but even Irish tradition admits that he was reared by Sgathaig, in the Isle of Skye, and here we have Dunsgathaig and the Cuillin Hills.

The children of Uisneach were likewise Cruithne, and must have preceded the Scots, for the great scene of their Scotch adventures are the districts of Lorn, Loch Aw, and Cowall, afterwards the possessions of the Dalriadic Scots ; thus, in the vicinity of Oban, we have Dun mhic Uisneachan, now corruptly called in guide-books Dun mac Sniachan, a fort with vitrified remains ; and here we have on Loch Etive, Glen Uisneach, and Suidhe Deardhuil. The names of the three sons of Uisneach were Ainle, Ardan, and Naoise ; and it is remarkable that Adomnan, in his life of St. Columba, written in the seventh century, appears to mention only three localities in connexion with St. Columba's journey to the palace of the king of the Picts, near Loch Ness, and these are Cainle, Arcardan, and the flumen Nesae. Two vitrified forts in the neighbourhood of Lochness are called Dundheardhuil.¹

The hunt of Diarmed O'Duine after the boar on Bengulbain, and his death by measuring his length against the bristles, enters into Scotch topography in three different localities ; in Glenshee, where there is a hill called Bengulbain, also in Glenroy, where we have also a Bengul-

¹ It is remarkable that the ancient legends of Cuchullin and the sons of Uisneach connect them with those remarkable structures termed vitrified forts. Dun Scathaig, Dun mhic Uis-

neachan, and Dundheardhuil, are all vitrified forts, and the latter is a common name for them. There is probably a mythic meaning under this.

bain and an Eassroy, and also on the south bank of Loch Ness. Daire donn, who appears in the Cath Finntragha identified by the Irish with Ventry, has also deposited his name on a mountain in Ardgour, close to the west sea, called Meall Dayre donn.

The mountain streams and lakes in these districts of the Highlands are everywhere redolent of names connected with the heroes and actions of the Feinne, and show that a body of popular legends connected with them, whether in poetry or in prose, preserved by oral recitation or committed to writing, must have existed in the country when this topography sprung up, though it does not follow that the events, though now associated with the scenery of the country, originally happened there any more than does the Fenian topography of Ireland.

These legendary poems and tales seem to have passed through three different stages.

In the first and oldest form they were pure poems, of more or less excellence, narrating the adventures and deeds of these warrior bands, whose memory still lingered in the country; each poem being complete in itself, and constructed upon a metrical system which brought the aid of alliteration and of rhyme, or correspondence of sounds, to assist the memory in retaining what had been received by oral recitation, and to render it less easy to forget or lose a part. These poems seem generally to have been attributed to one mythic poet of the race they celebrate.

Then, as the language in which these poems were composed became altered or modified, or as the reciters were

less able to retain the whole, they would narrate, in ordinary prose, the events of the part of the poem they had forgotten, and merely recite the poetry of what they recollected ; and thus they would pass into the second stage of prose tales, interspersed with fragments of poetry.

Bards who were themselves composers as well as reciters, besides composing poems on the subjects of the day in which they lived, would likewise select the Fenian legends as their themes, and become imitators of the older Ossianic poetry. The prose narrative would form the basis of their poem ; and thus would arise the third stage of their poems, in which they were reconstructed from the prose tales, and again appear as long poems, the names and incidents being the same as in the older poems, and the fragments of them preserved in the prose tale, imbedded in the new poem.

The poems of the first stage were probably common to Ireland and to Scotland, and traces of them are to be found wherever the Feinne were supposed to have once existed ; though, in countries where their successors were of a different race, and spoke a different language, the continuity of the tradition would be at once broken.

Among the ancient poems in the Welsh language which have been preserved, there exists an Ossianic poem called *Marwnad Coire map Daire*, or the death-song of Curoi, son of Daire, the traditionary head, according to Irish history, of the Fenian militia of Munster, but who, as we have seen, appears to belong to the body called the Feinne of Breatan ; and the poem, no doubt, belongs to the

northern Cumbrian kingdom, which had Dunbreatan for its chief seat. Curoi is called Chief of the Southern Sea, and the contest between him and Cuchullin is mentioned.¹

Poems of the same character seem also to have been known in the Isle of Man, as O'Connor, in his catalogue of the Stow MS., mentions a MS. containing "Finn and Ossian,—a Manx coronach, with Manx on one side of the page, and Irish on the other."

The oldest which has been found in any MSS. preserved in the Highlands is a poem of five quatrains, at the end of a glossary contained in a MS. written prior to the year 1500. It is in old Gaelic, and there is an interlineal gloss, explaining the meaning of the expressions in more familiar language. At the end there is a line stating that Ossian was the author of the poem.

It may be not uninteresting to insert here the text of the poem, with its glosses :—

.i. do chodladar mo shuile
 Tuilsither mo dherca suain
 .i. mo sleagh .i. mo sgiath
 mo ruibhne mum luibhne ar lo
 .i. mo cladhionn um dhorn
 mo ghenam um dhuais ro bhaoi
 .i. mo dhorn fam chluais
 agus mo dhuais fam o

 .i. aislinge .i. tarla
 Adhbhul fìsi ar mo ta
 .i. dar leiges .i. mo chu
 dar cinnius go dian mo chuib

¹ This poem, with a translation, is given in the Additional Notes, pp. 143, 144.

.i. ar mhuic
 ar criobhais a leirg ar art
 .i. saill go fiacuil a carbui
 fo cheird bracht go feic a cuil

.i. throigh .i. gun broigh
 Triocha treathan damh gun naibh
 .i. go moing a srona
 iona taoibh go a tul moing tuinn
 .i. orladh .i. na fiacuil
 Triocha nena Finn na feic
 .i. a sa cionn amach
 asseicsi tuas re fa thuinn

.i. coimed re coire gach sul di
 Meidis re habhron a dhere
 meidis re mes afert fo
 .i. tesgus mo cladhíomh a muineal
 Sealus mo ghenam a muin
 .i. mo chu as a cluais
 agus mo chuibh as a ho

.i. muic
 Criobais mhara Tallann tair
 .i. ria cloic ris ambenann tonn
 benus ria hail tairges tnu
 .i. mo bhoill as comairce díob nert
 mo leo uam fhaosamh domniadh
 .i. ní lag mar tu
 mar tusa ní triath mar tu

Oisin ro chan ann sin attráigh mara tallann.
 ar nia na muice.

TRANSLATION.

My eyes slumbered in sleep,
 My spear was with my shield,
 My sword was in my hand,
 And my hand under my ear.

A strange dream happened to me,
 I set swiftly my dogs
 On a sow in the plain upon flesh.
 She was fat to the tusk in her jaw,
 Thirty feet for me with my shoes
 In her side to the beard of her snout.
 Thirty inches for Finn in her tusk
 Fat above on her under her hide.
 Large as a caldron was each eye,
 Large as a vessel the hollow beneath.
 My sword hewed in her neck,
 And my dogs fixed on her ear.
 Sow of the sea of eastern Tallann,
 Which strikes the rock where the wave touches.
 My limbs were to me a protection to me strong,
 As thyself not weak like thee.

Ossian sung this at the shore of the sea of Tallann,
 for the champion of the sow.¹

The tales of Cuchullin and Conlaoch, and the tale of the Sons of Uisneach, are good specimens of the second class. The latter is one of three tales, called the Three Woes, the two others relating to families of the Tuatha De Danann ; but though these tales may be Irish, and of this

¹ The scene of this poem is in Scotland, the sea of Tallann being said to be in the east, and it must have been written in Scotland, as the accent is placed on the first syllable of the name Oisín.

The Highlanders call a whale *muic mhara*, and, from the description, this creature appears to have been a whale.

On communicating this curious poem to Professor O'Curry, he informs me that there is a copy of it in the Book of Leinster, an MS. of the thirteenth century.

The text is the same, but the glosses a little different.

I may take this opportunity of calling attention to Professor O'Curry's admirable Lectures on the MS. literature of Ireland, just published. They are most interesting and instructive, and for the masterly and complete survey taken of the subject, as well as for accurate and minute detail, they are almost unexampled in the annals of literature. They will well repay perusal.

period, they contains fragments of poems probably much older, and which may have been derived from another source. One of the poems in the tale of the Children of Uisneach contains such a tender recollection of and touching allusion to Highland scenery, that it is hardly possible to suppose that it was not originally composed by a genuine son of Alban.

It is the lament of Deirdre or Darthula over Alban, and the following is a translation :—

Beloved land that Eastern land,
Alba, with its wonders.
O that I might not depart from it,
But that I go with Naise.

Beloved is Dunfidhgha and Dun Finn ;
Beloved the Dun above them ;
Beloved is Innisdraighende,
And beloved Dun Suibhne.

Coillchuan ! O Coillchuan !
Where Ainnle would, alas ! resort ;
Too short, I deem, was then my stay
With Ainnle in Oirir Alban.

Glenlaidhe ! O Glenlaidhe !
I used to sleep by its soothing murmur ;
Fish, and flesh of wild boar and badger
Was my repast in Glenlaidhe.

Glenmasan ! O Glenmasan ;
High its herbs, fair its boughs.
Solitary was the place of our repose
On grassy Invermasan.

Gleneitche ! O Gleneitche !
 There was raised my earliest home.
 Beautiful its woods on rising,
 When the sun struck on Gleneitche.

Glen Urchain ! O Glen Urchain !
 It was the straight glen of smooth ridges.
 Not more joyful was a man of his age
 Than Naoise in Glen Urchain.

Glendaruadh ! O Glendaruadh !
 My love each man of its inheritance.
 Sweet the voice of the cuckoo on bending bough,
 On the hill above Glendaruadh.

Beloved is Draighen and its sounding shore ;
 Beloved the water o'er pure sand.
 O that I might not depart from the east,
 But that I go with my beloved !¹

The third class of Ossianic poems belongs principally to that period when, during the sway of the Lords of the Isles, Irish influence was so much felt on the language and literature of the Highlands, and when the Highland bards and sennachies were trained in bardic schools, presided over by Irish bards of eminence. It was at this period mainly that the Irish poems assumed so much the shape of a dialogue between the Ossianic poets and St.

¹ The oldest copy of this tale, which was the foundation of Macpherson's *Darthula*, is in the *Glenmasan* ms., in the collection in the Advocates' Library, which bears the date of 1238, and this translation is made from it.

The scenery is all in Argyllshire. *Inis Draighen* is *Inistrynich* in *Loch-awe* ;

Dun Suibhne, *Castle Sween* ; *Glen-laidhe* is now called *Glenlochy*, where is *Benlaidhe* ; *Glenmasan* still bears the name ; *Gleneitche*, in another copy called *Loch Eitche*, is *Glenetive* and *Loch Etive* ; *Glenurchain* is *Glenurchay* ; and *Glendaruadh* is now called *Glen-daruail*.

Patrick, the apostle of Ireland ; and the Highland bards imitated this form, often adding or prefixing a few sentences of such dialogue to older poems, or composing poems in imitation of Ossian in this form ; but the imitation, in this respect, of Irish poems by native bards is apparent from this, that Patrick is in the Irish poems correctly called Mac Calphurn or M'Alphurn, his father, according to his own " Confessio," having been Calphurnius, but the Highland bards, to whom Patrick's history was strange, and this epithet unintelligible, have substituted the peculiarly Scotch form of Alpine, and styled him Patrick Mac Alpine.

One of the poems in Macpherson's fragments has been one of these—the sixth fragment,—which begins and ends with a dialogue between Ossian and the son of Alpin.

It was at the same period that the collection of Gaelic poems was made by the Dean of Lismore, and it includes many poems in which this dialogue occurs, but in most the saint is termed Macalpine, showing its non-Irish source.

The Ossianic poems in this collection attributed to Ossian, Fergus Filidh, and Caoilte, the three Fenian bards, and those which are either anonymous or composed by imitators, as Gillean Mac an Olla and Allan Mac Ruadhri, with the other poems which are not Ossianic, afford a fair specimen of the poetic literature current in the Highlands of Scotland at the close of this period, and before the fall of the Lords of the Isles, and the Reformation again severed that country from Ireland,

and ushered in a period of reaction and return towards the native dialect and literature.

On the whole, then, we fully admit the claims of Ireland to Fenian legends and tales, and their attendant poems, but not to an exclusive possession of them.

We admit that its Fenian topography is authentic, but it is not the only one.

We admit its claim to an early written and cultivated speech, but not to the only dialect of Gaelic in which such poems once existed.

We hold that Scotland possesses likewise Fenian legends and Ossianic poetry derived from an independent source, and a Fenian topography equally genuine ; and we consider her dialect of the common Gaelic tongue not undeserving of the attention of philologists.

W. F. S.

CONTENTS OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S MS.

NOTE.—The figures on the left hand refer to the pages in the original ms. ; and those added on the right—to the poems selected for publication—refer to the pages in this volume where the translation and the original text will be found.

P. of MS.	Eng.	Gaelic.
The first four pages illegible.		
5. Earl Gerald. 6 lines. Indistinct.		
6. Author's name defaced. 38 lines on John, son of Sir Robert Stewart. Illegible.		
7. Duncan M'Dougall Maoil. Quatrain on John, son of Colin Campbell.		
8. Anonymous. Obscure—apparently on O'Ruark. 34 lines.		
10. Duncan Campbell. 12 lines. Satire on Women.		
11. Earl Gerald. 6 lines. Indistinct.		
11. Duncan O'Daly. 6 lines. Religious.		
12. — fynn O'Daly. 88 lines. Religious.		
15. Anonymous. 20 lines. Indistinct.		
16. Cochondach Mac Thearlaich bhuidh. 65 lines. On Irish Chiefs.		
19. Muireach Albanach. 14 lines,	157	120 121
19. Do. 8 lines,	158	120 121
20. Muireach Lessin Dall O'Daly. 60 lines. Counsels to Chiefs.		
23. Duncan Mor from Lennox. 10 lines,	93	68 69
23. Gilchrist Taylor. 32 lines,	93	68 69
25. Anonymous. Ossianic. 14 lines,	71	50 51
26. Do. 15 lines. Illegible.		
27. Six lines in Latin on the Scotch Kings.		
27. Scotch. A legal deed.		
27. Dean's Autograph. <i>Vide</i> Fac-simile, inserted at p. xcvi.		
27. Anonymous. A Quatrain.		
28. Duncan M'Dougall Maoil. 9 lines.		
28. Gilliecallum Mac an Ollaimh. On the Macdonalds,	95	70 71
30. Anonymous. 31 lines. An Ursgeul, or Tale.		

P. of ms.	Eng.	Gaelic.
31. Ossian. 8 lines. The household of Finn,	1	2 3
32. Anonymous. 36 lines. On M'Glass M'Gluaire.		
33. Do. 23 lines. Satire on Women.		
35. Dougall. Dialogue with his Wedder.		
36. Anonymous. 33 lines. Eulogy on a Lady.		
37. Duncan M'Cailein. 16 lines.		
38. Scotch. The three perilous days in each season.		
39. M'Eachag. On John M'Leod,	140	106 109
41. John Mor O'Daly. 84 lines. On Tuathal Teachdmhar.		
44. Anonymous. Note on the hanging of Cochrane in 1480.		
45. Do. 14 lines. On Connall M'Scanlan, . . .	98	72 73
48. Notes of purchases in Perth, etc., in Scotch.		
48. Lines on Marriage, in Scotch.		
49. Anonymous. 18 lines. Indistinct.		
50. Ossian. A Lament,	3	2 3
51. Maoldonaich M'Aonghuis Mhuilich. 50 lines. To the Virgin Mary.		
53. Gorrie Finn O'Daly. 30 lines. In praise of Gormlay.		
54. Gilliepatrick M'Lachlan. A Quatrain.		
55. John of Knoydart. On O'Cairbar,	99	72 73
55. Gormlay Ni Fhlainn. Lament for Nial Glundubh, .	100	74 75
56. Nial M'Eoghain bhig. A Quatrain.		
57. Gormlay Ni Fhlainn. Lament for Nial Glundubh, .	101	74 75
57. Anonymous. 30 lines. On Tabblisk (Tables).		
58. Do. A Quatrain,	104	78 79
59. Do. 8 lines,	102	76 77
59. Phelim M'Dougall. Aphorisms,	102	76 77
60. Anonymous. A Quatrain,	108	82 83
61. John M'Murich,	108	82 83
62. William M'Lachlan. A Quatrain.		
62. Gormlay Ni Fhlainn,	118	90 91
63. Ossian. "Sliabh nam ban fionn,"	4	4 5
64. Duncan M'Dougall Maoil. A Quatrain.		
64. Duncan M'Pherson,	110	82 83
64. Anonymous.		
65. Gille Thuirse O'Shuabhainn. 57 lines. Indistinct.		
68. Anonymous. Aphorisms,	104	78 79
68. Earl Gerald. A Satire,	105	78 79
69. Andrew M'Intosh,	106	80 81
70. The Bard M'Intyre,	107	80 81

P. of MS.	Eng.	Gaelic.
71. Allan M'Dougall bain. 32 lines. A Satire on Women.		
73. Astronomical Notes.		
73. Colin Earl of Argyle. 12 lines. Satire on Women.		
74. Notes of purchases in Dunkeld, etc.		
75. Anonymous. 49 lines. On Muirheartach, an Ulster Prince.		
77. Scotch. Satirical. 13 lines.		
77. Two anonymous Quatrains.		
78. List of Scottish Kings, from Boece.		
84. Eoin M'Dhunchaidh Ruaidh. 12 lines. Indistinct.		
85. Anonymous. On Alexander the Great,	110	84 85
87. Song of the Three Brothers. 32 lines. Moral.		
88. Gerald. 6 lines. A Satire on Women.		
88. Fearchar M'Phadruig Grannd (Grant). 6 lines. Do.		
88. John M'Murich. A Quatrain,	112	84 85
89. Duncan M'Pherson. 4 lines. On Eoin Riabhaich.		
91. List of Names. Genealogical. Robert "clarsair Leoid," "harper of Lude," among them.		
No number. Fragments on Astrology, etc.		
93. Ossian. "Cath Fionntraigh,"	7	6 7
97. Anonymous. 81 lines. On M'Ricard of Connaught.		
101. Duncan Mor O'Daly. 26 lines. On Cathal's Belt.		
103. Finlay, the red-haired bard. M'Gregor's Horse, . .	112	84 85
104. Do. do. On M'Gregor, . .	114	86 87
106. Teague òg O'Huggin. 49 lines. Religious.		
106. Sir Duncan M'Kermont. 20 lines. Satire on Women.		
109. Duncan M'Cailein. On a Miser,	116	88 89
111. Do. Satire on Donald donn. 14 lines.		
112. Dermot O'Heffernan. 36 lines. An Eulogy.		
113. Muireach Albanach. A Quatrain.		
114. Ossianic. "Am brat,"	72	50 51
115. Eoin Liath M'Aonghuis. 6 lines.		
117. Author's name defaced. 80 lines. Indistinct. On John Lord of the Isles.		
120. Gilchrist Taylor. 48 lines. An Ecclesiastical Legend.		
122. Duncan Mor O'Daly. 36 lines. Do.		
124. Gorry finn O'Daly. 44 lines. On O'Brien.		
126. Ossian. "Feeble this Night,"	13	10 11
128. Earl Gerald. On Death. 27 lines.		
129. Duncan M'Cabe. On the Macdougalls,	119	90 91
130. John M'Ewen M'Eacharn. Do. . . .	121	92 93

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141. Continuation from page 215,		122 123
143. Finlay M'Nab. On the Book of Poems,	125	94 95
144. Earl Gerald. 6 lines.		
144. Genealogy of Writer, and date 1512,	161	124 125
145. Fergus the Bard. "Rosg Ghuill,"	43	28 29
147. Allan M'Rory. "Bàs Dhiarmaid,"	30	20 21
148. Eafric M'Corquodale. Elegy on M'Niel, . . .	126	96 97
149. Duncan M'Cailein. 16 lines.		
150. Muireach Albanach. 81 lines. Hymn to the Virgin.		
153. Gilchrist Bruilingeach, bard an Lymin. 43 lines.		
155. Dougall M'Ghille ghlais. 48 lines. On M'Gregor, .	128	98 99
157. Duncan Campbell, the good knight. 12 lines.		
158. Gillepatrick M'Lachlan. 78 lines. On James, son of John. Indistinct.		
161. Anonymous. 14 lines. A Lament.		
161. Do. The Clans.	131	100 101
163. Notes on Adam's Family.		
164. Ossianic. The Expedition of Eight,	74	52 53
165. Gorry finn. 21 lines. Moral.		
166. Teague Og. 72 lines. Religious.		
170. Robert M'Lamont "a Gassgaitr." 16 lines. Moral.		
171. Ossianic. "Binn guth,"	80	58 59
171. Date 12th February 1526. Indiction 15. 4th year of Pope Clement VII.		
171. Anonymous. 6 lines.		
172. Ossianic. The Banners of the Feinn,	76	54 55
174. Do. "Which is the sweetest Music?" . . .	80	58 59
174. Do. Finn's Feast,	82	60 61
176. Anonymous. A Quatrain on "Ruairidh Rodasach."		
177. Do. 20 lines. On a Harp.		
179. Baron Ewin M'Comie. On Sickness,	133	102 103
179. Ossian. "Here I saw the Feinn,"	15	10 11
181. Fili fuge ebrietatem.		
181. Three Quatrains. The authors of two, Andrew M'Intosh and Gillespick M'Niel.		
182. Latin Genealogy of our Lord.		
183. Scotch. The divisions of Ireland.		
184. Verses in Scotch.		
185. Physiological Notes in Latin.		

P. of MS.

Eng. Gaelic.

185. Et ego Jacobus Gregorii.
186. Chronicle in Latin, beginning with the death of Malcom Kenmore.
199. Measurements of Noah's Ark.
199. Domhnall liath M'Dhughail Mhic Grigoir. 62 lines. Satire.
202. Duncan Campbell, the good knight. 26 lines. On Old Age.
204. Author's name wanting. To Archibald Earl of Argyle, 134 102 103
208. Dunchadh M'Dhughail Mhaoil. The M'Gregors, . 137 104 105
209. Mac Gille Fhiontaig, the poet. The M'Gregors, . . 141 108 109
212. Ossianic. Dialogue with St. Patrick, 84 62 63
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219. Latin Notes.
220. Ossian. "Fainesoluis," 20 14 15
223. Dunchadh M'Dhughail Mhaoil. 29 lines. Satire.
225. Duncan Campbell. 12 lines. Satire on Women.
225. Anonymous. 6 lines.
226. Gillebride beag M'Conmidhe. 85 lines. On M'Eachain.
230. Fergus the bard. "Cath Ghabhra," 48 32 33
232. Allan M'Rory. "Cath Ghabhra," 35 24 25
236. Gillicallum Mac an Ollaimh. "Bàs Chonlaoidh," . 50 34 35
239. Duncan Og. The Seven Mortal Sins, 155 128 129
240. Gillicallum Mac an Ollaimh. On John Lord of the Isles, 148 112 113
242. Genealogy of Malcom Kenmore.
244. Gilchrist Bruilingeach, bard an Lymin. 48 lines. On Irish Chiefs.
246. Turn O'Meilchonor. 84 lines. On Irish Chiefs.
249. Quatrain by Finlay the red.
250. Fragments. Two lines on St. Patrick.
251. Contissa Ergadien, Isabella. 8 lines.
251. Duncan Campbell, the good knight. On Priests.
252. Teague òg O'Huggin. 63 lines. On the Cross.
255. Muireach Albanach. 111 lines. Do.
260. Teague òg O'Huggin. 92 lines. Religious.
263. Arthur dall M'Gurkich. Attack on Castle Sween, . 151 116 117
266. The Bard M'Intyre. A Ship on Loch Rannoch.
267. M'Pherson. 28 lines.
269. O'Meilchonor. 51 lines. On Nial frasach.

P. of MS.	Eng.	Gaelic.
271. Gilchrist Taylor. 36 lines. Moral.		
271. M'Cailein mòr, <i>id est</i> , Cailean maith. An Epigram.		
273. Duncan òg Albanach. 37 lines. A Dream.		
275. Gilchrist Taylor. 62 lines. On the Host.		
278. Gille glas Mac an Tàileir. 48 lines. On M'Gregor.		
279. Earl Gerald. 10 lines.		
280. Ossianic. The Greatness of the Feinn,	87	64 65
281. Finlay the red. 26 lines. On M'Gregor.		
282. The Bard M'Intyre. 26 lines.		
284. Muireach Albanach. A Prayer,	159	122 123
285. Isabella Ni vic Cailein. 6 lines.		
286. Anonymous. 36 lines. Indistinct.		
287. Ossianic,	88	64 65
291. Latin. The Ages of the World.		
292. Isabella Ni vic Cailein,	155	118 119
293. Teague òg O'Huggin. 26 lines.		
294. Ossian. Eulogy on Finn,	26	18 19
296. Duncan mor O'Daly. 54 lines. To the Virgin.		
301. An caoch O'Cluain. "Fraoch,"	54	36 37
303. Earl Gerald. 20 lines.		
304. Finlay, the red-haired bard. 39 lines. On M'Diarmad. Illegible.		
306. Duncan M'Cailein. 8 lines.		
307. Anonymous. 15 lines. Indistinct.		
307. Muireach Albanach. A Lament. 98 lines. Indistinct.		

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Dorany l'f'moray 27

I AUTOGRAPH OF DEAN M'GREGOR

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Gai la g'p'f'moray 27

l'f'moray 27

l'f'moray 27

Gai boozad l'f'moray

mal'moray 27

l'f'moray 27

l'f'moray 27

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THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

THE author of this is Ossian,¹ the son of Finn :²

I've seen the household of Finn.
No men were they of coward race.
I saw by my side a vision
Of the hero's household yesterday.

¹ The name of this poet has given rise to some controversy between the Scotch and Irish Gael. By the latter it is pronounced *Oisín*, the accent falling on the last syllable ; by the former it is pronounced *Ossian*, the accent falling on the first. Dean M'Gregor spells the word sometimes *Ossan*, but usually *Ossin*. It is manifest from the use of the *ss* that he intends the accent to fall upon the first syllable, according to the Scottish mode. The Scottish pronunciation would appear to have been the same in his days as now. This form of the word we have retained in our translation. We do not mean to institute any comparison between the Irish and Scottish mode. The difference clearly arises from the peculiarity of each dialect, the Irish almost uniformly, in words of two syllables, laying the accent on the last, and the Scottish upon the first syllable.

² The Dean's Finn is the Fingal of some writers. "Fionn," pronounced "Fiùghn," genitive, "Fhinn," pronounced "Ighn," is the present Scottish and Irish form of the word, and we have preserved this in M'Gregor's own orthography. Scottish writers have, however, been unjustly accused of manufacturing the term "Fingal." It is not, as some Irish scholars have maintained, a modern corruption of Fin mac Chùil, but a word known and in use for centuries. John Barbour, who wrote his metrical life of King Robert Bruce in 1375, uses it as a familiar term :—

"He said, Methinks Martheoke's son
Right as Gow-mac-Morn was won,
To have from Fingal his menzie."

It would appear, from the analogies of the Gaelic language, to be the complete form of the word. "Fionn" means *fair*

I've seen the household¹ of Art,²
 He with the brown-haired son of gentle speech ;
 No better man I ever saw.
 I've seen the household of Finn.
 Who ever saw what I have seen ?
 I've seen Finn armed with Luno's son.³
 How sad the mournful memory.
 I've seen the household of Finn.
 Never can I recount the ills
 Which now do crown my head.
 Do thou free us for ever from pain.
 I've seen the household of Finn.

I've seen, etc.

being in reality an adjective noun; "Gal" is a common termination of Celtic proper names. Hence, "Fionn Ghal," or "Fingal," means the "fair-haired one." In like manner, we have "Dubh," *black*, "Ghal," "Dubhghal," or "Dugald;" "Donn," brown, "Ghal," "Donnghal," *Dungal*, *Donald*, the brown-haired one. Hence, Fionn is a contraction of the name. It is remarkable as an instance of the changes which take place in the use of words, that in modern times "Fionnghal" is the name of a woman, and is usually translated "Flora."

¹ In the original the word translated here, "household," is "tylch," or "teaghlach," *a family*. The literal translation would be, "the family of Art." But this would not convey the idea in the original, the Celtic *family* in such a case as this implying the military followers of the head or chief. It seems probable that these ancient Celtic chiefs, like chiefs in more recent times, had their armed followers in constant attendance on them.

² Art was King of Ireland, according to Irish authorities, in the beginning of the third century. Tradition says that he was the father of Grainne, the wife of

Finn, whose defection and escape with Diarmad led to the event so famous in ancient Celtic poetry, the death of Diarmad. A poem relating the event will be found in this collection.

³ "Mac an Loinn," or "Luno's son," was the famous sword of Fingal, manufactured by Loinn mac Liobhaidh, the celebrated smith, or "Vulcan," of the Celts. The sword was so effective that in no case was it ever required to give a second stroke. The Gaelic words are, "Cha d' fhàg e fuigheall beuma,"—It left no remnant for its stroke. We have heard of a remarkable instance of the effective use of this phrase in the pulpit by a distinguished Highland minister, Mr. Lachlan M'Kenzie of Lochcarron. In illustrating the completeness of the one sacrifice of our Lord, he said, and to a Highland audience it was electrifying, "Chuala sibh mu 'n chlaidheamh bh' aig Fionn, nach d' fhàg riamh fuigheall beuma,"—*You have heard of Fingal's sword, which never needed to give a second blow.* "Loinn mac Liobhaidh," the "Vulcan" of the Celts, is in reality *Brightness, the son of polishing*, a fact which would go far to prove the mythical character of this famous artisan.

The author of this is Ossian :¹

Long are the clouds this night above me ;
The last was a long night to me.
This day, although I find it long,
Yesterday was longer still.
Each day that comes is long to me,
Such indeed was not my wont.
Now is no fight, or battle-field,
No learning noble feats of arms
Without maiden, song, or harp ;
No crushing bones or warlike deeds,
No studious learning any more,
No hospitable heart or board,
No soft wooing, and no chase,
In both of which I took delight.
Without the battle-march or fight,
Alas ! how sorrowful life's close ;
No hunting of the hind or stag,
How different from my heart's desire !
No trappings for our hounds, no hounds.
Long are the clouds this night above me.
No rising up to noble feats,
No mirthful sport as we would wish,
No swimming heroes in our lakes.

¹ This piece is extracted and printed in the report on the Poems of Ossian, published by the Highland Society. Dr. Smith, however, who made the extract, appears not to have read it with much care or accuracy, and the concluding portion, from the twentieth line downwards, is suppressed altogether. This seems to have arisen from a desire to suppress all the references in those poems to St. Patrick, and thus to establish by all possible means their Scottish origin. If any of the Poems are the

genuine compositions of Ossian, there is sufficient evidence that the references to the Saint are of more recent introduction, in the fact, that if Ossian saw Art, who lived in the opening of the third century, as he tells us in the preceding fragment, he could hardly hold a dialogue with St. Patrick, who flourished in the fifth. In the present publication the poems of every kind are given just as they stand, without any reference to the effect on existing systems and theories, Scotch or Irish.

Long are the clouds this night above me ;
 In this great world none is like me,
 So sad, how sad my case !
 A poor old man now dragging stones.
 Long are the clouds this night above me,
 The last man of the Feine am I,
 The great Ossian, the son of Finn,
 Listening to the sound of bells.¹
 Long are the clouds this night above me.

Find, O Patrick, from thy God
 What our eternal state shall be.
 Freed may we ever be from ill.
 Long are the clouds this night above me.
 Long are the clouds, etc.

The Author of this is Ossian :

Once on a time when Finn my loved
 Went to hunt on the "Fair maids' hill,"²
 With three thousand nobles of the Feine,
 Their shields aloft o'er their heads.

¹ The bells used in Christian worship. "Patrick of the bells," is a common appellation of St. Patrick in these compositions.

² "Sliabh nam ban fionn," or the "hill of the fair-haired women," is said to be one of the mountains of Tipperary, in the neighbourhood of Clonmel. It is now called "Sliabh nam ban," and has several traditions of the Feine associated with it. The writer is not aware of any mountain of the name in Scotland ; besides, although the word "Sliabh" is well known and in common use among the Scottish Highlanders, it is seldom found in the topography of the country, in

which the almost uniform term for a mountain is "Beinn," the English "Ben." This is one of the marked differences between Irish and Scottish topography. The term under consideration has sometimes been called in Scotland "Sliabh nam beann fionn," "the hill of the fair hills," a manifest mistake, which the meaningless tautology should be enough to prove. Topographical phrases in the Gaelic language are usually not only grammatically accurate, but of remarkable elegance in their structure. The interpretations often put upon them are a monstrous outrage upon this sound and invariable principle.

Ossian ! thy words are sweet to me,
 My blessing on the soul of Finn.¹
 Tell us the number of the deer
 That fell on the " Fair maids' hill."

How vigorously we shook our spears,
 For never hast thou sung the deer
 Slain on the " Fair maids' hill,"
 By the hand of Finn of the feasts.
 Tell them the tale in full,
 My blessing on thy guileless lips.
 Had you your dress and your armour
 When you went forth to the chase ?

We had our dress and our armour
 When we went forth to the chase ;
 There was no Fian amongst us all
 Without his fine soft flaxen shirt,
 Without his under coat of substance soft,
 Without a coat of mail of brightest steel,
 The covering for his head adorned with gems,
 And in his hand he bore two spears,
 Besides a fierce and conquering shield,
 And sword that never failed to cleave the skull.
 Wert thou to search the universe
 Thou would'st not find a braver man than Finn ;
 Of noblest race and fairest form,
 No arm from him could carry victory.
 As he went forth to try his snow-white hound
 Who 'mongst us all was like to Finn ?
 Westward we went, an ordered band,

¹ It is obvious that parts of these compositions are dialogues, for the most part between Ossian and St. Patrick. The dialogue portion in these editions of Dean M'Gregor's is generally either prefixed or added to the body of the poem. This is quite consistent with the genuine-

ness of the work, and can be explained upon the supposition, that these portions were either prefixed or adjoined at an after period by some other hand to serve a purpose. This cannot be said of those poems which are in the form of dialogues throughout.

To hunt on the "Fair maids' hill."
 O Patrick, pupil of the church's head,
 Bright was the sun above us,
 As in the midst of us sat Finn.
 Eastward and westward sweetly rung,
 From hill to hill the voice of hounds,
 Arousing boars and harts.
 Then Finn and Bran¹ did sit alone
 A little while upon the mountain side,
 Each of them panting for the chase,
 Their fierceness and their wrath aroused.
 Then did we unloose three thousand hounds
 Of matchless vigour and unequalled strength.
 Each of the hounds brought down two deer,
 Long ere 'twas time to bind them in their thongs.
 That day there fell six thousand deer,
 Down in the vale that lies beneath the hill;
 There never fell so many deer and roe
 In any hunt that e'er till this took place.
 But sad was the chase down to the east,
 Thou cleric of the church and bells,
 Ten hundred of our hounds, with golden chains,
 Fell wounded by ten hundred boars:
 Then by our hands there fell the boars,
 Which wrought the ill upon the plain.
 And were it not for blades and vigorous arms,
 That chase had been a slaughter.

O Patrick of the holy crosier,
 Eastward or westward, hast thou ever seen,
 Another chase, in all thy days,
 Greater than that of Finn and of the Feine?

¹ Bran was the famous hound of Finn. The word means "a raven," but used as an adjective it signifies "black," which is apparently the origin of the name. Another of his dogs was called "Luath," or "Swift," also an adjective. These are

common names for staghounds in the Highlands at this day. Reference is made a few lines before this to a white dog, "a choin ghil," translated "snow-white," "geal," implying the most intense whiteness.

This then was the hunt of Finn,
 Thou son of Alpin¹ of the holy relics,
 More than thy howling in the church
 Do I love to tell the day.

Once on a time, etc.

The author of this is Ossian :²

Once on a time as Patrick of the holy crook
 Betook him to his cell,
 He sought as his companion
 Ossian of gentle mien.

Now let me hear, he said,
 Ossian, whose courage has made foes retreat,
 Who of all those whom thou ne'er sang'st,
 Most vexed the Feine of Finn ?

Priest of the spotted crook,³
 Thy lifetime it would take

¹ The Irish call this word "Ar-pluinn," in Latin, "Calphurnius." In the Highlands the name is uniformly "Alpin,"—"Padruig mac Alpain."

² This composition the Irish call the battle of "Ventry Harbour," a place in the county of Kerry in Ireland. There are, however, Fintrays in Scotland, which are apparently the same name, and Mr. Skene has called the attention of the writer to the fact, that there is a Sgùir Dhaire dhuinn, "the hill of Daire donn," in Duror in Argyleshire. Irish Antiquaries say the battle was fought in the third century between the Féine of Ireland and Daire donn, or Daire the brown, King of the world. It will be seen in this copy that Daire is introduced as King of Lochlin or Scan-

dinavia, although afterwards called King of the world. It is very probable that both to the Scotch and Irish Celt Scandinavia was at this period synonymous with the world. This poem is here attributed to Ossian, although it is very doubtful whether it is so in the MS. The writing is so indistinct, that it is impossible to read the title correctly. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the poem is in the form of a dialogue between the bard, whoever he may be, and St. Patrick. The name of the saint seems to have been a favourite one with the bards, and was used no doubt to give consequence and currency to their compositions.

³ The crozier of St. Patrick. Several ancient Celtic croziers are still in exist-

To tell in human speech
The glory of the Feine of Finn.

Since without guile thou art,
And now that they are dead, dost live,
Watch thou for ever on,
And tell the deeds done by the Feine.

Should I be spared for fifty years,
Hearing thy music in thy cell
Till my death's day, I could not tell
The noble deeds of the Feine of Finn.
The kingdoms of the earth in all its breadth
Belonged to us on every side.
Tribute we raised from all of them for Finn,¹
Else filled them with the shout of war.
In this wide earth there was not one
That dared refuse us,
Not ev'n in Alve² of the spotted spears,
With all its power and its untold renown.

ence. Two are well known in Scotland. One of them is the Quigrich, or crozier of St. Fillan, now in possession of a family of the name of Dewar in Canada, to whose progenitor it was intrusted by Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn. An interesting notice of this relic has recently been published by Dr. D. Wilson of Toronto. Another is the crozier of St. Munn, now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, and long in possession of a family called the Barons of Bachul (a *crozier*, from the Latin *Baculus*), in the island of Lismore. A notice of this relic will be found in the transactions of the Scottish Antiquaries, from the able pen of Mr. Cosmo Innes. The word "breac," or *spotted*, applied to the crozier, must refer to its ornamentation. The term will be found elsewhere applied to spears or swords.

¹ This is a curious piece of Bardic ex-

aggeration. But there may be some history hidden within its folds. There is sufficient evidence to prove that the Féine, whoever they were, were not confined to Ireland. We have numerous ancient Celtic compositions in which reference is made to the Féine of Scotland, and the Féine of Britain, meaning either Wales, or England and Wales together. The truth with regard to Finn and his Féine seems even yet to be a long way off.

² This is said to be "Almhuin," or Allen, the residence of Finn, according to Irish accounts, in the county of Kildare. The word has a strong resemblance to "Alba," the Gaelic name for Scotland; and in reading ancient Gaelic MSS., care must be taken to distinguish the two. We give the name in the Dean's orthography, whatever the place may be.

Would'st thou but tell them now,
Ossian, of the fierce assaults,
Which was the stoutest arm
Among the men that followed Finn.

Thou sett'st me to a painful task,
O Priest, thou pupil of the heavenly king,
I could not till the judgment day,
Tell of the Feine, the men and deeds.

Yet since it so fell out that thou outliv'st them
Ossian of sweet and pleasing songs,
Which would'st thou chuse of all the Feinn,
To stand in battle by thy shield ?

Oscar and Caoilte and Gaul,
And Luthy's son, of sharpest swords ;
Round Cumhal's son,¹ they well might stand,
No nobler band in battle fought ;
Bloody Fargon, son to the king,
And Carroll with the murderous spear ;
Dermin, brave and fair, who nothing feared,
And bore his pointed shield aloft,
Coll Caoilte's son, so gentle at the feast ;
Core, a warrior of no tender blows ;
Ryno, son to the king ;—
A band than which no braver fought.
The fair-haired Fillan, who was son to Finn,
And Garry, than whom no bloodier foe ;
The guileless Dyrin, Doveran's son,
Hugh, son of Garry of the powerful arm,
I, myself, and Gaul the son of Smail,

¹ Finn was Cumhal's son. The word is pronounced "Finn mac Cúil,"—very much as M'Dougal is pronounced in the speaking of Gaelic. The writer has been led to think that traces of "Cual" (Cumhal) might be found in the King

Coil of Ayrshire. The whole region about the scene of Coil's territory and sepulchre has been purely Celtic, and the grave itself bears marks of being constructed in the early Celtic method.

And Daire of oaken frame, brave Ronan's son ;
 The armourer's three sons, men without guile,
 Whose ruddy armour gleamed, adorned with gold.
 Now that I tell my tale to thee,
 Cleric that dwell'st at Port-na-minna,
 No man of all the Feine was known to me
 But one, to whom all other men must yield.
 But, now, do thou be seated in thy chair,
 Take up thy pen, we'll number all the host,
 The host of brave and noble men
 Who came, well-ordered bands, unto the Feine.
 Across the sea the King of Lochlin came,
 The brown-haired¹ Daire of famous shield,
 From Conn to wrest the tribute paid by Erin,
 A mournful tale for us and all our host.
 Our Feinn had friends who came to give them aid,
 Men from the sides of every hill,
 Led on by Cairbar of the sinewy arm.
 Of these four bands came safe to land.
 Of the Feinn themselves came seven bands,
 Three from the east, the half of Erin called from Conn.²
 The greater number in the battle fell,
 But few escaped the bands of Daire donn.
 Down with his fleet lay Daire donn
 Himself and all his host.
 Of these were thirty score³
 Who ne'er again did see their native land.
 There watched them near the shore
 Conn Crithear of the well-aimed strokes.
 He seized the men of India there,
 And raised the king's head on the mountain side.

¹ As already observed, Daire donn, or "Daire the brown," is called here the King of Lochlin.

² Ireland was divided into two great sections: the northern, called Leth Chuinn, or Conn's half, from Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ulster; the southern, called Leth Mhogha, or Mogh's

half, called from Mogha Nuadhat, King of Munster, both in the second century.

³ The Celts always count by twenties up to 400. When a Highlander speaks of 340 or 360 of anything, he uniformly says seventeen score or eighteen score. The numbers given here are an instance of the poetic license.

This famous Conn, the son of Ulster's king,
 And Dollir, no less famed for warlike deeds,
 We left upon the strand,
 Drowned in mutual clasp beneath the waves.
 Dathach's three sons, no braver men,
 Ascending from the place where lay the ships,
 Feartan and Kerkal, he with the large round head,
 We left their bodies naked on the strand.
 Owar,¹ the armed daughter of the King of Greece,
 And Forna of the heavy sturdy blows.
 We left, a vacant grin upon their faces.
 We knew no sorrow as we left them there.
 Four of the King of Lochlin's sons we left,
 Slain by our fierce, resistless arms.
 The three Balas from Borrin in the east,
 Hardly escaped our murderous blows.
 Great as was the king of the world,
 Daire donn, with shield of purest white,
 We left his body, too, upon the strand,
 Slain by the blows of the victorious Feine.
 Of all the world's hosts, brave though they were,
 None did escape the slaughter
 Except the King of France alone,
 Who, like a swallow as it grasps the air,
 Fled from fear of noble Oscar,
 And even once his sole ne'er touched the earth
 Until he got to Glenabaltan, as men relate;
 Then and there only did he find him rest.
 It was on Fintray's strand, down at the sea,

¹ This daughter of the King of Greece is well known in Celtic tradition. In Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. p. 470, it will be seen that traces of her existence are found still in the island of Barra. Greece was not unknown to the ancients. Caesar tells us that the Gauls, although not committing their religious mysteries to paper, in common writing which was familiar to them,

used the Greek letters. This is a remarkable statement, and one of which too little use has been made in discussing the social condition of the early Gael. At the same time, we learn from the history of the Gallic war that the literature of Gaul was drawn from Britain, at least her priests studied there, which can have no other meaning.

Our people made this slaughter,
 Of these, the kings of all the world,
 And drank our full of vengeance.
 Our fierce and conquering arms
 Laid many a noble warrior low ;
 Many a sword and shield
 Lay shattered on the strand,
 The strand of Fintray of the port ;
 Many dead bodies lay upon the earth,
 Many a hero with a vacant grin.
 Much was the spoil we gathered in the fight.
 Patrick, son of noble Alpin,
 Even of the Feine themselves, none did escape
 The fierce and murderous fight
 Except two ordered bands,
 Nor were their bodies whole.
 The sons of Boisgne¹ made one band of those,
 A race, with hands that knew no tender grasp,
 Then came the sons of Morn,² who with the sons of Smail
 Made up the second band.
 By thy hand, O noble Priest
 In that sore fight, there perished of our Feine
 Five well-trained bands
 Who left us for the strand.
 Thirty luckless bands,
 A thousand score in each,
 We numbered of the men of Daire down,
 That never reached the waves.
 Were I to answer thee, O Priest,
 As thou desir'st to hear my every tale,
 Down to the time we³ Gawra's battle fought,

¹ The race of the Féine to which Finn belonged. The Irish say they occupied Leinster and the eastern part of Ulster.

² The race to which the famous Gaul belonged. They are said to have occupied Connaught and the west of Ireland.

These are the Irish accounts, and must be taken as contributions to a correct elucidation of the history of these events, if they have a real history.

³ A poem on this famous battle will be found in a subsequent part of this collection.

We never lost our power.
 Then did we seize the ships ;
 We took the heavy silver of the king,
 The gold, the garments, and the other spoil ;
 Each half of Erin had its share.
 Holy Patrick of the relics,
 Shall I meet death within thy house of prayer ?
 Cover thou my form with earth,
 Since thou knowest well my tale.

Ossian, since thou art wearied now,
 Make thy peace, that thou may'st die,
 Take up thy prayer and ask for mercy,
 Early each day call on thy God,
 And when, on the judgment day, thou reachest Sion,
 Where all men shall be gathered,
 May Michael, Mary, and the Son of God
 Take thee kindly by the hand.

May the Twelve Apostles, with their song of praise,
 Each holy cleric, and each prophet,
 Me save from hell,
 For I've been very sinful in my day.
 Once on a time.¹

The author of this is Ossian :

Feeble this night is the power of my arm,
 My strength is no more as it was ;
 No wonder though I should mourn,
 Poor old relic that I am ;
 Sad that such should be my lot,

¹ It will be seen in this and the previous pieces, that the first few lines are repeated at the close of every poem. This practice is uniformly followed in all an-

cient Celtic Poetry, and is a sure indication that we have reached the end of the piece.

Beyond all men who tread the earth,
 Wearily dragging stones along
 To the church on the hill of the priest.
 I have a tale which I would tell
 Regarding our people, O Patrick :
 Listen to Finn's prediction.
 Shortly ere thou cam'st, O Priest,
 The hero was to build a fort,
 On Cuailgne's¹ bare and rounded hill.
 He laid it on the Feine of Fail²
 Materials for the work to get.
 Two-thirds of all his famous fort
 He laid upon the sons of Morn ;
 The other third he laid on me,
 And on the other sons of Boisgne.
 I answered, but not aright,
 The son of Cumhal, son of Trenmor.
 I said I would cast off his rule,
 And would submit to him no more.
 Then for long Finn held his peace,
 The hero hard to vanquish,
 He who knew no guile nor fear,
 When my answer he had heard,
 His words to me were these,
 The words of Finn, prince of the Feine :

Thou shalt be dragging stones awhile
 Ere to thy mournful home thou goest.

¹ A hill said to be in the county of Armagh, celebrated in the ancient poem of "Tain bo Chuailgne," or "The cattle spoil of Cuilinn." It is said to have been here that Cuchullin resided, whence probably his name, Cu Chuailgne, or Cuchullin, the Hound of Cuillinn. In Irish History Cuchullin is said to have lived a couple of centuries previous to the era of Fingal.

The reader may be reminded that there is a mountain in Skye called Cuilinn,

one of the grandest of the Scottish mountains. The person from whom both this and the Irish hills of the name were called, is said to have been Cuilionn, a Druidical priest of great fame. The word means also the Holly tree, from whence the derivation is sufficiently probable.

² "Fail" is an ancient name for Ireland. The word signifies *fate*; hence "Innisfail," or the "Island of fate," or, more probably, "the sacred island."

Then did I rise up in wrath,
 From Cumhal's son of bloody sword.
 There followed me of all the Feine,
 The fourth battalion, hardy and brave.
 Then was I long with the Feine,
 On all things I my judgment gave.
 Many were there with me then,
 But now, alas, I'm feeble, feeble ;
 I was counsellor to the Feine,
 In all emergencies, how feeble.
 How many men that do not know
 That on this earth I'm feeble, feeble.
 This night my body's frame is feeble,
 Patrick, I believe thy words.
 My hands, my feet, and head,
 All of them are feeble, feeble.
 Feeble, etc.

The author of this is Ossian :

Here have I seen the Feine,
 I have seen Conan and Gaul,
 Finn, and Oscar my son,
 Ryno, Art, and brown-haired Diarmad,¹
 Brave M'Luy,² he of noble mien,
 The red-haired Garry,³ also Hugh the less,

¹ Diarmad was the Adonis of the Feine. He is celebrated for his beauty, which led finally to his death, as will be seen in a future poem. He is said to have been the Ancestor of the clan Campbell, who are hence called "Clann Diarmad," or the "children of Diarmad." The M'Diarmads, as well as some other subordinate clans, are also said to be of the same stock.

² A grandson of Finn by his son Daire

dearg. His mother's name was Luigheach, whence he was called the son of Luigheach, pronounced Luy. He was a famous man among the Feine, according to Irish authorities.

³ There were several among the Feine of this name. The name is widely known in the topography of Scotland. There are two Rivers Garry, two lochs, and two large rivers. These are found in Inverness-shire and Perthshire.

Hugh Garry's son, who never quailed,
 The three Finns, and with them Fead,
 Glass and Gow and Garry,
 The long-haired Galve, and the impetuous Conan;¹
 Gaul and Crooin, Gaul's son,
 Socach, the son of Finn, and Bran;²
 Caoilte, the son of warlike Ronan,³
 Who swiftest ran, and leaped o'er valleys,
 The readiest to scatter gold,
 One of them of sweetest voice;
 Bayne, son of Brassil of the swords,
 The son of Cromchin, son of Smail,
 And Oscar, son of powerful Garry,⁴
 The three Balas, and the three Skails,
 Three battalions from Glenstroil,
 Three bands from Monaree;
 Caoilte's seven sons best trained to fight;
 The three named Glass from Glassrananseir;
 The three Beths from Cnokandurd,
 Three of unfailing excellence;
 Deach Fichid's son from Borruinn mor,
 Of them who always conquered.
 Here have I seen the Feine
 Whose liberal hand did music buy,⁵

¹ Conan is usually called "Conan maol," or "Conan the bald," and was known among the Feine for his thoughtless impetuosity. He was, in consequence of this peculiar temperament, ever getting into difficulties, and exposing himself to the ridicule and reprehension of his companions. There are both a river and valley in Scotland called after him, the River Conan and Strathconan in Rosshire.

² "Bran," the name of Finn's celebrated hound, is here obviously the name of a man. There is a "strath" or valley in Rosshire which still retains his name, Strathbran. The extent to which Fenian names are found in Scottish topo-

graphy, goes far to show the close connexion of the Feine themselves with that country.

³ Caoilte was one of the most famous of the Feine. He was distinguished for his swiftness, and not without reason, as is shown in his chase of Loinn mac Liobhaidh, the Fenian blacksmith, whom he overtook, although he could cross a valley at a stride.

⁴ This Oscar must be distinguished from the famous Oscar, the Poet's son. Of the latter he never speaks without applying to him some term of endearment, as "my son," "my own son," etc.

⁵ This line refers to the liberal rewards

Ranged around Ossian and Finn,
 Traversing valleys to dispense their gold.
 Fearton and brave Carroll were there,
 Who never fought but where they won.
 I sing them, and generous Felan,
 All of whom here have I seen.
 Here have I seen.

The author of this is Ossian, the son of Finn.¹

Tell us, O Patrick, what honour is ours,
 Do the Feine of Ireland in heaven now dwell?

In truth I can tell thee, thou Ossian of fame,
 That no heaven has thy father, Oscar, or Gaul.

Sad is the tale thou tellest me, Priest,
 I worshipping God while the Feine have no heaven.

Shalt thou not fare well thyself in that city,
 Though ne'er should thy father, Caoilte, and Oscar be there?

Little joy would it bring to me to sit in that city,
 Without Caoilte, and Oscar, as well as my father.

Better see the face of heaven's son each day,
 Than all the gold on earth, were it thine to possess.

which the Bards usually received among the Celts. A eulogy was sometimes rewarded by the Chief with a silver cup. Even poetry had need to be purchased; and probably were it not for the hope of reward of some kind, many of the noblest Poems which have adorned human history would never have seen the light. At a meeting of Skye gentlemen on some public occasion some years ago, the question was put, "Where are the bards?" One of the company replied, "They are gone." "No," said Nicolson of Scorry-

breck, "they are still with us; but the men who fostered them are gone."

¹ This piece is what is usually called "Urnuidh Oisaiain," or "Ossian's prayer." There are many such colloquies in the Gaelic, many of them bearing no marks of great antiquity. It will be found that in the Gaelic the poem is divided. This arose from a misplacing of different parts of it in the MS., which was not observed till the first part was printed off. In the English the whole is given consecutively.

Tell us, thou Priest of the Holy city, the tale ;
In return I'll recount thee the battle of Gaura.

If the tale of that city thou desir'st, old man,
No thirst, no hunger, want, reproach are there.

Who are heaven's sons ? more noble are the Feinn :
Are they hard of heart ? have thou mercy, Cleric ;

Unlike them are the Feine, unlike them altogether,
Never on the green plain did they seek the chase.

For thy love's sake, Patrick, forsake not the heroes,
Unknown to heaven's King, bring thou in the Feinn.

Though little room you'd take, not one of your race,
Unknown to heaven's King, shall get beneath his roof.

How different Mac Cumhail, the Feinn's noble king,
All men, uninvited, might enter his great house.

Sad is that, old man, and thy life's close so near,
That thou should'st so unjustly judge of my great king.

Better the fierce conflict of Finn and his Feinn,
Than thy holy master, and thyself together.

Mournful, poor old man, that thou should'st folly speak,
Better God for a day than all of Erin's Feinn.

Though few be my days, and my life's close near,
Patrick defame not the nobles of clan Boisgne.

Thou can'st never tell, Ossian, son to the Queen,
How different your nobles from those of my Lord.

Were even Conan living, the least of the Feinn,
He would not suffer thy insolence, Cleric.

Speak not thus, Ossian, savage are thy words,
Take thee now thy rest, and guide thee by my rule.

Did'st thou see the fight, and the noble banners,
Never would'st thou think but of the glory of the Feinn.

Ossian, Prince's son, 'twill be thy soul's great loss
That thou now think'st only of the battles of the Feinn.

Did'st thou hear the hounds, and the sounds of the hunt,
Thou would'st rather be there than in the holy city.

That is sad, old man, if the glory of the chase
Be greater than all which Heaven above can yield.

Say not so, Patrick, empty are thy words,
Indeed and in truth, better Finn and the Feinn.

By thy hand, Boisgne's son, not empty are my words,
Better is one angel than Finn and the Feinn.

Were I only now as I was at Gaura's fight,
I would punish thy reproach of Erin's noble Feinn.

Thy pride is all gone, for all thy future days,
None are now left of thy band but thyself.

Were my men in life I'd not hear thy howling,
And I'd make thee to suffer in return for thy talk.

Though all of these yet lived, and were now joined together,
I'd still not speak only of the Feinn's seven bands.

Seven times the number that thou hast of priests,
Fell all in battle by Oscar alone.

Thou'rt now in thy last days, old and senseless man,
Cease now thy speaking, and come away with me ;
Did'st thou see the men of cowls, Finn's son, in Alve,
Thou would'st not as thou dost reproach the men of heaven.

No less was our great band, when we were met in Taura,
Reproachful are the words thou speak'st of the great king,
I will forgive thee, Cleric, although thou dost not tell
Tell.

The author of this is Ossian.¹

I know a little tale of Finn,
 A tale that we should not despise,
 Of Cumhal's son, the valorous,
 Which our memory still preserves.
 Once we were a little band,
 At Essaroy,² of gentle streams,
 Near the coast was under sail,
 A currach, in which sat a maid ;
 Fifty men stood by the King,
 Brave in any fight or field,
 Sad for them who faced their right arm,
 For we ruled in every land.
 All of us rose up in haste,
 Save Finn of the Feine and Gaul,
 To welcome the boat as it sped,
 Cleaving the waves in its course.
 It never ceased its onward way
 Until it reached the wonted port.
 Then when it had touched the land,
 The maid did from her seat arise,
 Fairer than a sunbeam's sheen,
 Of finest mould and gentlest mien.

¹ This composition is known usually by the name of "Fainesoluis," or the sunbeam, derived manifestly from the comparison of the sunbeam in the twenty-first line. In Ireland it is called "Laoidh an Mhoighre Bhoirb," or "The song of Mayre Borb." The "Mayre" of Ireland will be found to be "Daire" in Scotland.

² The topography of these poems is a subject of very deep interest to the student of our national antiquities. In the valley of the Roy in Lochaber, so famous for its parallel roads, is a waterfall called "Eas ruaidh," or "Essaroy," the "fall

of Roy." Was this the scene of the story of Fainesoluis? It may be objected that from there the sea lies at a distance of fifteen miles. On the Earn, near Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, is "Assaroe," or "Eas Aoidh Ruaidh," "The waterfall of Hugh the red," who was drowned there. This is nearer the sea; but at the period ascribed to Ossian, the name could not have been given to the spot, as the death of Aedh ruadh mac Badhairn, from whom the cascade was named, occurred, according to the Four Masters, in A.M. 4518.

Then before this stranger maid,
 We stood and showed courtesy;
 "Come to the tent of Finn with us."
 With grace she all of us salutes;
 'Twas Cumhal's son himself replied,
 And salutes her in return.
 Then did the King of noblest mien
 Ask of the maid of fairest face,
 "Whence is it thou hast come, fair maid?
 Give us now in brief thy tale."
 "The King of the land beneath the waves,¹
 My father is, such is my fate,
 Through all lands where the sun revolves,
 Thee and thy men I long have sought."
 "Princess, who hast searched each land,
 Youthful maid of beauteous form,
 The reason why thou cam'st so far,
 Tell us now, and tell us all."
 "If thou be Finn, I ask defence,"²
 So now did speak the youthful maid,

¹ Kings among the Celts were, at an early period, persons of much less consequence than the name would now seem to imply. In Ireland, there were four provincial sovereignties besides the national one. But even this does not give an accurate representation of the Celtic polity. The fact is, every ruler of a district and leader of an army was called a King. Of this we have ample evidence in Cæsar's account of the state of Britain at the period of the Roman invasion. In Scotland, tradition points to several kingdoms. In the Western Highlands the Island of Mull is said to have formed a kingdom by itself, called "Rioghachd na Drealluin," "the Kingdom of Dreallinn," from "dreall," a "bar" or "sneck," applied to the Sound of Mull, which shuts out all strangers from the Island. Islay was called "Rioghachd Modheadh," or the "South-west Kingdom," from its position. Mor-

vern was called "Torruaidh," to which frequent reference is made both in Scottish and Irish Celtic tradition. Ardnamurchan was called "Sorcha," the kingdom of Daire Borb's father, from its mountainous character, "Sorcha" meaning "high," whence "sorchan," "a tripod." "Tir bàr fo thuinn," or the land beneath the waves, was Tyree, from the lowness of the land appearing from a distance as if its surface were on a level with the sea. If there be any historical accuracy in these traditions, which have been gathered up from an intelligent old Highlander, skilled in the lore of his country, this story of Fainesoluis is one in which a daughter of the ruler of the Island of Tyree is pursued by a son of the ruler of Ardnamurchan. Poetry gives a consequence and magnitude to the event, which in all probability the naked reality did not possess.

² "Mo chomraich ort," "my protec-

"Thou of soft speech, and purest race,
 Grant me protection, grant it now."
 Then spoke the wise and knowing King,
 "Tell us now from whom thou flee'st;
 Protection I thee grant, fair maid,
 'Gainst every man that dares thee hurt."
 "There comes in wrath across the sea,
 Swift in pursuit, a warrior brave,
 The well-armed son of Sorcha's King,
 He whose name is Daire the fierce.¹
 I laid me under heavy bonds²
 That Finn should from the sea me have,
 But that his wife I ne'er should be,
 Though famed his beauty and his deeds."
 Then Oscar spoke, of hasty speech,
 The warlike conqueror of Kings,
 "Though Finn should not thy pledge sustain,
 Never shalt thou with him wed."
 Then do we see borne by his steed³
 A hero of unequalled size,
 Travelling with speed across the sea,
 Following the maiden in her course;
 His helmet close about the head
 Of this brave and dauntless man;
 His right arm bore a round black shield,

tection be on thee," was an appeal which the Celtic warrior could never reject when made by the weak and helpless. In Christian times, the word "Comraich" came to be applied to the "girths" or "sanctuaries" around places of worship and other sacred spots, where accused persons might flee for security. Hence the Gaelic name of the parish of Applecross in Rosshire, "A Chomraich," or "the Sanctuary," formed round the church dedicated to St. Malrube, an early Christian missionary.

¹ As already observed, this name is in Irish editions of the poem "Mayre." See Miss Brooks' "*Reliques of Irish Poetry*."

² "Geasan," "bonds." The word here appears to mean a simple pledge, although in most cases it implies the exercise of some magical power. In those cases of metamorphosis so common in Celtic tales, the persons who have been made to undergo the change are said to be "fo gheasaibh," "under spells." The mythology of the Celts has much in common with that of Eastern nations.

³ The magical steed of Daire borb was capable of carrying its master over sea and land. In many ancient Celtic Tales we read of ships which could also traverse sea and land.

The surface of its back engraved ;
A heavy, large, broad-bladed sword,
Tightly bound, hung by his side ;
He comes in attitudes of fence,
As where we stood he swift approached ;
Two javelins, with victory rich,
Rest on the shoulder of his shield ;
For strength, for skill, for bravery,
Nowhere could his match be found.
A hero's look,—the eye of a king
Shone in that head of noblest mould,
Ruddy his face, his teeth pearl-white,
No stream ran swifter than his steed.
Then did his steed bound on the shore,
And he in whom we saw no fear.
Of us did fifty warriors then
Approach him as he came to us ;
Fear of the hero as he neared us
Filled the bravest of them all.
Now as he landed from the waves,
Our famous King the question put,
“ Can'st thou tell me now, fair maid,
Is that the man of whom thou spak'st ? ”
“ I know him well, Finn Cumhal's son,
Nor does his coming bode you good ;
Me he will rudely strive to seize,
Despite thy strength, O noble Finn.”
Then Oscar and Gaul arose,
The fiercest of all in the fight,
Near to the men they firmly stood,
Between the giant and our chief.
The well-formed warrior then approached,
In rage sustained by his great strength,
The maid he rudely bears away,
Though by Finn's shoulder she had stood.
The Son of Morne then hurled his spear,
With wonted force, as he bore off ;

No gentle cast was that, in truth,
 The hero's shield was split in twain.
 The wrathful Oscar then did shake
 The red-dyed belt from his left arm,¹
 And killed the hero's prancing steed,
 A deed most worthy of great fame.
 Then, when the steed fell on the plain,
 He on us turned in fiercest wrath,
 And battle does, the onset mad,
 With all our fifty warriors brave.
 On the same side with me and Finn,
 The fifty stood in front of him :
 Yet though they oft stood firm in fight,
 His arm did now them force to yield.
 Two blows, and only two he gave,
 With vigour to each sep'rate man,
 When we were stretched upon the earth,
 Each man of us with whom he fought.
 Three vanquished nines he tightly bound,
 Ere from the furious fight he ceased.
 Firmly the three smalls'² usual tie
 On each of these he firmly placed.
 Then did the manly Gaul advance,
 The conquering hero to assail.
 Whoe'er he was could see them then,
 The struggle and the fight were fierce.
 Then did Mac Morne slay with his arm
 The King of Sorcha's son, most strange !
 Sad was the coming of the maid,
 Now that the brave in fight had fallen.

¹ The word in the original here is "criss zerk," the "red belt." This is, however, in all probability, a mistake of the Dean's for "craoiseach," a "javelin." It is not easy to see what could be meant by the "red belt" on Oscar's left arm. It could hardly signify the straps of the shield. If it be "craoi-

seach," the bard would seem to indicate that Oscar was left-handed, like the sons of Benjamin.

² "Natri caoil," or the "three smalls," were the neck, the ankles, and the wrists. Prisoners of war had this triple binding applied to them.

And now that he had fallen thus,
 Beside the sea, a sad event,
 She of the land beneath the waves,
 With Finn and his Feine remained a year.
 Flann, son of Morne, in battle brave,
 Was killed, it is a piteous tale ;
 None of all our men escaped,
 Whose body was not full of wounds,
 Except my noble Father, Finn,
 The generous friend of all distressed.
 And now at last the deed is done.
 Of Finn this little tale I know.
 I know a little tale of Finn.

As our fifty warriors brave¹
 Were now subject to his arms,
 Helpless were we in his hands,
 Our precious rights were all now lost.
 His sword without a single check,
 Did hack our bodies and our shields.
 Any fighting like to his,
 In my day never have I seen.
 We buried then close to the fall
 This noble, brave, and powerful man.
 And on each finger's ruddy point
 A ring was placed in honour of the King.
 For ten long years his conquering arms,
 To the victor did the King forbid ;
 For all that time the son of Morne
 Was healing with Finn of the Feine.

¹ These supplementary lines would appear to be either additional lines or various readings. There are two given in the Gaelic, which are not translated, as being of little consequence, and which seem intended to come in between the ninety-eighth and ninety-ninth lines. The first eight lines of this additional fragment are probably intended to fall in

between the hundred and twenty-eighth and the hundred and twenty-ninth lines, the last eight to close the poem. Dr. Smith, in the Report on Ossian's Poems given in to the Highland Society, states, that the Edition given in this supplement is inconsistent with that in the body of the Poem, and must be held to contain various readings.

The author of this is Ossian, the son of Finn.¹

'Twas yesterday week
 I last saw Finn ;
 Ne'er did I see
 A braver man ;
 Teige's² daughter's son,
 A powerful king ;
 My fortune, my light,
 My mind's whole might,
 Both poet and chief.
 Braver than kings,
 Firm chief of the Feinn.
 Lord of all lands,
 Leviathan at sea,
 As great on land,
 Hawk of the air,
 Foremost always.
 Generous, just,
 Despised a lie.
 Of vigorous deeds,
 First in song.
 A righteous judge,
 Firm his rule.
 Polished his mien,
 Who knew but victory.

¹ The following seems to have been Ossian's eulogy on his father Finn. The editor has not met with any similar composition either among Scottish or Irish collections, except a few lines extracted by Miss Brooks from a composition which she calls "Buille Oisein," and it is therefore rescued from oblivion by having been seized by the Dean while floating on the stream of oral tradition, and treasured in his miscellany. In the original, the poetry is worthy of the name of Ossian, more so, indeed, than any of

the pieces in this collection. It is quite impossible to produce in English the effect of the rhythm and alliteration of the Gaelic ; but the editor has endeavoured, while giving an exact rendering, to retain, in as far as possible, the peculiar measure of the original. The piece is a fine tribute of filial love and admiration, nor is there much room to doubt its genuineness.

² Muirne Finn's mother is said to have been a daughter of Teige, a famous Druid, or, as others say, of a princely family of Bregia, in Meath.

Who is like him
 In fight or song?
 Resists the foe,
 In house or field.
 Marble his skin,
 The rose his cheek,
 Blue was his eye,
 His hair like gold.
 All men's trust,
 Of noble mind.
 Of ready deeds,
 To women mild,
 A giant he,
 The field's delight.
 Best polished spears,
 No wood like their shafts.
 Rich was the King.
 His great green bottle,
 Full of sharp wine,
 Of substance rich.
 Excellent he.¹
 Of noble form,
 His people's head,
 His step so firm,
 Who often warred.
 In beauteous Banva,
 Three hundred battles
 He bravely fought.
 With miser's mind
 From none withheld.
 Anything false
 His lips ne'er spoke.
 He never grudged,

¹ Some of the lines in this part of the original MS. are very much defaced from age and bad usage. The editor has been obliged in consequence to guess one line and a few additional words. The line is

the forty-fifth, where he has introduced a phrase sufficiently general to prevent the charge of in any measure tampering with his author. The other words will be seen by referring to the Gaelic.

No, never Finn ;
The sun ne'er saw King
Who him excelled.
The monsters in lakes,
The serpent by land,
In Erin of saints,¹
The hero slew.
Ne'er could I tell,
Though always I lived,
Ne'er could I tell
The third of his praise.
But sad am I now,
After Finn of the Feinn !
Away with the chief,
My joy is all fled.
No friends 'mong the great,
No courtesy.
No gold, no queen,
No princes and chiefs.
Sad am I now,
Our head ta'en away !
I'm a shaking tree,
My leaves all gone.
An empty nut,
A reinless horse,
Sad, sad am I,
A feeble kern.
Ossian I, the son of Finn,
Strengthless in deed.

¹ The word "naoimh," here translated "saints," is not necessarily associated with Christianity. The word "naomh," *holy*, is one belonging originally to the Gaelic language, and not introduced, like many ecclesiastical terms, from the Latin and Greek. The phrase may be rendered "sacred Erin," a character belonging to the island, in popular belief, even previous to the

Christian period. It is a curious fact, that the feat of destroying all the vermin in Ireland was, in a later age, attributed to St. Patrick. It would appear that this was but a transference of a portion of the glory of Finn to the Christian Saint,—a remarkable instance among many of early Christianity borrowing, not very wisely, the laurels of heathenism.

When Finn did live
 All things were mine.
 Seven sides had the house
 Of Cumhal's son.
 Seven score shields
 On every side.
 Fifty robes of wool
 Around the King.
 Fifty warriors
 Filled the robes.
 Ten bright cups
 For drink in his hall.
 Ten blue flagons,
 Ten horns of gold.
 A noble house
 Was that of Finn.
 No grudge nor lust,
 Babbling nor sham ;
 No man despised
 Among the Feinn.
 The first himself,
 All else like him.
 Finn was our chief,
 Easy his praise,
 Noblest of Kings.
 Finn ne'er refused
 To any man,
 Howe'er unknown ;
 Ne'er from his house
 Sent those who came.¹

¹ Hospitality was one of the highest qualifications of a Celtic chief. Ossian never fails to sing the generous, open-handed hospitality of his father Finn. Till a late period the same feature of character distinguished the Scottish Highlander, although modern civilisation is fast uprooting it, and overlaying the character of the simple Highlander with

the selfishness peculiar to itself. Even now, in most part of the Highlands, the door of a hut is never closed by day,—a practice said to originate in the universal sense of the ready reception due to the wayfarer and the stranger. Is the *seven* sides of Fingal's house an orientalism?

Good man was Finn,
 Good man was he.
 No gifts e'er given
 Like his so free.
 'Twas yesterday week.

The author of this is Allan M'Rorie.¹

Glenshee,² the vale that close beside me lies,
 Where sweetest sounds are heard of deer and elk,
 And where the Feinn did oft pursue the chase,
 Following their hounds along the lengthening vale.
 Below the great Ben Gulbin's³ grassy height

¹ This Poet is obviously a Scotchman; but judging from another of his compositions in this volume, he was, like the Scottish bards of his time, well acquainted with the bardic literature of Ireland. This arose from the frequent intercourse between the two countries during their early history, and the number of Scotchmen educated both in the Medical and Bardic Schools of Ireland. This is one of the circumstances which renders it so difficult now, in the absence of authentic historical documents, to extricate much of the social history of the two countries. Hence the rival Scottish and Irish claims to many of our Celtic literary remains. There is no doubt that the poets of both countries interwove with their compositions the traditions of the race, without much regard to whether these were Scotch or Irish. The Irish trace this common literature to the fact of the Irish colonization of Scotland, which they maintain was the origin of the Celtic population of the latter country; but it is by no means necessary to go so far back in order to find sufficient cause for the fact. Christianity seems to have formed the first solid basis of union between the two countries, and a

common Christianity was without doubt the means of long maintaining it. This composition is usually called "*Bàs Dhiarmaid*," *The death of Diarmad*.

² A valley in the eastern part of Perthshire, where the grave of Diarmad is pointed out to this day. M'Rorie appears to have been an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, for he speaks of Glenshee as being close beside him. The name of Glenshee is derived from the word "*Gleann*," a valley, and "*sith*," a hill of a peculiar form. This word is found in the names of several Scottish hills, as "*Sith challain*," *Schikallion*; "*Beinn shith*," *Ben Hi*; "*An t-Sith mhòr*," *the great pointed hill*. "*Sithan*," a hillock. The word has been often mistaken for "*Sith*," *peace*, whence the name "*Sitheach*, *sithichean*," a *fairy*, *fairies*, has been absurdly rendered *the peace folk*, instead of *the folk of the hills*, referring to their reputed residence in earthen mounds.

³ "*Ben Gulbin*," *the mountain of the beak*, lies at the head of Glenshee. There is a hill with a similar name in Ireland, whence Conall Gulbain, one of the kings of Ulster, took his designation. There is a "*water of Gulbin*," and a "*Torgul-*

Of fairest knolls that lie beneath the sun,
 The valley winds. Its streams did oft run red,
 After a hunt by Finn and by the Feinn.
 Listen now while I detail the loss
 Of one, a hero in this gentle band :
 'Tis of Ben Gulbin, and of generous Finn,
 And Mac O'Duine,¹ in truth a piteous tale.
 A mournful hunt indeed it was for Finn,
 When Mac O'Duine, he of the ruddiest hue,
 Up to Ben Gulbin went, resolved to hunt
 The boar,² whom arms had never yet subdued.
 Though Mac O'Duine, of brightest burnished arms,
 Did bravely slay the fierce and furious boar,
 Yet Finn's deceit did him induce to yield ;

bin," in the braes of Lochaber ; but the reference to Glenshee fixes the scene of the death of Diarmad in Perthshire. There is, as is common in Highland topography, a stream called Gulbin, whence a valley of the same name, and then a mountain. The names in similar cases seem to have been primarily attached to the streams, whence they ascended through the valleys to the hills. We have an instance of this in the River Nevis, Glen Nevis, Ben Nevis, the "neamhais," referring to its impetuosity, having been in all likelihood originally applied to the stream.

¹ Mac O'Duine is the patronymic of Diarmad. Hence the Campbell clan, besides being called "Clann Diarmaid," *The race of Diarmad*, are called also "Clann O'Duine," or *The children of O'Duine*.

² The chase of the boar was a favourite employment among the ancient Celts. It is celebrated in many of their tales. Besides this, the sow enters largely into their ancient mythology. Even in this case the boar was possessed of magical properties, as will be seen in the subsequent portion of this poem. It is not unlikely that at an early period the Celts worshipped the sow like the Egyptians,

whose worship of it might have been one reason why it was pronounced unclean. Whether the Celts worshipped it or not, it is manifest that it was held in high esteem, for its figure is engraved on most of the ancient sculptured stones of Scotland. Among the Welsh it is a national emblem, and hence one argument for the ancient Picts being British, as these stones are found confined to the ancient Pictish territory. The word "muc," *a sow*, enters largely into Scottish topography. We have "Eilean nam muc," the *Isle of muck*, or *Sow island*. The ancient name of St. Andrews was "Muc ros," *the Sow's headland*, and we know that the sow is associated with the memory of St. Regulus. There is a "Bridge of Turk," or *the Boar's bridge*, near the Trosachs. There is a "Slochd muice," or *the Sow's hollow*, near Inverness, on the Highland road, a name derived from a hillock shaped like a sow's back, in the bottom of the chasm a little to the west of where the coach road crosses ; and there is "Sròn muice," *The Sow's snout*, on the north side of Loch Ness, derived from the resemblance of a hill-face to that part of the animal. These two latter names are manifestly derived from natural resemblances, and have nothing to do with mythology.

And this it was that did his grievous hurt.
 Who among men was so beloved as he?
 Brave Mac O'Duine, beloved of the schools;¹
 Women all mourn this sad and piteous tale
 Of him who firmly grasped the murderous spear.
 Then bravely did the hero of the Feinn
 Rouse from his cover in the mountain side,
 The great old Boar, him so well known in Shee,
 The greatest in the wild boar's haunt e'er seen.
 Glad now was Finn, the man of ruddiest hue,
 Beneath Ben Gulbin's soft and grassy side;
 For swift the boar now coursed along the heath;
 Great was the ill came of that dreadful hunt.
 'Twas when he heard the Feinn's loud ringing shout,
 And saw approach the glittering of their arms,
 The monster waken'd from his heavy sleep,
 And stately moved before them down the vale.
 First, to distance them he makes attempt,
 The great old boar, his bristles stiff on end,
 These bristles sharper than a pointed spear,
 Their point more piercing than the quiver's shaft.
 Then Mac O'Duine with arms well pointed too,
 Answers the horrid beast with ready hand:
 Away from his side there rushed the heavy spear,
 Hard following on the course the boar pursued.
 The javelin's shaft fell shivered into three,
 The shaft recoiling from the boar's tough hide.
 The spear hurled by his warm red-fingered hand
 Ne'er penetrated the body of the boar.
 Then from its sheath he drew his thin-leaved² sword,
 Of all the arms most crown'd with victory;

¹ The "schools," referred to frequently in Ossianic tales, were probably military, although there can be no doubt that there was a learned class among the ancient Celts. Cæsar tells us, as already observed, that the Gauls used the Greek letters, and that their priests were edu-

cated in Britain. The "oghum" character, whose antiquity is pretty thoroughly established, is another evidence of ancient literary cultivation.

² The Gaelic is "tan-lann," the *thin sword*. Was this steel or merely bronze? The thinness would seem to indicate steel.

Mac O'Duine did there the monster kill,
 While he himself escaped without a wound.
 Then on Finn of the Feinn did sadness fall,
 And on the mountain side he sat him down ;
 It grieved his soul that generous Mac O'Duine
 Should have escaped unwounded by the boar.
 For long he sat, and never spake a word,
 Then thus he spake, although 't be sad to tell,
 " Measure, Diarmad, the boar down from the snout,
 And tell how many feet 's the brute in length."
 What Finn did ask he never yet refused ;
 Alas ! that he should never see his home.
 Along the back he measures now the boar,
 Light-footed Mac O'Duine of active step.
 " Measure it the other way against the hair,
 And measure, Diarmad, carefully the boar."
 It was indeed for thee a mournful deed,
 Youth of the sharply-pointed piercing arms.
 He went, the errand grievous was and sad,
 And measured for them once again the boar.
 Th' envenomed pointed bristle sharply pierced
 The sole of him,¹ the bravest in the field.
 Then fell and lay upon the grassy plain
 The noble Mac O'Duine, whose look spoke truth ;
 He fell and lay along beside the boar,
 And there you have my mournful, saddening tale.
 There does he lie now wounded to the death,
 Brave Mac O'Duine, so skilful in the fight ;
 The most enduring ev'n among the Feinn,
 He lies upon the knoll I see on high,
 The blue-eyed hawk that dwelt at Essaroy,²
 The conqueror in every sore-fought field,

¹ It is hardly necessary to point out the resemblance here between the sole of Diarmad and the heel of Achilles. Achilles could only be wounded in the heel, Diarmad only in the sole of the foot. The Adonis of the ancient Greeks

was slain by a boar. There are remarkable analogies between classical and Celtic tradition.

² Essaroy, *vide supra*, p. 18, n. This is manifestly the Essaroy of Scotland, which is in the heart of one of the finest

Slain by the poisoned bristle of the boar.
 Now does he lie full stretched upon the hill,
 Brave, noble Diarmad Mac O'Duine !
 Slain, it is shame ! victim of jealousy.¹
 Whiter his body than the sun's bright light,
 Redder his lips than blossoms tinged with red ;
 Long yellow locks did rest upon his head,
 His eye was clear beneath the covering brow,
 Its colour mingled was of blue and grey ;
 Waving and graceful were his locks behind,²
 His speech was elegant and sweetly soft ;
 His hands the whitest, fingers tipped with red ;
 Elegance and power were in his form,
 His fair soft skin covering a faultless shape,
 No woman saw him but he won her love.
 Mac O'Duine crowned with his countless victories,
 Ne'er shall he raise his eye in courtship more,
 Or warriors' wrath give colour to his cheek ;
 The following of the chase, the prancing steed,
 Will never move him, nor the search for spoil.
 He who could bear him well in every fight,
 Has now us sadly left in that wild vale.

Glenshee.

hunting regions in the world. Nor is it at any great distance from either of the Gulbins.

¹ Grainne, the wife of Finn, had formed an unlawful attachment to Diarmad. The latter had what is called a "Ball seirce," or *beauty spot*, which no woman could resist. Hence Finn's jealousy and desire to destroy Diarmad. The word rendered here "naire," *shame*, is in the MS. "noor," *gold*. If this be the accurate reading, Grainne's dowry must have formed an element in the conflict.

² Yellow was the favourite colour of the ancient Celt. "Falt buidh," *yellow hair*, is an object of the highest admiration, and the longer and more waving the locks, the greater the admiration. The

account the Celt gives of himself is somewhat different from that given by his neighbours, who would paint him a wiry, thin, black-haired, black-eyed man. Tacitus gave a different description ; and any man who travels the Highlands of Perthshire, where, perhaps, we have the purest Celtic blood in Scotland, will have ample evidence of the accuracy of the Roman historian. With reference to the admiration of the yellow colour among the Celts, it is interesting to trace how it intermingles itself with the vocabulary of the language ; thus, a *fine* day is a *yellow* day. The name given to Beltin day, the opening of summer, is, "la buidhe Beallteine," *yellow Beltin day* ; and anything propitious is called

The author of this is Allan M'Rory.¹

To-night my mourning is great,
 Thou tonsured priest whom I love,
 While I reflect on the fight,
 With red-tree² Cairbar we fought,
 Son to great Cormaig O'Cuinn,
 Woe to the Feinn whom he seized ;
 A king who ne'er shunned the fight,
 And feared not the face of man.
 The Feinn to a man did serve,
 Finn and the good race of Conn,
 Till the day of Cairbar Roy ;
 Nor evil nor weakness fear'd.
 Brave Cairbar his people addressed,
 Deceitful indeed was the speech.

yellow, as, "is buidhe dhuit e," *it is yellow or propitious for you* ; and a man satisfied after a meal is called "buidh-each," *yellow or satisfied*.

¹ This is the second composition of M'Rory's given in the Dean's MS. The present is as purely Irish in its incidents as the former was Scotch, the author having been in all likelihood, as already shown, a Scotchman, but perfectly familiar with the events of Irish history, and equally so with what is called the Irish dialect, although in the day of the Dean it was common to the literature of both countries, with a few variations. It will be seen, for instance, that in several of these pieces the Irish negative *ní* and the Scottish *cha*, are used indifferently. This composition has been published at much greater length than here, under the name of Ossian, but from MSS. apparently of no antiquity. This poem is usually called "Cath Ghabhra," "the battle of Gaura," or "Bàs Osgair," "the death of Oscar."

knights of Emania, or Ulster. Caesar mentions the order of *equites*, or knights, as one of the three great leading classes into which the Gauls were divided ; so that the existence of such an order in Ireland, at an early period, is in no way inconsistent with what history relates of ancient Celtic policy. Cairbar was the son of Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the hundred battles, Irish kings of the Emanian race. Finn, according to O'Flaherty, was married to a daughter of Cormac, so that this battle with Cairbar was in reality with his brother-in-law. It seems to have originated in the Feinn, who are said to have been a species of militia, or rather a standing army in Ireland, becoming disposed to stretch their prerogative farther than was agreeable to the monarch, and that the object of Cairbar in this battle was to put them down. It is said that the Feinn were supported by the provincial king of Munster. This is Irish history, and it is remarkable to find these events sung by a Scottish Poet.

² The "red-tree" knights were the

In battle would he choose to fall,
 The Feinn and he together,
 Ere even as a King he'd live
 With Erin beneath the Feinn.
 Barrin then spoke boldly out,

Remember Muckrey¹ and Art;
 How your great ancestors fell,
 Resisting the Feinn's deceit;
 Remember their cruel bonds,
 Remember their pride and guile;
 And that we ne'er knew of war,
 But such as was stirr'd by Mac Cùil.

Then did the race of Conn resolve,
 In counsel with Cairbar Roy,
 That they'd at once assail us,
 And the whole of us destroy.
 They'd have days of joy and feasting,
 Great Alvin cleared of the Feinn.
 Then would all grief be dead,
 Nor could they a tax demand.
 Fiercely and bravely we fought,
 That fight the fight of Gaura;
 There did fall our noble Feinn,
 Sole to sole with Ireland's kings.
 From India far in the east,
 To Fodla² here in the west,

¹ Muckrey, or "The island of Swine," is an ancient name for Ireland, derived obviously, not as it might be in modern times, from the abundance of the animal in the country, where it is the sum total of the family possessions in many instances, but from the place which the sow held, as referred to already, in the national mythology. It is obvious from the reference in this line to a difference with the Feinn, that that was no

new event in the history of the Irish monarchs.

² Another name for Ireland. O'Flaherty says there were five names for the island, and quotes a scholiast of the name of Fiach, who lived a thousand years before. The names are Ere, Fodla, Banba, Fail, and Elga. Might we not add to these the much-disputed name of Scotia, which our Irish neighbours claim, yet don't possess. Surely it is time now

The kings did all own our sway,
 Till the battle of Gaura was fought.
 But since that horrid slaughter,
 No tribute nor tax we've raised.
 Nor to us was tribute due,
 Save by part of Erin's soil.
 Many were there on the earth
 Of the folk who felt no grief.
 To both sides how great the loss,
 When we each other did destroy,
 Should strangers fierce come over,
 And seize on beauteous Erin.

Ossian, what would Finn have done
 Were burdens laid on Erin ?

By thy hand, most holy Priest,
 There were none in all fair Banva,¹
 Save a few aged heroes,
 And some younger untried men ;
 What king might there plant his foot,
 Could Fodla have for taking.
 No fight, no conflict he'd need,
 No stratagem nor struggle.

Eastward we sent ambassadors,
 To Fatha of Con's great son ;

to perceive that the only true and satisfactory solution of the question regarding it, is that the name was applied to both countries, latterly under the distinctive appellation of Scotia Major and Scotia Minor, as the countries of the Scots. Surely Scotland was as much a Scotia as Ireland, and Ireland as much as Scotland, in so far as they were both occupied by Scottish inhabitants. This identity of race, language, and at an early period religion, is not sufficiently allowed for in discussing questions in-

volving the several claims of Scotland and Ireland to much of what was common to both. Scotland has suffered more than Ireland from the destruction of her early archives ; but is not the life of Columba, so recently given to the world under the able editorship of Dr. Reeves, in reality a Scottish work ?

¹ "Banva" is another name for Ireland. This is the Gaelic name for a *sucking-pig*, so that it also is probably mythological. It is in all likelihood the same name with our Scottish Banff.

That he might lead us on,
To seize on Erin's kingdom.

Great grief had now come on you,
From Tara's loud-spoken King :
New reason had ye given
Why all of you should perish.

Ossian, tell us now the tale,
When ye fought that sturdy fight.
Did thy son in battle die,
Or had he speech when you him found ?

I bent me over valiant Oscar,
Soon as was the slaughter o'er ;
Caoilte too did bend him o'er
His seven valiant sons ;
Each living man among the Feinn
Bent him o'er his own dear friends.
Some of them had still their speech,
From others life had parted.
Priest of the crosier white,
Whoever saw that slaughter,
'Tis an everlasting grief,
Erin's nobles thus to die.
Many were the hard round shields,
Many precious coats of mail,
And lifeless warriors on the field.
Nor would our people grieve for this
Were they not a vanquished race.
Little from that field was left us,
Save a king's or chieftain's spoil.
There found I my own dear son
Laid, on his left arm resting,
His shattered shield beside him,
While his hand still grasped his sword ;
His precious blood on every side,

Flowed swiftly through his harness.
My spear I rested on the earth,
And o'er him stood as he lay ;
Then thought I, O tonsured Priest,
What, now lonely, I could do.
Oscar towards me now turns,
'Twas for me a grievous scene ;
Forth to me he stretched his hand,
Wishing I should him approach.
Then my dear son's hand I seized,
And cried out with a bitter cry.
Forward from that time till now,
In this world I've useless been.
Thus to me my own son said,
As life was fast departing,

Thanks to the powers above,
That thou'st escaped, dear father.

Nothing do I tell but truth,
A word I could not answer.
Then approached the noble Caoilte,
Who to visit Oscar came.
Gently did Mac Ronain¹ say,

How find'st thou thyself, dear friend ?

Just as thou would'st have me be,
Going to a better world.

Cairbar Roy's spear had pierced,
'Neath the navel, red-armed Oscar ;
The arm of Caoilte up to its bend,
Followed in its course the spear.
Caoilte did deeply search the wound,
And well saw how all stood there.
The wound was through to the back,

¹ Another name for Caoilte.

Torn by the murderous spear.
Mac Ronain gave a loud shriek,
And, fainting, fell to the earth.
Then spake Caoilte, the warrior brave,
Recovering from his faint,

Dear Oscar, no more art thou ours ;
Thou and the Feinn must part,
So part must the Feinn with war,
Conn's race the tribute shall raise.

We had been thus a brief space,
Thou priest, the son of Alpin,
When leaving the slaughter we saw,
All of Fail's Feinn now living,
There were but two thousand men,
The old and the young together,
And none unwounded returned,
Even of these hundred score.
Nine wounds them grievously pierced,
There were few of them with less.
Then raised we the noble Oscar,
Aloft on the shafts of our spears ;
To a fair green knoll we bore him,
That we his dress might remove.
Of his body one hand's breadth
Was not whole, down from his hair,
Till you reached the sole of his foot,
Save his face, and that alone.
The entrails, the liver, the spleen,
Each draining the body till day.
The sons of the Feinn did then
To a fair knoll them betake ;
His own son did no man mourn,
Nor did he mourn his brother :
As they saw how lay my son,
All, all did mourn for Oscar.

Thus was it with us a while,
Watching the fair-skinned hero,
When we saw approach at noon
Finn Mac Cumhail, mac Treinvor.
From the fierce slaughter escaped,
A third of the Feinn still lived,
When they laid the sons of Boisgne
Upon their biers, the fight being o'er.
With gashed limbs the men were halt,
The chiefs a dreadful sight.
We saw the standard of Finn
Raised on the shaft of a spear,
Which from the slaughter they bore ;
Gladly to meet it we went.
All of us saluted Finn,
But no salute was returned,
As he climbed the warrior's hill,
Where deadly-armed Oscar lay.
When by Oscar Finn was seen,
As o'er him sadly he bent,
He turned to him his face,
His grandfather saluting.
Then did my Oscar thus speak
To him who was first of us all :

In death I have my desire,
Noble Finn of pointed arms.

Sad it is, my brave Oscar,
Thou good son of my own son ;
After thee I'm but feeble,
And after Erin's brave Feinn.
The heavy curse of Art aenir
Is on us to our great grief,
From the east it me pursued,
Following me along the field.
Farewell to battle and fame,

Farewell to the victor's spoils,
 Farewell to the many joys,
 Which in this body I've had.

When Oscar had heard Finn's wail,
 Convulsive pangs did him seize.
 Both of his hands he stretched forth,
 And his soft fair eyelid fell.
 From us then Finn turned away,
 And shed many bitter tears.
 But for Oscar and for Bran,
 Never did he shed a tear.
 There was none but Finn and I,
 Greater than him of the Feinn.
 Then did the men give three shrieks,
 Which rung through fair Erin all.
 Five score hundred, ten hundred and ten,
 There were who belonged to us,
 Of the Feinn dead on the field,
 The number was nothing less.
 No lie it is that double,
 With Erin's king, great tale,
 Perished on the other side,
 Of Erin's well-armed men.
 Finn cheerful or peaceful never
 Was from that down to his death ;
 Since that fight it touched him sore
 That our kings should want their land.
 Ever since Gaura's battle
 My speech has lost all its power.
 No night or day has e'er passed
 Without a sigh for each hour.¹
 To-night.

¹ It may be interesting to many readers to have here a specimen of this poem, as taken down from the oral recitation of a Christina Sutherland, an old woman

in the county of Caithness, in the year 1856. It commences thus :

Is trom an nochd mo chumha fein,
 Guilgeantach mo rian,

The author of this here is Fergus the Bard.¹

High-minded Gaul,²
Who combats Finn,
A hero brave,
Bold in assault,

Sinuaimeachadh a chath chruaidh,
Chuir mise 'us Cairbar clao ruadh,
Am macsa Chormaic O Chuinn,
Is mairg sinn a thàradh fo 'lainh;
Laoch gun ghràin cha do chuir,
Annsa dh' a lainh iuthaidh, etc.

Translation :—

My mourning is grievous this night,
Weeping is my condition,
As I think of the fierce fight,
Fought with red, squint-eyed Cairbre,
That son of Cormac O Chuinn;
Woe to them fell into his hands,
Hero who knew no coward fear,
Whose hand took delight in the arrow, etc.

The composition is very much the same with that of the Dean, but in many portions contains lines which the latter wants, and in others is comparatively defective. Although frequently superior in force, it is not, upon the whole, so smooth and regular as the Dean's edition. It will be given at greater length in the Appendix to this volume.

¹ Fergus the Bard was one of the sons of Finn, and consequently brother to Ossian. He was, from all we can learn, the chief Poet of the Feinn. Ossian was both warrior and poet; Fergus was chiefly poet. Fergus was probably somewhat like a modern Gaelic Bard, John Macdonell, commonly called Ian Lom, who, on being urged to fight at the battle between Montrose and Argyle at Inverlochy, replied with well-assumed indignation, "Cha-n e sin mo ghnothuch, cathaichibh sibhse 'us innsidh mise," *that is not my business,—fight you and I'll relate*. In one of the odes preserved in the Dean's MS., Fergus is called

"Filidh Feinn Eirinn," *Bard of the Feinn of Erin*.

² This composition is usually called, "Rosg Ghuill," or the *Ode to Gaul*. Gaul was chief of one branch of the Feinn, the branch denominated "Clann Moirn," or *the children of Morn*, as Finn was chief of the other branch, called "Clann Baoisgne," or *the children of Boisgne*. The word "Gall" means *a foreigner*; "muirn" means *a body of men, or beauty, elegance*, in either sense giving a marked significance to the name. This poem represents a difference between Gaul and Finn, the cause of which will appear as the poem proceeds. Fergus, as was customary with the Bards, interposes as peacemaker, and represents to his father, whom he manifestly holds to be in the wrong, the danger of a difference with Gaul. The ode is a very remarkable one, having a striking resemblance to Ossian's eulogy on Finn, as given already in this volume. Both bear decided marks of genuineness and antiquity. The language is peculiar, many of the words being obsolete. Indeed, the phonetic orthography of the Dean, the peculiar handwriting, and the discoloration and bad condition of the MS., with the obsolescence of many of the words, made it a matter of no little labour to decipher the composition at all. There is an edition of it in Miss Brooks' "Reliques of Irish Poetry," from which, however, the present differs considerably in many of the lines, besides having several additional lines, and several deficient in some parts. The peculiar rhythm of the origi-

His bounty free,
 Fierce to destroy.
 Beloved of all,
 Gaul, gentle, brave,
 Son of great Morn ;
 Hardy in war,
 His praise of old,
 A comely man,
 King, soldierly, free,
 Of no soft speech,
 No lack of sense,
 Cheerful as great :
 In battle's day
 He moved a prince ;
 Though soft his skin,
 Not soft his deed,
 Of portly mould,
 A fruitful branch,
 His heart so pure,
 He trains the young.
 'Bove mountains high
 Rises in victory,
 We ever fear
 When he assails.
 I tell you Finn,
 Avoid the man,
 Terror of Gaul
 Should make you quail ;
 Soothe him rather,

nal, with the alliterations and vocalic concords, give it remarkable smoothness and force. The rhythm has, as far as possible, been retained in the translation. But besides the language, the sentiment of the piece is strong evidence of its antiquity. Those features of character are commended which have always been in favour in a rude age. Bodily strength, courage, manliness, and size,

are dwelt on with all the warmth of an ardent admiration ; while as much of literary cultivation is pointed out and commended, as would show the acquaintance of the hero with the traditions of his race. Gaul is said to have been " eagnaídh a stair," *learned in history*. This and the ode to Finn have internal evidence of being compositions belonging to a very remote age.

Better than fight,
Skilful and just,
He rules his men,
His bounty wide,
A bloody man,
First in the schools,
Of gentle blood,
And noble race,
Liberal, kind,
Untired in fight,
No prince so wise,
Brown are his locks,
Marble his skin,
Perfect his form,
All full of grace,
Fierce to exact,
When aught is due,
In vigour great,
Of fairest face,
No king like Gaul.
I tell thee Finn,
His strength as waves
In battle's crash,
Princely his gait,
Comely his form,
Gaul's skill'd fence
No play when roused.
Ready to give,
Dreadful his strength,
Manly his mould,
Soldierly, great,
Ne'er could I tell
His grace and power ;
A fearful foe,
Ready his hands,
Conceal'd his wrath,
A cheerful face.

Like murmuring seas,
Rushed to the fight,
A lion bold,
As great in deed,
Powerful his arm,
Choice amidst kings.
Joyful his way,
His teeth so white.
'Tis he that wounds,
The greatest foe.
His purpose firm,
A victor sure,
Desires the fight,
In history learn'd,
Warrior bold,
Sharp is his sword,
Contemptuous Gaul,
Plunders at will.
A fearless man,
Wrathful he is,
Dreadful in look,
Leopard in fight,
Fierce as a hound,
Of women loved.
A circle true
E'er by him stood.
He hurls his dart,
No gentle cast.
Soft are his cheeks,
In blossom rich,
Of beauteous form,
Unchanged success ;
No stream so swift
As his assault,
Mac Morn more brave,
Than any told,
Of powerful speech,

It far resounds,
 He's truly great,
 Liberal, just,
 Does not despise,
 Yet firm resolves,
 Gentle, yet brisk,
 Forsakes no friend,
 In fight of kings,
 No powerless arm.
 There, fierce his mien,
 And strong his blow.
 When roused his wrath,
 He's third of the chase.
 Noble Mac Cumhail,
 Soothe and promise,
 Give peace to Gaul,
 Check wrath and guile.

During my day,
 What'e'er it be,
 I'd give without guile,
 A third of the chase.¹

Let's hear no more,
 Soft dost thou speak,
 Finn's love to Gaul,
 And third of the hounds.

¹ It would appear from this latter part of the poem, that the difference between Finn and Gaul concerned the right to hunt. It would appear that such a cause of controversy is no modern affair, but that game and game-laws had their place among human interests and human contentions from the earliest period of our country's history. Finn seems to have claimed the right of chase over the whole territory of the Feinn. Gaul resisted and claimed a share for the race of Morn.

Hence the contest giving Gaul the appellation of "Fear cogaidh Fhinn," or *resister of Finn*. Fergus's intervention resulted in Gaul's obtaining from Finn, with good will, one-third of the territory called here "fiodh," or *wooded territory*, and one-third of the hounds. There is a curious reference to these hunting rights in one of the poems in praise of the M'Gregors, given in an after-part of this volume, in which it is said that Finn himself dare not hunt without leave.

Gaul, leave thy wrath,
 With us have peace,
 Now without grudge,
 Thou'st of Finn's forest third.

That will I take,
 Fergus, dear friend,
 My wrath is gone,
 No more I ask.

Friend without guile,
 Lips thin and red,
 Bounty and strength,
 Shall win thee praise.
High-minded Gaul.

The author of this is Fergus the Bard.¹

Tell us now, Fergus,
 Bard of Erin's Feinn,
 How did fare the day
 In Gawra's furious fight.

Not good, son of Cumhail,
 The tidings from Gawra's fight.
 Dear Oscar lives no more,
 He who bravely fought;
 Caoilte's seven sons are gone,
 With the commons of Alvin's Feinn.
 The youth of the Feinn have fallen,
 All in their warlike robes.

¹ This is another of the compositions of Fergus, the son of Finn, and brother of Ossian. It will be found to be an account of the death of Oscar at the battle of Gaura. One composition on this subject by Allan M'Rory has been given

already. M'Rory's appears to be the more modern of the two, besides being inferior in many respects to this. The account of Oscar's death given here, is in the way of reply to an inquiry of Finn.

Mac Luy too is dead,
 With six of thy father's sons.
 Fallen are the youth of Alvin,
 Dead are the Feinn of Britain.¹
 Lochlin's king's son is dead,
 Who came to give us aid,
 He of the manly heart,
 And arm at all times strong.
 Tell them now, O Bard,
 My son's son, my delight,
 How it was that Oscar
 Hewed the helmets through.
 It would be hard to tell,
 'Twould be a heavy task,
 To number all that fell,
 Slain by the arms of Oscar.
 No swifter is a cataract,
 Or hawk in sweeping stoop,
 Or rapids rushing fast,
 Than in that fight was Oscar.
 You saw him, last of all,
 Like leaves in windy weather,
 Or like a noble aspen,
 When hewers strike its stem.
 When Erin's King he saw,
 Still living 'midst the fight,
 Oscar swift approached him,
 As waves break on the strand.
 When Cairbar this observed,
 He shook his hungry spear,
 And through him drove its point.
 Chiefest of all our griefs!
 Yet Oscar did not quail,

¹ Here we have in this very ancient composition reference to the Feinn of Britain, Britain including then as now England, Scotland, and Wales. If the

Feinn belonged to Britain as well as Ireland, they could not have been a mere Irish militia.

But made for Erin's King ;
 With force he aimed a blow,
 And smote him with his sword.
 Then Art mac Cairbar fell,
 Struck with the second blow.
 So 'twas that Oscar perished,
 With glory, as a King.
 Fergus the bard am I,
 I've travelled every land,
 I grieve after the Feinn,
 To have my tale to tell.
 Tell.

This tale is by Gilliecallum M' an Olave.¹

I have heard a tale of old,
 A tale that should make us weep ;
 'Tis time to relate it sadly,
 Although it should fill us with grief.
 Rury's² race of no soft grasp,
 Children of Connor and Connal ;
 Bravely their youth did take the field,
 In Ulster's noble province.
 None with joy returned home
 Of Banva's proudest heroes.

¹ This is the composition of a Poet of whom we know nothing save what we find in this volume. From a poem of his in praise of the M'Gregors, he would appear to have been a Scotchman. The name signifies Malcom, the son of the chief bard or the physician. It is found still in the form of M'Inally. This poem is the Celtic edition of the Persian tale of Zohrab and Rustum. The incidents are so similar, that the two tales must have had a common origin. Whether the

Persians received the tale from the Celts, or the Celts from the Persians, or both from some other and older source, it is hard to say. The composition is in Gaelic, usually called, "*Bàs Chonlaoich*," or *The death of Conlach*.

² Clann Rughruidh, a powerful race, who occupied the province of Ulster at an early period, after having expelled the Clann Deaghaidh, or the Dalcassians, afterwards of Munster.

For as they once more tried the fight,
 Rury's race did win the day.
 There came to us, fierce his mien,
 The dauntless warrior, Conlach,
 To learn of our beauteous land,
 From Dunscaich¹ to Erin.
 Connor spoke thus to his men,
 "Who's prepared to meet the youth,
 And of him to take account;
 Who will take no refusal?"
 Then the strong-armed Connal went,
 Of the youth to take account;
 The end of their fight was this,
 Conlach had bound Connal.
 Yet the hero did not halt,
 Conlach, brave and vigorous,
 He bound a hundred of our men,
 It is a strange and mournful tale.
 To the hounds' great chief² a message
 Was sent by Ulster's wise king,
 To sunny, fair Dundalgin,³
 The old, wise fort of the Gael,
 That stronghold of which we read,
 And the prudent daughter of Forgan.⁴
 From thence came he of great deeds
 To see our generous king;
 To know of Ulster's great race,
 There came to us the red branch⁵ Cu,

¹ Dunscaich, a stronghold in the Isle of Skye, on the coast of Sleat, of which the ruins still exist.

² Cuchullin, or the hound of Cullin, was a famous Celtic warrior, whose fame is celebrated both in Scotland and Ireland. The name is a curious one, and is thought by some critics to indicate the existence of Anubis worship, or the worship of the dog, among the ancient Celts. There is a Cullin in Skye, and

another in Ireland. From which of these the name was taken it is difficult to say. Certainly the Skye mountain is by far the more magnificent natural object, and Dunscaich is unquestionably in Skye.

³ Dundalgin is said to be the modern Dundalk.

⁴ Cuchullin's wife is said to have been unwilling that he should engage Conlach.

⁵ Cù is a dog or hound. The "red

His teeth like pearl, cheeks like berries.
 "Long," said Connor to the Cu,
 "Has been thine aid in coming,
 While Connal, who loves bold steeds,
 Is bound and a hundred more."
 "Sad for me to be thus bound,
 Friend, who could'st soon unloose me."
 "I couldn't encounter his sword,
 And that he has bound brave Connal."
 "Refuse not to attack him,
 Prince of the sharp, blue sword,
 Whose arm ne'er quailed in conflict,
 Think of thy patron now in bonds."
 When Cuchullin of the thin-leaved sword
 Heard the lament of Connal,
 He moved in his arm's great might
 To take of the youth account.
 "Tell us now that I have come,
 Youth who fearest not the fight,
 Tell us now, and tell at once,
 Thy name, and where's thy country?"
 "Ere I left home I had to pledge
 That I should never that relate;
 Were I to tell to living man,
 For thy love's sake I'd tell it thee."
 "Then must thou with me battle do,
 Or tell thy tale as a friend.
 Choose for thyself, dear youth,
 But mind, to fight me is a risk.
 Let us not fight, I pray thee,
 Brave leopard, pride of Erin,
 Boldest in the battle field,
 My name I would tell unbought."
 Then did they commence the fight,
 Nor was it the fight of women.

branch" heroes were the knights of Ulster, the most famous of the Irish mili-

tary orders. Cuchullin is often called "Cù nan con," or *The hound of hounds*.

The youth received a deadly wound,
 He of the vigorous arm.
 Yet did Cuchullin of battles,
 The victory on that day lose.
 His only son had fallen, slain,
 That fair, soft branch, so gentle, brave.
 "Tell us now," said skilful Cu,
 "Since thou art at our mercy,
 Thy name and race, tell us in full,
 Think not to refuse thy tale."
 "Conlach I, Cuchullin's son,
 Lawful heir of great Dundalgin,
 It was I thou left'st unborn,
 When in Skiath¹ thou wast learning.
 Seven years in the east I spent,
 Gaining knowledge from my mother;
 The pass by which I have been slain
 Was all I needed still to learn."
 Then does the great Cuchullin see²
 His dear son's colour change;
 As of his generous heart he thinks,
 His memory and mind forsake him;
 His body's excellency departs,
 His grief it was destroyed it;
 Seeing as he lay on the earth
 The rightful heir of Dundalgin;
 Where shall we find his like,
 Or how detail our grief?
 I have.

¹ The Isle of Skye.

² The touching incident in this story is the death of the son by the hand of his own father. It is said that Conlach's mother, in revenge for Cuchullin's for-

saking her, had laid her plans for securing this object, and had sent her son into Ireland under vow never to disclose his name until overcome in battle.

The author of this is the Blind O'Cloan.¹

'Tis the sigh of a friend from Fraoch's green mound,
 'Tis the warrior's sigh from his lonely bier,²
 'Tis a sigh might grieve the manly heart,
 And might make a maid to weep.
 Here to the east the cairn, where lies
 Fraoch Fitheach's son of softest locks,
 Who nobly strove to favour Mai,
 And from whom Cairn³ Fraoch is named.
 In Cruachan east a woman weeps,
 A mournful tale 'tis she laments;
 Heavy, heavy sighs she gives
 For Fraoch mac Fithich of ancient fame.
 She 'tis, in truth, who sorely weeps,
 As Fraoch's green mound she visits oft;
 Maid of the locks that wave so fair,
 Mai's daughter so beloved of men.
 This night Orla's soft-haired daughter,
 Lies side by side with Fraoch mac Fithich.

¹ The author of this composition is altogether unknown, nor is it easy to decipher even the name accurately. In the original it is distinctly "in keich o cloan." According to the Dean's usual orthography, this should be "An caoch O'Cluain," which means the *blind O' Cloan*, or the *blind man from the green mound*. Some of the readers of the MS. have made it out to be the name of a woman. We have given the form of the name most likely to be accurate. The composition itself is usually called "Bàs Fhraoich," or *the death of Fraoch*.

² "Caiseal chrò," usually translated *bier*, is a curious term. "Caiseal" means a *castle* or *stronghold*, "chrò," a *fold* or *pen*; so that the word really means the *stone pen*, or *fortified pen*. Is not this

in all likelihood the stone coffin, with which we are so familiar in ancient Celtic sepulture?

³ It is not easy identifying the topography of this poem. It is generally believed in Perthshire that the scene of Fraoch's death was in Glen Cuaich, a valley lying between those of the Tay and the Almond. We have a Loch Fraoch there, but I have not been able to identify Carn Fraoich, or Carn Laimh. Cruachan is spoken of as lying to the east, which goes rather in favour of the opinion, that the scene of the poem was in Argyleshire, Ben Cruachan being to the east of the locality so designated in that part of the country. I cannot find any lake in Scotland now called Loch Mai, although Loch Fraoch may have been so called.

Many were the men who loved her,
 She, of them all, loved Fraoch alone.
 Mai is filled with bitter hate,
 As the love of Fraoch she learns.
 His body got its grievous wounds,
 Because with her he'd do no wrong;
 She doomed him to a bitter death:
 Judge not of women by her deed,
 Grief 'twas that he should fall by Mai,
 Yet I'll relate it without guile. A sigh.¹

A rowan tree stood in Loch Mai,
 We see its shore there to the south;
 Every quarter every month,
 It bore its fair, well-ripened fruit;
 There stood the tree alone, erect,
 Its fruit than honey sweeter far;
 That precious fruit so richly red,
 Did suffice for a man's nine meals;
 A year it added to man's life,—
 The tale I tell is very truth.
 Health to the wounded it could bring,
 Such virtue had its red-skinned fruit.
 One thing alone was to be feared
 By him who sought men's ills to soothe:
 A monster² fierce lay at its root,
 Which they who sought its fruit must fight.
 A heavy, heavy sickness fell
 On Athach's daughter, of liberal horn;
 Her messenger she sent for Fraoch,
 Who asked her what 'twas ailed her now.
 Mai said her health would ne'er return,
 Unless her fair soft palm was filled

¹ The introduction of the "sigh," would seem to indicate that a sigh was expected at certain parts of the poem from the reciter.

² It is needless to point out the ana-

logy between this tale and that of Hercules and the garden of the Hesperides. It will strike any one acquainted with the classical story.

With berries from the deep cold lake,
Gleaned by the hand of none but Fraoch.
"Ne'er have I yet request refused,"
Said Fithich's son of ruddy hue ;
"Whate'er the lot of Fraoch may be,
The berries I will pull for Mai."
The fair-formed Fraoch then moved away
Down to the lake, prepared to swim.
He found the monster in deep sleep,
With head up-pointed to the tree. A sigh.

Fraoch Fithich's son of pointed arms,
Unheard by the monster, then approached.
He plucked a bunch of red-skinned fruit,
And brought it to where Mai did lie.
"Though what thou did'st thou hast done well,"
Said Mai, she of form so fair,
"My purpose nought, brave man, wilt serve,
But that from the root thou'dst tear the tree."
No bolder heart there was than Fraoch's,
Again the slimy lake he swam ;
Yet great as was his strength, he couldn't
Escape the death for him ordained.
Firm by its top he seized the tree,
And from the root did tear it up :
With speed again he makes for land,
But not before the beast awakes.
Fast he pursues, and, as he swam,
Seized in his horrid maw his arm.
Fraoch by the jaw then grasped the brute,
"Twas sad for him to want his knife :
The maid of softest waving hair,
In haste brought him a knife of gold.
The monster tore his soft white skin,
And hacked most grievously his arm.
Then fell they, sole to sole opposed,
Down on the southern stony strand,

Fraoch mac Fithich, he and the beast,
 'Twere well that they had never fought.¹
 Fierce was the conflict, yet 'twas long,—
 The monster's head at length he took.
 When the maid what happened saw,
 Upon the strand she fainting fell.
 Then from her trance when she awoke,
 In her soft hand she seized his hand :
 " Although for wild birds thou art food,
 Thy last exploit was nobly done."
 'Tis from that death which he met then,
 The name is given to Loch Mai ;
 That name it will for ever bear,
 Men have called it so till now. A sigh.

They bear along to Fraoch's green mound
 The hero's body to its grave.
 By his name they call the glen,
 Sad for those he left behind.
 Cairn Laive is the hill beside me,
 Close by it many a happy day
 The hero lived, of matchless strength,
 The bravest heart in battle's day.
 Lovely those lips with welcomes rich,
 Which woman liked so well to kiss ;
 Lovely the chief whom men obeyed,
 Lovely those cheeks like roses red,
 Than raven's hue more dark his hair,
 Redder than hero's blood his cheeks ;
 Softer than froth of streams his skin,
 Whiter it was than whitest snow ;
 His hair in curling locks fell down,
 His eye more blue than bluest ice ;
 Than rowans red more red his lips,

¹ The story is simple and intelligible. Mai loved Fraoch, and became jealous of her own daughter, usually called Geal-

cheann, or Fairhead. She accordingly planned and accomplished Fraoch's destruction as related.

Whiter than blossoms were his teeth ;
 Tall was his spear like any mast,
 Sweeter his voice than sounding chord ;
 None could better swim than Fraoch,
 Who ever breasted running stream.
 Broader than any gate his shield,
 Joyous he swung it o'er his back ;
 His arm and sword of equal length,
 In size he like a ship did look.
 Would it had been in warrior's fight
 That Fraoch, who spared not gold, had died ;
 'Twas sad to perish by a Beast,
 'Tis just as sad he lives not now.
'Tis the sigh.

The author of this is Connal Cearnach M'Edirskeol.¹

These heads, O Connal, are worthless ;
 Though thou must have blooded thine arms.
 These heads thou bear'st upon that withe,
 Can'st tell their owners, now thy spoil ?

Daughter of Orgill of the steeds,
 Youthful Evir, so sweet of speech,
 'Twas to avenge Cuchullin's death,
 That I took these numerous heads.

Whose is that hairy, black, great head,
 With cheeks than any rose more red,

¹ This is the most ancient of all the Ossianic Poets. He was contemporary of Cuchullin, who flourished, according to Irish historians, in the first century. Cuchullin was his foster-son, and upon his being slain, Connal took vengeance upon his enemies by putting them all to death. In this poem he tells Evir, who

was either the wife or the betrothed of Cuchullin, the names of those thus put to death, and whose heads he carried on a withe. The name M'Edarscoil is represented now by that of O'Driscoll ; "Cearnach" means *victorious*, so that the poet's name is really, The Victorious Connal O'Driscoll.

That which hangs nighest thy left arm,
The head whose colour has not changed ?

That head the king of swift steeds own'd,
Said Cairbar's son of vigorous lance ;
In vengeance for my foster son,
I took that head and bore it far.

What head is that I see beyond,
Covered with smooth, soft, flowing hair,
His eye like grass, his teeth like bloom,
His beauty such as none is like ?

Manadh, the man that own'd the steeds,
Aoife's son, who plunder'd every sea ;
I left his trunk 'reft of its head,
I slew his people, every man.

What head is that I see thee grasp,
Great Connal of the gentle streams ;
Since that Cuchullin¹ now is dead,
Whom to avenge him did'st thou take ?

'Tis the head of Mac Fergus of steeds,
He in extremity so bold,
My sister's son from the tall tower,
His head I from his body wrenched.

What fair-haired head is that to the east,
Whose hand might well have seized the heads ;
Well did I know his voice of old,
For he and I were friends awhile ?

¹ Cuchullin, or *The Hound of Cullin*, is often spoken of simply as "An Cu," or *The Hound*. In the Gaelic this is either "Cu" or "Con," according as the word is in the nominative or genitive

case. In the English version it is uniformly translated Cu, as it would be impossible to follow intelligibly the variations of the Gaelic grammar in the cases of a proper noun.

Down there it was the Cu did fall,
His body cast in fairest mould ;
Cu, son of Con, of poets' king,
Among the last I took his head.

What two heads are those farthest out,
Great Connal of the sweetest voice ;
Of thy great love hide not from me
The names of them so dark in arms ?

'Tis Laoghar's head and that of Cuilt,
The two who fell pierced by my arms ;
One of them had Cuchullin struck,
Hence his red blood my weapons dyes.

What two heads are those to the east,
Great Connal of the famous deeds ;
Alike the colour of their hair,
Than hero's blood more red their cheeks ?

Cullin the handsome, and Cunlad brave,
Two who e'er triumphed in their wrath ;
Evir, their heads are to the east,
I left their bodies streaming red.

What are those six hideous heads
I see in front facing the north ;
Blue in the face, their hair so black,
From which thou turn'st thy look, brave Connal ?

These are six of Cuchullin's foes,
Calliden's sons, who triumphed oft ;
These are now the senseless six
Who all, full armed, fell by my hand.

Great Connal, father to a king,
What is that head, noblest of all ;

How bushy the golden yellow locks,
Covering it with so much grace ?

The head of M'Finn, M'Ross the red,
The son of Cruith, slain by my stroke ;
Evir, he was king, chief of them all,
In Leinster of the spotted swords.

Great Connal, now please change thy tale,
Tell us the number slain by thine arm,
Of all the noble famous men,
In vengeance for the head of Con ?

Ten and seven score hundred men,
I tell the truth, the number is,
That fell by me, all back o'er back,
Fruit of my bravery and power.

Connal, tell how the women feel
In Innisfail, the Cu being dead ;
Do they sadly, sorely mourn,
Now that like me themselves have grief ?

O Evir, what am I to do,
Now that my Cu is ta'en away ;
My foster-son of fairest form,
Now that he's left me desolate ?

O Connal, lay me in my grave,
And raise my stone o'er that of Cu ;
In grief I'll soon from this depart,
Let my lips touch Cu's lips in death.

Evir am I, of fairest form,
No vengeance can me satisfy ;

In tears no pleasure I can find,
 'Tis sad that I am left behind.¹
 Connal.

The author of this is Caoilte Mac Ronan.²

I set me off to rescue Finn,
 To Taura of the joyful streams ;
 With arms sure of victory,
 To Cormac, son of Art Aonir.³
 I will not put forth my strength,
 Though bloody and light of foot,
 Until that with the Feinn of Fail,
 We have reached the shore of Loch Foyle.
 Then did we slay the mighty hero,
 When we had slain Cuireach.⁴
 We killed a mighty warrior
 When we had killed their leader.

¹ This poem is usually called "Laoidh nan ceann," or *The Lay of the Heads*. It bears many marks of genuineness and antiquity. It is well known in the Highlands, but the Editor has never seen or heard any reference to its authorship, except in the MS. of the Dean.

² This is a remarkable composition, descriptive of an attempt of Caoilt to deliver his friend and patron Finn from the hands of Cormac M'Art, King of Ireland, against whom the Feinn had been stirring up rebellion. Caoilt, after various strange doings, is told that he can only have Finn's liberty on condition of bringing to Tara a pair of all the wild animals in Ireland. A portion of the poem has been translated in Ireland, and published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for March 1854, in connexion with an interesting paper upon the food of the ancient Irish, and the early zoology of

their country, by Dr. Wilde. The translation is by that eminent Irish scholar, Mr. E. O'Curry. In that paper the poem is said to be at least a composition of the ninth century. It must be of extreme antiquity, as a reference to the language of it presents an amount of difficulty owing to obsolete words and phrases rarely met with. The Editor had the advantage of submitting his work to the review of Mr. O'Curry. For the topography of the poem, which is altogether Irish, the Editor has to refer the reader to the notes to the paper in the number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, referred to above, which are very full and very instructive.

³ Art, King of Ireland, was called "Aonfhir," or *The Solitary*, from his love of solitude.

⁴ Cuireach was a famous Leinster prince.

We bore his head up to the hill,
 Which lies above Buadhamair.¹
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 For the hero's sake I slew
 A man in every town² in Erin.
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 For the hero's sake I brought
 Grief into every house in Erin.
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 The calves I slew with the cows,
 Whom I found in all fair Erin.
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 The doors on which the red wind³ blew,
 I threw them each one widely open.
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 The fields all ripe throughout the land,
 I set them then a blazing brightly.
 Then indeed I had my triumph,
 For I made a total havoc.
 In my day there won't be seen
 Either mill or kiln in Erin.
 Then it was they loosed against me
 The horse of Albin and of Erin.
 My fleetness gave me victory,
 Until I reached Ros illirglass.
 Then I westward took my way
 To Taura, although great the distance ;
 Not one horse of all the troop

¹ Buadhamair, the ancient name of Cahir, in Tipperary.

² In Gaelic, a farm is called "baile,"
a town.

³ The red wind, a magical wind said to blow in Ireland, and to be very destructive.

Had Taura reached so soon as I did.
In Taura then I gave that day
The wife of him who cared not for her.
I gave the wife of him who cared not,
To him who cared for his as little ;
In noble Taura then I gave
The wife of Cairbar to Cormac.
The wife of Cormac also gave,
Just as I had done, to Cairbar.
The king's sword then I firmly seized,
A sword of matchless power and virtue ;
My own sword, fit for little now,
I left it in the sheath of Cormac.
Then I passed me quickly over,
And from the door-keeper got his garment.
From whence it happened, it is true,
I became candlestick to Cormac.
Then did I many strange things do,
In presence of the King of Erin.
"Though ye may wonder at my speech,
Caoilte's two eyes are in my candlestick."
"Say thou not so," said noble Finn,
The fair-haired prince of all the Feinn ;
"Though I may now thy prisoner be,
Cast not reproach upon my people,
Such is not Caoilte's noble nature,
Nought he does but what is generous.
He would not hold a servile candle
For any gold that earth may yield."
Then did I draw forth his drink
For the excellent, manly king.
Four steps, one after the other,
I went along with him to serve him.
Then I betook myself to his right,
'Twas one source of my sharp sorrow ;
I gave him of my own free will
A dirge so grating, loud, and mournful.

“Strange that he should give me this,”
Said the clever, well-formed king.
“The music smells of Caoilte’s own skin,
This mournful, unharmonious dirge.”
“Do not thou say so, O King,”
Said I, in his servant’s garb ;
“These are boastful words thou speak’st.
’Tis worthy of one loving music.”
“By my hand, most noble Caoilte,
As Finn has been the Feinn’s great chief,
Though, as I am, no pledge I’ll give
To the men of Alb’ or Erin.”
As I plainly saw he knew me,
I now did boldly ask of Cormac,
“Thou wilt tell me how I may
Freedom purchase for my patron.”
“Thou shalt not have Finn made free,
I say, on any one condition,
Save this condition, noble Caoilte,
One thou never can’st fulfil ;
That thou should’st obtain for me
Of all wild animals a pair,
Then to thee I’d give thy patron,
So soon as thou such pledge redeem’st.”
I seized upon the pleasing words
Of Cormac Mac Airt Inir,
That he would freedom give the king
So soon as I fulfilled such promise.
When I had thus by promise bound
Erin’s noble fair-haired king,
Though I had a trying task,
I set off to keep th’ agreement.
From Taura I a journey took,
A journey over all the land.
I gathered in the flocks of birds,
Though they were so very scattered.
Two fierce *geills* I brought along,

And two fine tall and long-clawed ospreys,
And ravens from Fee ya von ;
Two wild ducks from Loch a Sellin,
Two crows down from Slieve Cullin,
Two wild oxen brought from Borrin,
Two swans I brought from Dobhran gorm,
Two owls from the wood of Faradrum,
Two polecats from Coiltie creive,
On the side of Druma Dabhran.
Two otters also I took with them,
From the rock of Donavan doivin,
Two gulls from the strand of Loch Lee,
Two *rualls* from Port Lairge,
Four woodpeckers from Brosna ban,
Two plovers from Carrig dunan,
Two *eachts* from Eachta ard,
Two thrushes from Letter Lomard,
Two wrens from Dun Aoife,
Two *geingeachs* from Corrie dhu,
Two herons from Corrin Cleith,
Two gledes from Magh a Foyle,
Two eagles from Carrig nan clach,
Two hawks from Ceindeach forest,
Two sows from Loch Meilghe,
Two water-hens from Loch Earn,
Two moor-fowls from Monadh maith,
Two sparrow-hawks from Dulocha,
Two stone-chats from Magh Cullin,
Two tomtits from Magh Fualainn,
Two *caschans* from Glen Gaibhle,
Two swallows from the Old Abhla,
Two cormorants from Dublin,
Two wolves from Crotta cliath,
Two blackbirds from Traigh dha bhan,
Two roe from Luachair Ir,
Two pigeons from Ceis Charrian,
Two nightingales from Letter Fin chul,

Two plovers from Letter roy,
 Two starlings from Taura the green,
 Two rabbits from Sith dubh donn,
 Two wild boars from Cluaidh chur,
 Two cuckoos from Drum a daive,
 Two grey birds from Laigheande,
 Two lapwings from Lanan Furrich,
 Two woodcocks from Craobh maidh,
 Two hawks besides from Sliabh glé,
 Two grey mice from Limerick,
 Two otters from the Boyne,
 Two larks from Monadh mòr,
 Two bats from the cave of Cno,
 Two badgers from the lands of Ullanach,
 Two cornrails from Shannon valley,
 Two water-wagtails from Bruach Bire,
 Two curlews from the sea of Galway,
 Two hares from Muirtheimhne,
 Two eagles from the wood of Luaraidh,
 Two hinds from Sith Buy,
 Two *geiseadachs* (peacocks) from Magh Mall,
 Two *cith cenceachs* from Cnamh choille,
 Two yellow-hammers from Bruach Bru,
 Two eels from the Black Water,
 Two goldfinches from Sliabh da eun,
 Two *cathails* from Bray an Turla,
 Two birds of prey from Magh builg,
 Two coloured swallows from Granard,
 Two fierce ospreys from Gruing,
 Two redbreasts from the Great wood,
 Two *bliorachs* from Dun nam barc,
 Two rock cod from Cala cairge,
 Two whales from the great sea,
 Two eels from Loch M'Lennan,
 Two *gearrgarts* from Magh nan Eilean,
 Two little birds (wrens) from Mias a chuil,
 Two fish (salmon) from Eas M'Moirn,

Two fine roe from Glen Smoil,
Two cows from Achadh Maigh Moir,
Two swift otters from Loch Con,
Two wild cats from the cave of Cruachain,
Two sheep from Sith Doolan gil,
Two sows of the sows of Mac Lir ;
A ram and a red nimble sheep
I brought with me from Ennis.
I brought with me a horse and mare
Of the fine stud of Mananan ;
A bull and cow in calf from Drumcan,
These I had from Muirn Munchain.
Ten hounds of the hounds of the Feinn
Did Cormaig insolently require.
Whatever thing he asked of me,
I brought it with me as I came.
When I had them all collected,
And brought them to one plain,
And sought to have them in control,
They all of them did scatter widely.
The raven flew away to the south,
A cause to me of much vexation ;
I caught it in Glen da bhan,
By the side of deep Loch Lurgan.
The duck did also me forsake,
Nor was it easier to take it ;
Over swift and swollen streams,
I chased it to Achin dughlas.
Then I seized it by the neck,
Although it was not very willing.
I took this duck along with me
That I might liberate Finn from Cormaig.
Of all the ills that I have met,
During all my life on earth,
Never shall my heart forget
This, till my body is in the grave :
With small birds, and with other birds,

How I strove along to drive them,
Travelling over hills and ditches,
That with them I soon might reach him ;
While he still held Finn in bonds,
And thought that I could never find them ;
And if I could but find him these,
Then was he bound to give him freedom.
This race that I had swiftly run,
Was such as no man ran before me.
Then I brought them all to Taura,
To the chief who ruled the palace ;
Then had I further much to suffer,
That night was to me very grievous.
Within the town there was a stronghold,
To which by nine doors there was entrance.
Cormaig 'twas gave me the house,
As I now was very wearied.
Where I saw that they were placed
In the narrow, horrid dungeon ;
Then came a loud and vigorous scream
From the throats of all the gathering.
There was a little ray of light
Reached them in through fifty openings.
Every door was closely shut,
Nor was the case an easy one ;
They mournfully shut closely up,
While I as sadly was excluded.
My heart did now pour out its grief,
Watching by the doors till morning.
Though great the evil I had suffered,
As before they flew so swiftly,
Not one I suffered to escape
Till the day rose in the morning.
The name men gave to this great rabble
Was "Caoilte's rabble," and no wonder.
To see them standing side by side,
Was all the profit got by Cormag.

For when Finn did get his freedom,
 All of them did scatter widely ;
 No two nor three of all did go
 From Taura in the same direction.
 My own swiftness and Finn's escape
 Was a miracle from heaven ;
 The three great things to me which happened
 Were these and gathering that host.
 It is security for my fame,
 I believe in Christ, and in this,
 Though great my gathering for Finn,
 I have nought of which to boast.
 Though long my leap to the east,
 In Taura of the Fenian heroes,
 Long was my leap to the west,
 In Taura, twenty hundred feet,
 Agile then was my leap,
 Which amongst strangers I did take,
 While the point of my foot alone yielded,
 Slow is now any expedition I make.
I set me off.

No author's name given.¹

There lies beneath that mound to the north
 Mac Cumhal's son, in battle firm.
 Of Dearg's daughter the white-tooth'd son,
 In wrath who never harshly spoke.
 There lies beneath that mound to the south
 Mac Conn's son, his skin like bloom,
 The man who never met his match,

¹ The Fenian poetry to which the Dean has attached the names of the authors, is now all given. We proceed with those whose authors' names are not attached

to them. Many of these are manifestly of the same period with the others, and they may with equal accuracy be attributed to Ossian or others of the Fenian bards.

Whose arm in fight dealt no soft blows.
There lies beneath that mound to the east
Oscar, so brave, famous in deeds.
Though the Clan Morn were famous men,
He counted them of little weight.
There lies beneath that mound to the west
The man by women thought so fair,
M'Ronan for his beauty famed,
Beneath the mound to the west he lies.
Beneath the mound that is below me
Lies he so famed for ugly pate;
Conan, in every virtue rich,
Beneath the mound below me lies.
There lies.

GORRY, let us go to Finn,
A service which we do not like,
To ask of him the head of Gaul,
That we may lay it down to rest.
I am unwilling to go,
Since I hear not aught of the head,
And that we cannot have revenge,
For the head of the great Mac Morn.
Whether thou willest or not, I will,
Said the great but foolish Conan ;
I will slay all the men I can
In vengeance for the yellow-haired Gaul.
Let us kill the three princes of the Feinn,
As we can't slay Finn himself.
Speak, Gorry, speak quickly out,
Let us be found at once on their hands.
Thou shalt kill great Ossian M'Finn,
I will kill the valorous Oscar,

Dyre shall kill the dauntless Caoilte,
 Let them have us all assault.
 I shall show no foolish softness,
 Gentleness doesn't suit with Finn ;
 Though in our arms we all should fall,
 We will have no help from Gaul ;
 If Finn is there his strength will be there,
 Let us send Finn down to his grave.
 True and guileless are the words
 Which to thee I speak, Gorry.
Gorry.

The author of this is ——. ¹

'Twas on a day Finn went to drink
 In Alve, with his people few ;
 Six women and six men were there,
 The women fair, with whitest skin.
 Finn was there and guileless Diarmad,
 Caoilte and Ossian too, and Oscar,
 Conan the bald, slow in the field,
 With the wives of these six men ;
 Maighinis the wife of dauntless Finn,
 The fair-bosomed maid, my own dear wife,
 Fair skin Gormlay, of blackest eye,
 Naoif, and the daughter of Angus.
 When drunkenness had the women seized,
 They had a talk among themselves :
 They said that throughout all the earth
 No six women were so chaste.
 Then said the maiden without guile,
 " The world is a many-sided heap ;

¹ This is a curious episode in Fenian history. Maighineas was the wife of Finn according to Irish writers on Fenian his-

tory. The daughter of Deirg was the mother of Ossian, and consequently another of Finn's wives.

Though pure are ye, they are not few
Women quite as chaste as you.”
They had been a short time thus,
When they saw a maid approach,
Her covering a single seamless robe,
Of spotless white from end to end ;
The maiden of the pure white robe
Drew near to where M’Cumhal sat.
She blessed the king of guileless heart,
And close beside him there sat down.
Finn asks her to give them her tale,
The handsome maid of whitest hand :
“ Maid of the seamless robe, I ask,
What virtue’s in thy spotless veil ?”
“ My seamless robe has this strange power
That women, such as are not chaste,
Can in its folds no shelter find,—
None but the spotless wife it shields.”
“ Give my wife the robe at once,”
Said the bulky, senseless Conan,
“ That we may learn what is the truth
Of what the women just have said.”
Then Conan’s wife does take the robe,
And in vexation pulls it on ;
’Twas truly pity it was done,
Her fair-skinned breast was all exposed.
Then when the bald-pate Conan saw
How that the robe shrunk into folds,
He seized in passion his sharp spear,
And with it did the woman slay.
Then the loved Diarmad’s wife
The robe from Conan’s wife did take ;
No better did she fare than she,
About her locks it clung in folds.
Then Oscar’s wife seized on the robe,
Which looked so long and softly smooth ;
But wide and large as were its wings,

Though now my strength is all gone.
Oscar and manly Caoilte were there,
And Mac Luy of ceaseless praise ;
Finn and white-toothed Diarmad,
Of the eight heroes these were five.
There were myself and Ryno and Caroll,
A gentle, matchless band ;
Bred were we all in Banva's soil,
These were the names of the eight.
When we set forth, true the tale,
'Twas with a proud and manly step.
From Mac Cumhal's fort we set out,
The expedition of eight I remember.
First of all we made for Albain,
'Twas with a struggle we reached it,
There a king fell by Mac Cumhal,
The expedition of eight I remember.
We then strove to get to Sasunn,¹
Exploits and slayings were there ;
Every stronghold was seized by Finn,
The expedition of eight I remember.
To Italy we then carried the battle,
And fiercely fought in its harbours ;
Triumphs and treaties we had then,
The expedition of eight I remember.
In France did we then make war,
Where we had many great hardships ;
Submission and treaties were made,
The expedition of eight I remember.
After that we fought in Spain,
There we had prey and great spoil ;
I have traversed the earth in my day,
The expedition of eight I remember.
We next carried war to Britain,
'Twas fearful and full of danger ;
Yet did we earn a triumph,

¹ Sasunn, " England," after the Saxon invasion.

The expedition of eight I remember.
 We bore along "Crom nan carn,"¹
 O'er the fierce, stormy sea ;
 Every land made to us submission,
 The expedition of eight I remember.
 After it we led the chiefs,
 Most gentle and holy Patrick,
 Who made their submission to Finn,
 The expedition of eight I remember.
 Sanctify, O Patrick, my soul,
 Thou blessed and privileged man,
 For I have sinned in thy sight,
 The expedition of eight I remember.
The expedition.

NINE² of us once did bind ourselves
 To find material for a pup's head,
 To find material for a dog-pup's head ;
 Though no attempt was more laborious.
 We searched the plain of Leny Leirg,
 And Glen Frenich of bloody swords ;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 Then did we search a dark, black glen,
 A glen of deep corries, full of stones ;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.

¹ It is difficult to say what this is. "Crom" was a Celtic deity. Here the word seems to indicate a banner. The word "Crom nan cairge" will be found in the second volume of the publications of the Ossianic Society of Ireland, pp. 53, 58.

² This is a curious piece. The dog without doubt entered largely into the mythology of the ancient Celts. Some have supposed that it was an object of worship with them. Mr. O'Curry in-

forms the editor that the "Concheannaich or Dogheads were an ancient race who inhabited Magh O'Coin-chinn, now Moygonihy, in Kerry. They were said to be great enemies of Finn. This poem may really describe an attack upon them." One of the Irish kings was called "Cairbar Cinn Chait," or *Cairbar of the Cat's-head*. The latter portion of the poem, referring to the banners of the Feine, has been preserved in tradition, although the editions of it are various.

We searched the Sian of Drum Cliff,
 Fair after it seemed the plain of Liff;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 We searched in Thurles of liberal hosts,
 In Bregian Tara and Dun Dobhran;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 We searched, too, through Glen a Cuaich,
 Looking out for something noble;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 We searched Moylena of slopes,
 Through Bregian Tara and Kinsale;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 We searched the whole of Eire,
 Men and dogs ranging together;
 True, we found not there one hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 Shortly were we thus engaged,
 Ourselves, our followers, and friends,
 When three battalions were seen,
 Sons to the King of Rualay.¹
 Cat-headed one battalion was,
 Dog-headed was the one beside it;
 The other behind them was white-backed,
 Brown the rest, though white the back.
 Aloft the mighty javelin shone
 Of Finn, hero of bloody strength;
 Above his noble, murderous shield,
 He bore that spear of hundred fights.
 Bright was the glitter of the spear
 In the white hand of Finn himself.

¹ This seems to have been an imaginary monarch, like many of those in the "Ursgeuls," or prose tales of the High-

lands. At least the Editor has not met with the name elsewhere.

Beneath the shield of cheerful Caoilte
 Was the javelin, bloody in fight;
 The javelin glittering below,
 Held by Caoilte of joyful heart.
 Beneath his round and handsome shield
 Cruinchan's son his javelin bore.
 Caoilte gave a loud, far-sounding shout,
 In distant Alvin it was heard,
 And in Magh Lena of sharp spears,
 In Tavar and in Dun Reillin.
 'Twas answered loud by Gaul Mac Morn,
 The noble chief of Cronwoyn,
 Where Faolan, son of Finn, is found,
 The Balwas, too, from Borrin.
 'Twas answered by Manwoe Breck's two sons,
 And by Mac Elle from Uabreck,
 Fair Sciath, the son of Daithein Dian,
 And Ceall the brave, of sharp-edged arms.
 Keangach the bold gave answer too,
 And Iolunn of the bloody edge,
 And Ceall the brave, of handsome form,
 Who ne'er to scandal's tale gave ear.
 Pleasing the sound of clashing spears,
 Pleasing, too, the hum of warriors,
 Of waving banners sweet the sound,
 As in morn's frosty wind they rose.
 The "Image of the Sun"¹ we raised,
 The banner of great Fenian Finn,
 Studded all around with gold,
 Great was its price as red it gleamed.
 We raised "Fulang Duari"² aloft,

¹ Finn's banner had inscribed upon it, according to this bard, "Dealbh Ghréine," or *The image of the Sun*. This word has been corrupted by tradition to "Deo ghréine," said to be *the sun-beam*, though upon no authority, "deo" in no case signifying "*a beam*."

² The Editor has not attempted to translate these and several others of the emblems of the Fenian leaders. He has given the words as he found them, except when the meaning was obvious and unquestionable.

The banner of great Gaul Mac Morn.
 Oft when the javelins were in motion,
 'Twas both the first and last to move.
 Aloft we raised the "Mincheann Oir,"
 Banner of Ryno and his men ;
 Under its folds were bones and heads
 Cloven, and ankles steeped in blood.
 The "Cineal chath" we also raised,
 The banner of the oaken Faolan ;
 Finn's son, chief of the Feinn,
 Who cast with powerful arm his spear.
 Then we raised aloft "Dun nimh,"
 The banner of Ossian of the brave ;
 The banner of Mac Ronan, "the Red-hand,"¹
 Whose other side was all adorned.
 "Sguab Ghabhaidh," too, we raised aloft,
 Banner of the well-armed Oscar,
 When the stormy conflict raged,
 Oft was "Sguab Ghabhaidh" waving seen.
 The "Lia Luinneach" aloft we raised,
 The banner of nimble, powerful Diarmaid ;
 Oft when the men began their march,
 'Twas seen to flutter vigorously.
 Then was the "Bearn Reubainn" raised,
 Banner of Oscar, no saintly sign ;
 The echo of the glens replied
 To its fierce sounds, waving on high.
 The "Bloody hand" aloft we raised,
 Banner of Mac Luy, and his men ;
 When the Feinn went forth to fight,
 Its place was always in the van.
 Then did we fight a bloody fight,
 As round the noble Finn we stood,
 Round the steel of manly Finn,

¹ This heraldic emblem of Caoilte
 M'Ronan has descended through a long
 course of ancestors to the modern M'Don-

alds. It is probably the oldest of the
 kind in the kingdom.

First of all the valorous Feinn.
 The whole of the Catheads were killed,
 The Dogheads we seized to a man ;
 The whole of the Whitebacks fell
 Round dauntless Finn of Alvin.
 We found a little hill to the south,
 On which was built a double fort ;
 There indeed we found a hound
 From which we could obtain a pup.
 The whole of Eire we had searched,
 All of us, both men and dogs.
 In all its length we could not find
 A hundred who could match our nine.
 Nine.

SWEET is man's voice in the land of gold,
 Sweet the sounds the birds produce,
 Sweet is the murmur of the crane,
 Sweet sound the waves at Bun Datreor,
 Sweet the soft murmuring of the wind,
 Sweet sounds the cuckoo at Cas a choin.
 How soft and pleasing shines the sun,
 Sweet the blackbird sings his song ;
 Sweet the eagle's voice of Easaroy,
 Above the sea of great Mac Morn ;
 Sweet the cuckoo 'mongst the branches,
 Sweet the silence of the crane.
 Finn Mac Cumhail is my father,
 Who nobly leads the Feinn's seven bands ;
 When he his hounds lets loose to hunt,
 To follow him is truly sweet.
 Sweet.

A NOBLE tale of sweetest music,
 To Carn Vallar now I'll bring ;

That whether others hear or not,
It may be heard by Mac Cumhail.
Mac Cumhail once had a feast
On Almhuin's slope, of finest gold ;
O'er the music he presided,
Finn who ever graced the feast.
Brave Oscar and Diarmad were there,
And good Mac Luy, warriors bold ;
With other two who ne'er shunned fight,
Conan himself, and with him Oscar.
"Tell me now, my warriors brave,
As at the feast of Finn ye sit,
Which do ye count the sweetest music ?"
"The clang of gaming," Conan said,
"The sweetest sounds I ever heard."
Vigorous his arm before the foe,
Yet ne'er a man who more lacked sense.
"The sound of swords drawing on the foe,"
Said he who never spared in fight,
"Cleaving of men's heads and legs,"
The sweetest music Oscar heard.
"The sounds which ever pleased me most,"
Said Diarmad of slow rolling eye,
"That I loved most all my life,
Was woman's voice, as soft she talked."
"My music, thou son of Morn,"
Said Mac Luy of the glittering arms,
"Is leaping 'midst the tumult of my dogs,
As swift upon the deer they gain."
"'Tis this that music is for me,"
Said Finn, the chief of all the host,
"To have my banner in the wind,
Heroes ranged by its golden side."
"When of the bards I had no fear,
Ossian," he said, as still he spoke ;
"And when my Feinn were still around me,
Sweet its music in my ears."

A GREAT feast was made by Finn,¹
 I tell thee now, O tonsured Priest,
 Many were the men were there,
 Of the Feine of Alba and Erin.
 The great Mac Morn did ask
 Of the queen of whitest hand,
 "Did'st thou see so rich a feast
 Since thou cam'st 'mongst the Feine of Erin?"
 Finn of the Feine himself replied,
 Chiefest of all both east and west;
 He said she saw a richer feast
 Than any Fenian feast in Erin.
 We then saw coming from the waves
 A warrior tall, manly, fair-haired,
 No man was with him but himself,
 And a noble man he was.
 When he had come near the Feine,
 Thus did he mildly, wisely say,
 "Come, Finn, come along with me,
 And take with thee a hundred men;
 Thirty sons of the great Morn,
 Let them be the first around thee;
 One man and eight of thy own sons,
 Take them and Oscar of the Feine's Fians;
 Let ten of the sons of Smoil be there,
 And twenty of the sons of Ronan;
 Let some of Muin's sons be there,
 Other ten, not counting Diarmad;
 Take with thee Diarmad O'Duine,
 He who could either court or hunt,
 Both him and Caroll in thy ship;

¹ Hospitality was the most esteemed feature in the character of the Celtic chief. That of Finn is sung with untiring admiration by the poets. This virtue, with bravery, generosity, and liberal giving, no doubt to the poets

themselves especially, seemed to make up what they looked upon as a perfect character for their leader. These feasts were apparently affairs of great moment, as the like are in our own day.

Let there be ten of men and crew,
Of thy men take with thee nine,
Of those whom thou'dst most like to have ;
Besides them all thyself, O Finn,
Thou dauntless and well-armed man.
Take o'er the waves a hundred men
Of those that follow Finn Mac Cumhail,
A hundred shields with golden studs,
For Finn Mac Cumhail, Mac Tranevor.
Take now with thee also, Finn,
The two best hounds that are in Erin ;
Bran and Scoilean¹ take them with thee,
The swiftest-footed of the pack.
Have no fear about thee, Finn,"
The tall and cheerful warrior said ;
" Let them all be brought in peace,
And trouble not our men or ships."
" Foolish the speech thou now hast made,
Thou man who cam'st amongst us ;
Wert thou to approach nearer Finn,
Thy body soon would want its head."
" Little care I for what thou say'st,
Bald-headed Conan of the gibes ;
Pity for thy friends that thou art there,
Ugly and feeble as thou art."
" Rise ye up, ye sons of Boisgne,"
Then spoke Conan, so well known ;
Each man did seize a hero's arms,
From every side the Fians came fast.
Then fell there slain a son of Finn,
One of the stalwart, white-hand Fians,
A man of Mac Morn's followers too,
A vigorous hand 'midst battle's blows.
" Fergus, now go rouse thee up,
And mingle boldly in the fight ;
Ask whether Gaul has aught to give

¹ Scoilean was the second favourite hound of Finn.

To Conan, whom he knows so well."
 "Let Finn himself then be the judge,"
 Said the great Gaul of mighty blows ;
 "Conan or I shall take his head,
 Or else his brains we will dash out."
 Fergus, Caol, and thirty are in the glen,
 Who never more shall see this earth,
 Unknown to all the Feine of Finn.
 Sad is my tale, O tonsured Priest.
 Much do I weary, valiant Priest,
 For now I never see the Feine,
 Hunting, as wont, from glen to glen,
 With herds of deer on every side.
 Much loved I Ossian, son of Finn,
 He only never yet forsook me ;
 But above all the men I saw,
 Finn of the feasts I loved most.
 A great feast.

'Tis sad that the hill of the Feine,
 Should now by the clerics be held,
 And that the songs of men of books
 Should fill the halls of clan Baoisgne.
 I myself was once in Rath Cruachan,¹
 Happily beneath thy banks,
 I little thought I e'er should find
 A priest upon thy summit dwelling.
 There would be found my shield and spear,

¹ Rath Cruachan, as Irish tradition says, was the chief seat of the Feinn of Connaught, usually called the Sons of Morn. The word "Rath" means a *Fort*, and Cruachan an elevation more than usually steep. It sometimes stands upon another hill, as in Argyleshire, where we

have "Cruachan Beinne," *The hillock upon the mountain*, usually called Ben Cruachan. The word "Rath" enters largely into Scottish topography, and assumes different forms in English, as *Rath, Roth, Rothie, Rait, Raits*, etc.

My dogs and hounds along thy ridge,
 Although to-night the Fenian hill
 Is under clerics and their crosiers.
 Were the sons of Morn alive,
 The priestly order soon must quit ;
 You would find yourselves cut up,
 Ye men of the spotted crooks.
 Were Mac Luy alive,
 With his six heroes bold,
 Ere you had quitted the hill
 You'd find your garments curtailed.
 Were the sons of Ceard alive,
 Who never hypocrisy knew,
 Neither your bells nor crooks
 Would in place of their banners be found.
 Were the sons of Muin alive,
 Who knew no weakness in fight,
 Men would not see thy people
 So powerful amidst our hills.
 Were the sons of black Garry alive,
 Or Caoilte, who was ever so brave,
 Neither the sounds of bells or priests
 Would now be heard in Rath Cruachan.
 Were red-haired Ryno alive,
 And brave Caol, son of Revan,
 Thy books would not be so whole,
 Oh man, who readest the Bible.
 And for all thy hooked crosiers,
 Which have travelled over the earth,
 Thy staves would be in splinters,
 Were only brave Oscar alive.
 Thou of the yellow¹ garment,
 Who sittest so much at thine ease,
 'Tis well for thee that Conan is dead,

¹ "Yellow" was the favourite colour of the Celts. It seems that St. Patrick adopted it as the clerical colour, very

probably as a means of commending himself and his cause to the good-will of the people.

Else thou'dst feel the weight of his fist.
Were the blue-eyed hero alive,
Bald Conan, the son of the Feine,
Cleric, though thy office be sacred,
With his fist he'd strike thee down.
Were the son of O'Duine alive,
Thou man of the crooked staff,
Thy staff should be all in shivers,
Smashed at the pillar of stone.
Thou man of the bell, I do think,
If Daoruinn were now in life,
Thy bell would be now in pieces,
Scattered before the pillar.
Were the red point seen, old man,
Of the swift-flying spear of Mac Ronan,
Thy bell would not be faintly sounding,
Thou who sing'st the howling song.
I cannot be joyful now,
I see not Mac Cumhail in life,
I see not Diarmad O'Duine,
I see not Caoilte Mac Ronan.
No wonder though I should be sad,
As I sit on this mound, Patrick.
I see not the son of Luy,
I see not the hero so loved,
I see not Fearluth by my side,
I see not the Fenian Oscar ;
I see not warlike exercises,
I see not the noble hounds ;
I see not the sons of Smoil,
I see not Gaul of great feats,
I see not the generous Faolan,
I see not with him the Feine.
I see not Fergus, my brother,
So gentle and worthy of praise ;
I see not Daire of the songs,
Whose music we always enjoyed.

I see not Fatha¹ Canan,
 Whose presence filled us with joy;
 I see not one of our band,
 Whose noise was like thunder in war.
 I see neither music nor joy,
 I hear not if music there be,
 Ere I was laid in my cave
 Freely I scattered my gold.
 Patrick, I tell thee it now,
 If I chose my knowledge to give,
 That 'tis not in my power to relate
 How much of their joy I have seen.
 I and the mass-book clerics,
 Are two that can never agree.
 Though this night so mournful I am,
 I'm sad for the hill of Feine.
'Tis sad.

I now will tell thee, O Grainne,²
 What I have seen with Mac Cumhail.
 The misery I suffer now
 I cannot much longer endure.
 I have seen sport and rejoicing
 'Mongst those who now are despised.
 I have seen maidens and men,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 Courtesy and cheerfulness too,

¹ Fatha Canan appears in several of these pieces. He appears as Fatha son of Mac Con, and Faycanan. He was son of Lughaidh Mac Con, a King of Ireland, of the race of Ith, who flourished in the middle of the third century. Hence his name Fatha Mac Mhic Con, *Fatha son of Mac Con's son*. The Irish say he

settled in Scotland, and was progenitor of the Campbells.

² Grainne was the wife of Finn, and the poet, whether it be Ossian or some other of the Fenian bards, addresses this description of the glory of Finn and his followers to her.

I've seen with feasts, steeds, and shouting.
 I've seen the violin played,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 Great Caoilte and Mac Luy,
 A couple who can't be despised,
 We oft gained nought by their wrath.
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 Gaul and Oscar and Ossian,
 A brood who did nought by halves ;
 These all loved us well,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 Finn himself of fearless heart,
 Whose welcome was always sure,
 We've seen him cheerful too,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 I have in nine battles been,
 To me no joy is now left.
 Looking on nought but their graves,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 In wrath we crossed over hills,
 And over Banva's fierce tops ;
 Then in singing their praise,
 Employment was found for my lips.
 We feared for nought in the valleys,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 I was both long time and short
 Traversing Erin the fair ;
 We were famous and powerful then,
 I now will tell thee, O Grainne.
 I now will tell.

ONCE on a day there was in Dundalgin,¹
 Cuchullin of the handsome form ;

¹ The following piece seems to be made up of fragments. Mr. O'Curry, who has obligingly taken the trouble to examine it, suggests that it contains fragments

Joy and merriment were his,
 All his people were with him.
 When from the drinking hall we rose,
 We saw the whole of the Feine.
 We strove from their hiding-place to raise
 The flocks of birds in the two hills.
 The most loved thing of all we had
 Was the women of Clan Rury province.
 The valley we were in was rough,
 We drove the birds to its mouth,
 In hopes that we might find a hero.
 The father of Conlach chased
 The birds with handsome Daoruing,
 The sweet-spoken noble of Coll in Galway.
 The well-formed sling was then used
 With skill by great Cuchullin,
 He with the arm of well-known strength ;
 The birds with speed he kills.
 The game was then divided,
 None was forgotten but Evir.¹
 Evir took wrath for her share,
 'Tis true that prudence was lacking.
 'Twas promised her in reparation
 That she should have the first birds slain,
 Killed on the mountain side,
 With the skill of the shot for her fired.
 As they travelled they came to a place
 Where poets were wont to resort ;

of four different pieces : The Irish bardic account of the name of "Srubh Brain," or the "Raven's snout," at Loch Swilly; the legend of "Cuchullin's sick-bed;" the death of Conlaoch ; and a short but imperfect account of the battle of Cnucha, in which Cumhal was killed. The piece is given as in the MS., and if thus made up, is just as it was written in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Editor has to state, however, that the leaves which contain it are so discol-

oured, and the writing so defaced, that he has had the greatest difficulty in deciphering it at all, and for many of the words he cannot be answerable except as guesses. Mr. M'Lachlan of Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of the MS., did not transcribe this piece; and it is given now merely from the desire to withhold nothing in it that may be of value or interest.

¹ Evir was the wife of Cuchullin.

Each of them wore round his neck
A chain of the purest gold.
The wife of Cuchullin fell in love
With one of our Ulster Fians,
With the willing and handsome friend
Who came from the Ulster bounds.
Evir of the weighty locks asks
Her agreement with Cuchullin,
That she should now have her birds,
Without excuse about them.
Twice or thrice did he shoot at
The wild birds, but missed his aim ;
'Twas a victor's leap as he shot
Three shots amongst the birds.
The last blow he had struck ere then
Had pierced his own dear son.
Without joy, or women at feasts,
Had he been, as he sadly mourned.
For a whole year he did nought
But grieve for the hero now dead.
'Twas not tales of the Feine he sought,
But to have that tale rehearsed.
If the story men tell be true,
The Cu never ceased to grieve ;
The blossomed branch whom women loved,
Sad and grievous was his state.
It happened at length of a time,
A few of the Feine met together.
Finn himself had joined the hunt,
And sent us in pairs to search.
I myself sat with Garry,
Side by side with the King.
Finn put the question to Garry,
As by the King's side he sat :
" Since that thou wert there,
How was't ye slew Cumhal ?"

"I will now pass my word,¹
 Since to me the question thou putt'st,
 That mine was the powerful arm
 Which gave the first wound to Cumhal."
 "That is a cold welcome for me,
 Ye sons of Morn, as a follower ;
 'Tis hard indeed for me to bear,
 To know that ye slew my father."
 "If that be a cold welcome for you,
 Finn, son of Cumhal from Alvin,
 Put aside pretended love,
 And show your usual hatred."
 "Should I now raise my arm,
 Ye hated children of Morn,
 I could do all I chose alone,
 Without the help of any man."
 "Ere ever thou had'st so moved,
 Walking in the steps of thy father,
 Lightly could we leap o'er streams,
 Were it not for the wiles of Cumhal.
 'Twas Cumhal got influence o'er us,
 'Twas Cumhal oppressed us sore,
 'Twas Cumhal that banished us far,
 To the land of the stranger away.
 Some he sent to Albin fair,
 And some to Lochlin the dark,
 The third band to Greece the white,
 We all from each other were torn.
 Sixteen years were we all
 Severed from Erin ; 'tis truth,
 No small calamity was this,
 Never each other to see.

¹ It is here that Garry's account of the battle of Cnucha commences. The account, as Mr. O'Curry says, may be imperfect ; but the gathering together of such fragments, and comparing them with one another, cannot but be inter-

esting to the student of early Celtic history. There is interest in the variety, irrespective of the question of comparative merit as between the different compositions. This may be a Scotch version of an Irish story.

The first day we set foot on shore
In Erin's isle, so much loved,
We slew, and it is no lie,
At least sixteen hundred men.
These all were slain by Clan Morn,
Their heroes and their chiefs ;
There was not a man of them all
But such as their women would mourn.
With that their castles we seized,
We, the noble Clan of Morn,
Our race did bravely then
Before the men of Erin.
By thy hand, hero of the Feine,
There ne'er was seen, east or west,
One thing to cloud my eye,
But seeing the slaughter there ;
My heart became tender and soft
As I saw the terrible scene.
We all surrounded one house,
In Munster of the red towers ;
But such was the strength of the man,
'Twas easier to find than to kill.
They slew on the opposite hill
All that lived of Cumhal's race.
We made a joint and rapid rush
To the house where Cumhal still was ;
Each man of us gave a wound
With his spear to the body of Cumhal.
Though it was my lot to be there
At the time that Cumhal was slain,
For the deed which then was done,
Take vengeance now if you will."

Once on a day.

The author of this is Duncan Mor from Lennox.¹

PITY the man who lost his voice,
 When he is called on to recite,
 Who cannot speak so fast as needs be,
 And yet's unwilling to give up.
 Who cannot sing an air or tune,
 And cannot well recite a lay.
 Who cannot put aside his harp,
 Yet cannot sing as he would wish.
 Pity him ever with his "dring, drang,"
 Trying his verses to recite,
 When men can neither hear his harp,
 Nor understand the songs he sings.
 Pity the man neglects his health,
 And strives not his vigour to retain.
 Pity the man who ever strives
 To have the fruit he cannot reach.
 Were I to wish to have such fruit,
 Fruit which I could not reach on high,
 I'd cut the tree down at the root,
 Let men be angry if they will.

Pity.

The author of this is Gilchrist Taylor.²

Bless, O Trinity, thy household,
 King of heaven, place of jewels ;

¹ The fragments of Ossianic or Fenian poetry in the miscellany of Dean Macgregor are now exhausted. They afford some idea of the amount of such poetry in the Highlands at the time he lived. We now proceed with those pieces which profess to be of a more recent date. These will be found to consist chiefly of compositions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The first short composition here given is one by a poet hitherto unknown to modern fame. Duncan the

big, from Lennox or Dumbartonshire, might be a man of some note in his day, but time has obliterated all knowledge of him. His composition is of a class well known in his day, and highly popular, being aphoristic. Several compositions, consisting of a series of aphorisms, will be found in the sequel.

² There are several pieces by this poet in the Dean's MS., but we know nothing of his history. He was probably an ecclesiastic.

Black thy family was not formed,
All by thyself in wisdom made.
By thee 'twas Adam's race was shaped
The cheek like berries richly red ;
Thou who blessest place and people
Curse them that 'gainst thee fierce contend.
There is a pack of cruel hounds,
Who the king's children sorely grieve ;
I hear the baying of these dogs,
Every glen is full of it.
Such as war on Adam's race,
Since that they cannot silence keep,
Joined together in their evil,
Powers of the king of light them smite ;
Such as war on Adam's race,
Of crafty Lucifer the slaves,
Give them no rest, to them give none,
King of lights do thou them burn.
Mounted on two ugly steeds,
When vicious packs abound the most,
They furiously commence the hunt,
Belching out death on every side.
Curse thou their hunt and devastation,
Their two steeds so black in hue ;
Lay them, their backs stretched on the turf,
Scatter the heads of this black band.
There is a band of cruel hounds
Harbouring at Inch Ald Art,
They're horrid brutes, Thou God forsake them,
Let bags out of their skins be made.
Though many be the skins of wolves,
Covering our harps, both small and great,
The cold and empty skulls are many,
Given us by these fierce hounds.
Father of Christ, with speed them strike
From Lochaber to Raon Fraoich,
Soon let the plague their bodies waste ;

'Tis sad that thus I have to speak.
 Though no reparation for a true hound,
 For Robert's son¹ of clustering locks,
 From Loch Venachar of rich glens,
 Many's the ugly head laid low.
 Though from Ben Gulbin's sunny side,
 Many the dogs to Tummel's stream,
 Who know to hunt along its side,
 The eye of Christ is on them all.
 'Twas told me when at Inverness,
 That greyhounds were scattering the pack.
 Pity the man who's seized with fear,
 'Tis like the falling sickness, sore.
 Pleasing to witness hounds pursue,
 Them who would slay the fine grey steeds.
 May God's Son with His holy power,
 Destroy all surly cruel hounds.
 Smoke every den in Schiehallion,
 John Stewart of the bounding steeds,
 Ere I must call a sweet-voiced pack
 This litter of ugly, snarling curs.
 By Garry of John Stewart of the white steed,
 No antlers are seen without the head,
 While 'mongst the rocky rugged woods,
 Are seen the grey-skinned pack of hounds.
 Bless.

The author of this is Gilliecallum Mac an Olla.²

There is no joy without the clan Donald,
 No battle when they are awanting ;

¹ The piece is extremely obscure, but the reference to Mac Robert and the Athole Stewarts would seem to indicate that the subjects of the poem were the murderers of King James the First. The

infamous persons whom the poet denounces are said to have done evil to the race of kings.

² This bard has been met with already as an imitator of Ossian. He was in all

First of the clans in all the earth,
 Each man of them is a hundred.
 The noblest clan which you can find,
 A race as brave as they are peaceful ;
 The clan whose praise does fill the lands,
 Famed for their faith and godliness.
 The clan so faithful, bold, and brave,
 The clan so swift amidst the fight,
 The clan so gentle among men,
 And yet in battle none so fierce ;
 The clan most numerous of all
 Whose number has been ever known.
 The clan which never vexed the Church,
 And ever dreaded its reproach.
 Of all that dwell in Albin green,
 This is the bravest e'er baptized.
 The third of every land is theirs,
 Their bravery is like the falcon's.
 The clan most numerous and famous,
 Of finest form and fairest mould ;
 The clan that has the largest hearts,
 Most patient and most liberal.
 They, sons of kings, deserved no gibe
 When asked in trouble to give help.
 Noble were they since the time
 When there was giving and poor ones.
 The clan for wine and shelter best,
 The first in prowess and in strength.
 'Tis sad how short the length extends
 Given by him who spins your thread.
 They were not wicked and rough,
 Nor were they gentle and weak.

likelihood an ecclesiastic. Several of the early Lords of the Isles were liberal benefactors to the Church, and it is not unlikely that this liberality called forth the praises of our bard. The word "bochd," *poor*, associated in one of the

lines of this composition with "*brontachd*," *bestowing*, is often by early Gaelic writers applied to monks and hermits, who lived upon the beneficence of the wealthy, and became finally enriched by their gifts.

In midst of trial and hardships,
Not harder than them was the rock.
The clan without pride or misdeeds,
When the spoil of battle is theirs.
'Mongst them you'd find gentlemen,
And common people with them.
Pity him who has lost their defence,
Pity him who forsakes their protection.
There is no clan like the clan Donald,
The noble clan of firmest mind.
Who is there can number their gifts ?
Who is there can count their nobles ?
Without limit, commencement or close,
Of excellencies among their gentry.
First of all with the clan Donald,
There is knowledge which they learn ;
Last of all, there is among them
Polish, generosity, and modesty.
'Tis in sorrow and in grief
Understanding and learning are got,
By him who them would have.
No joy without the clan Donald.
Loud was the sound of their thunder,
This race so wise and faithful,
Though now they be reproached,
There is no joy without the clan Donald.
This people so great in fame,
In courtesy, mind, and firmness,
There is no right without them,
There is no joy without the clan Donald.
The son of his virgin mother,
Who hath earned for us freedom from pain,
Though he be faithful and true,
There is no joy without the clan Donald.
There is no joy.

ALAS ! alas ! this is the head ¹
 Which belonged to the blue-armed Conull ;
 The head where understanding was found,
 Noble it was and most lovely.
 Alas ! alas ! this is the eye
 That dwelt in generous Conull's head ;
 Round which the eyelid wound,
 Benevolent it was and manful.
 Alas ! alas ! this is the mouth
 In which no bard did folly find ;
 Its lips so thin, like apples red,
 Sweet as honey the mouth of Conull.
 Alas ! alas ! this is the hand
 That Conull Mac Scanlan owned ;
 The hand of him so brave in battle,
 The hand of Conull my first beloved.
 Alas ! alas ! this is the side
 By which our noble side we laid ;
 It was a hound from Mull that came,
 John did lie upon his side.
 Alas ! alas ! this is the foot
 Which ne'er before a warrior fled ;
 The foot of him in fight most brave,
 The foot of the shielded son of Scanlan.
 Alas ! success e'er followed Conull,
 Where'er it was he battle fought ;
 But now that my tale is done,
 This place is the dwelling of tears.
Alas !

¹ Mr. O'Curry says regarding this Conull Mac Scanlan, " I don't know any person in our history whose name would agree with his but Congal Claen, son of Scanlan, Prince of Ulster, who fought the battle of Magh Rath in A.D. 634, in

which the Four Masters say he was killed. The old account says he was disabled, and disappeared no one knows where. It would be curious if your elegy could be traced up to this hero."

The author of this is John of Knoydart.¹

Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre,²
 Though great be thy trouble and pain,
 I grudge thee not all thou hast suffered,
 Although it be painful to tell.
 I grudge not though thy ragged locks
 Be searched by the winds from the glens.
 I grudge thee not that thou art bound,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre ;
 Pity the thought e'er filled men's breasts,
 That thy friendship was not hatred ;
 Pity, alas ! thou turn'dst not back,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre ;
 Thou hast the King of Isla slain,
 Who freely gave his wine and money,
 Him of the soft and flowing locks,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre ;
 Isla, king of well filled horns,
 Who with his friends so kindly dealt ;
 Alas ! who gashed his soft white skin,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre !
 Beloved was that liberal hand,
 Which never grudged his gold or silver,
 And which in feast or hunt was first,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre.

¹ Of the author of this fragment we have no tradition. All we learn here is that he was a Knoydart man, that mountainous region lying between Loch Hourn and Morar, on the west coast of Inverness-shire, till lately possessed by the Macdonells of Glengarry.

² In a transcript of a MS. history of the Macdonalds, published in the Transactions of the Iona Club, it is said that Angus Og of Isla, or of the Isles, who fought against his father in the battle of the Bloody Bay, was assassinated by Art

O'Carby, an Irish harper, instigated by M'Kenzie, whose daughter had captivated the impressive musician. In the Irish annals this harper is called Diarmad. This lay seems to commemorate the event by commemorating the punishment of the assassin, which was inflicted by drawing him between horses. The lines being composed shortly after the event, which took place about the year 1490, and being taken down by the Dean, are sufficient evidence of the historical accuracy of the statement.

It is my prayer to th' Apostles' King,
 He who preserves by His great power,
 That He from pain may him e'er keep,
 Thou head of Diarmad O'Cairbre.
 Thou head.

The author of this is Gormlay, daughter of Flann.¹

Melancholy earth upon the breast of Nial,
 Melancholy its depth upon his grave ;
 Neither nobility nor fame can save,
 Since that the King of the North is dead.
 Whose back is turned upon this joyful world,
 Now that his death-wound he received.
 He from the noble race of Nial is traced,
 The men who proudly governed all this land.
 I, the gentle, kind, Mac Cuilenan,² did leave,
 With Muireagan mòr I also joyful lived.
 With Nial I spent a truly happy life ;
 Bright was my honour as with him I drunk,
 Of feasts and wine I could abundance have ;
 My gold I freely gave the church.
 If any there be who heaven reach,
 How could Nial be without heaven ?
 Never have I seen one like Nial.
 Fair was he all except the knee,
 Great were his beauty and his fame,
 Soft were his locks, and grey his eye.
 Wrath grew upon the mighty deep,
 The wind in strength blew from the east,³
 Nial then bent him on his knee,

¹ Gormlay was the wife of Nial Glundubh, *Nial of the Black Knee*, who succeeded to the throne of Ireland in 916. He was of the northern O'Neills, hence called "Rìgh Tuaisgearta," or *King of the North*.

² The famous Cormac M'Cuilenan, the

King-bishop of Munster and Cashel, to whom M'Geoghagan says Gormlay was first married.

³ Nial Glundubh was killed in battle by the Danes in 919, having reigned only three years.

Stronger it blew and without fail ;
 It suffered no happiness nor peace.
 The wind never ceased its sound,
 Neither fort nor tree was spared,
 Since that the courteous king is dead.
 Since Nial ¹ Aidh's son died yesterday,
 Numbers on numbers sorely mourn ;
 And though cups and horns are filled,
 Sore is the blow to Conn's great race.
 Without him prosperity is joyless,
 His form my heart with sorrow fills,
 That I'm till judgment left behind,
 Is that which fills my heart with grief.
Melancholy.

Gormlay, daughter of Flann.²

Monk, remove thy foot,
 Lift it off the grave of Nial.
 Too long dost thou heap the earth
 On him with whom I fain would lie ;
 Too long dost thou, Monk, there
 Heap the earth on noble Nial.
 Thou brown-haired friend, though gentle,
 Press not with thy sole the earth.
 Do not firmly close the grave,
 O Priest, whose office is so sad.
 Raise off the fair, black-kneed Nial,
 Monk, remove thy foot.
 Mac O'Nial of finest gold,
 'Tis not of my will thou 'rt bound.³

¹ Nial was son of Aidh Finliath, King of Ireland. O'Flaherty mentions an elegy of Gormlay on her husband, as preserved in the Annals of Donegal.

² This is another elegy of Gormlay, Queen of Ireland, on her husband, Nial Glundubh. There is something extremely mournful in these compositions of the

youthful queen. Mr. O'Curry has kindly furnished the Editor with Irish copies of these two elegiac pieces, which he is about to publish in a second volume of his admirable Lectures.

³ Referring, undoubtedly, to the mode of laying out the dead.

Leave his stone and his grave,
 Monk, remove thy foot.
 I am Gormlay, who order keeps,
 Daughter I of Flann the bold ;
 Stand not thou upon his grave,
 Monk, remove thy foot.
 Monk.

WOUNDED thou hast been, great man,¹
 Whate'er the men were thou hast met ;
 Though thou art truly sad and sick,
 'Tis joy to us that thou'st got fame.
 Ten hundred ships from Greece of the Gael,
 While of them only three were noble,
 Thou didst attack with sharp-edged arms,
 Sore was the strife while life did last ;
 That people with their many spears ;
 They live not now who were so pure,
 Thy six nobles at last they slew,
 Many their bold deeds at thy side.
 That of thy wounds thou may'st be healed,
 I pray for thee, pray thou thyself,
 To Mary, the mother of the poor,
 My Pater and my Creed's for thee.
 Wounded.

The author of this is Phelim M'Dougall.²

'Tis not good to travel on Sunday,
 Whoever the Sabbath would keep ;

¹ The allusion in this fragment is not very clear. Celtic poetry is full of reference to Greece, whence a portion of the race are said to have come ; but what this battle with Greeks was, the Editor

cannot say. These allusions belong, without doubt, to the period when both Scotland and Ireland were brought into contact with Greek literature.

² We have here a curious specimen of

Not good to be of ill-famed race ;
 Not good is a dirty woman ;
 Not good to write without learning ;
 Not good are grapes when sour ;
 Not good is an Earl without English ;
 Not good is a sailor, if old ;
 Not good is a bishop without warrant ;
 Not good is a blemish on an elder ;
 Not good a priest with but one eye ;
 Not good a parson, if a beggar ;
 Not good is a palace without play ;
 Not good is a handmaid if she's slow ;
 Not good is a lord without a dwelling ;
 Not good is a temple without a burying ground ;
 Not good is a woman without shame ;
 Not good is a harper without a string ;
 Not good is fighting without courage ;
 Not good is entering a port without a pilot ;
 Not good is a maiden who backbites ;
 Not good is the poverty of a debtor ;
 Not good is a castle without an heir ;
 Not good is neglecting the household dogs ;
 Not good is disrespect to a father ;
 Not good is the talk of the drunken ;
 Not good is a knife without an edge ;
 Not good is injustice in judging ;
 Not good is the friendship of devils
 For thy son, oh Virgin most honoured ;
 Though he has saved the seed of Adam,
 Not good for himself was the cross.
 Not good is a reader without understanding ;
 Not good for a man to want a friend ;
 Not good is a poet without a subject ;
 Not good is a tower without a hall ;

aphoristic poetry, the idea borrowed probably from the Proverbs of Solomon. These aphorisms throw some light upon

the habits and modes of thought of the age in which they were produced.

Not good is a web without fulling ;
 Not good is sport without laughter ;
 Not good are misdeeds when prosperous ;
 Not good is marriage without consent ;
 Not good is a crown without supremacy ;
 Not good is ploughing by night ;
 Not good is learning without courtesy ;
 Not good is religion without knowledge.
 Not good.

I MYSELF, Robert, went ¹
 Yesterday to a monastery,
 And I was not allowed in,
 Because my wife was not with me.

I DISLIKE to journey for a year ;²
 I dislike the table where a woman sits ;
 I dislike sorrow and sadness ;
 I dislike a great house without joy ;
 I dislike seeing a good man with a bad wife ;
 I dislike a frown upon a prince's face ;
 I dislike weak drink at a high price ;
 I dislike a noble without courtesy ;
 I dislike war when it is peace,
 When nothing is allowed to pass ;
 I dislike a rough and cruel chief ;
 I dislike the men who cannot fight ;

¹ These lines are given as indicative of the state of public feeling at the time with respect to a great social question. The writer of these lines was manifestly no friend to monasteries, and no believer in their purity.

² We have here another specimen of aphoristic poetry. In the original the lines are in rhyme. The author's name is not given, though it is probably Phelim M'Dougall.

I dislike being long at a tune ;
 I dislike the men who grudge me food ;
 I dislike a jealous woman if unchaste ;
 I dislike the dog who cannot kill a stag ;
 I'm loath to go to Erin in the west,
 Now that Brian of the tunes is dead ;
 I dislike a widow who is not cheerful ;
 I dislike the man of melancholy mind ;
 I dislike an ill-favoured old woman,
 Whose tongue is sharp and rapid too ;
 I cannot tell to any man
 All the things that I dislike.
I dislike.

Earl Gerald.¹

Pity the man who overleaps his horse ;
 Let him that likes, my meaning understand,
 That from myself my means have taken flight ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 May my curse 'mongst women rest,
 Although for a time I mixed with them ;
 As for men who still are single,
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 That man who early is on foot,
 Cannot but many evils find ;
 Were I to tell what I have seen,
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 The man who has got a useless wife,
 Cannot do much before the foe,

¹ The following is the composition of Gerald Fitzgerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond. He is known in Ireland as Earl Gerald, the poet. There are several of his compositions scattered over the MS. ; but as they are mostly of the same character—satires on the female sex—it

has been thought that one specimen is sufficient. The Editor thought it desirable to give one of those, with a view to a fair representation of the contents of the MS., although there is not much in the composition itself to render it worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

The first milch cows that bellow loud ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 The wife who listens to my speech,
 Who listens to my voice and cry,
 Just as if wax were in her ears ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 Her husband she to wrath provokes,
 Different her manner with all else,
 For them she lightly steps about ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 Were she to see a weeping eye,
 With any youth of handsome form,
 To him she would not run but leap ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 Where is the young and sprightly maid,
 Who would not quietly give her kiss,
 To any lips that she might meet ?
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 Though married from th' altar and the church,
 From the good priest's worthy hand,
 Still are her way and temper bad ;
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women.
 'Tis best to have nought to do with women,
 Wrath and annoyance they provoke ;
 He who does not this proclaim
 Is sure to find a woe himself.
Pity.

The author of this is Andrew M'Intosh.

The coquetry of Duncan from Taid's daughter,
 The most impudent coquetry men have seen,
 The coquetry of the wife of David,
 Coquetting like the wind in her red-tailed skirts,
 Men had thought that I was dumb,
 Whilst I'd three reasons not to speak.

The author of this is the Bard M'Intyre.¹

What is this ship on Loch Inch,²
 Of which we now may speak ?
 What brought this ship on the loch,
 Which songs cannot o'erlook ?
 I would like much to ask,
 Who was it brought that ship,
 Afloat upon that angry loch,
 Where changes often come ?
 The fierce wind from the hills,
 And bitter storms from the glens,
 Oft has the vessel from the shore,
 Stolen upon the dangerous sea.
 Stranger, who sawest the ship,
 On the rough and angry stream,
 What should hinder thee to tell
 About her and about her crew ?
 An old ship without iron or stern,
 Never have we seen her like,
 The vessel all with leather patched,
 Not even beneath the waves is't tight.
 Her boards are trifling bits of deals,
 Black patches down along her sides,
 Useless nails to fix them on
 Upon her scanty, stinted ribs.
 What woman cargo is in the black ship

¹ Nothing is known of this poet. The modern M'Intyre, the bard of Glenurchy, has a place second to none among the composers of Gaelic poetry ; but it would appear that there was an older poet of the name, and one not unknown to fame. Four hundred years may produce no little change in the place which not a few men of note in our day hold in the temple of fame, and greater stars than the bard M'Intyre may have their lustre dimmed by time. He is another writer of

satires on women, a kind of composition wonderfully popular, judging from our MS. at the period. We only give a few specimens of these, but there are several in the miscellany, and some of a character which, in modern days, one wonders the Dean could have admitted to his collection.

² The only loch of this name with which the Editor is acquainted is Loch Inch, on the Spey, in Badenoch.

Pulling her on betwixt the waves,
 The cargo heartless and senseless too ?
 Widows of a foolish mind,
 A boasting, talkative crew,
 A load vexatious and bad,
 Quarrelsome and covetous,
 Of evil minds and evil deeds.
 Their ways and conversation bad,
 A band of well-known fame,
 No substance in what they say,
 Drunken, singing, with levity,
 A band ill-shapen, mischievous,
 Who live by both sides of Loch Inch.
 In spite of thee and of their ship
 On the stormy sea's dun face,
 No good woman could take that ship,
 However pressing the constraint.
 The worst of women go to sea,
 Others cannot give them help.
 Let this ship be driven from the loch,
 Down to the fierce and roaring deep,
 Let the wind pursue the ship,
 To the old point of Seananach.
 There will I leave upon the stream,
 The ill-favoured, ill-doing ship,
 Of wicked widows full on the sea,
 Without a psalm or creed e'er said,
What.

THE fame of the house of Dunolly, little favour where they drive a herd.¹

This brute is much like a dog, greedy aye for stolen flesh.

¹ These satirical lines on the family of Dunolly are given as a specimen of the strain indulged in at times by the bards, to gratify their animosity against hostile clans. It need hardly be added, that the

Macdougalls of Lorn were a race as distinguished for the antiquity of their descent, as for the high character of many of the name.

The author of this is John M'Murich.¹

Sad to me's my fate,
Though men don't understand,
Suffer not, Son of God,
Me to have pain to-day.
Little thought the school
That such should be my fate,
The fate which me o'ertook,
'Tis it has me destroyed.
The pain in it I have,
Is threefold what I've felt,
The trouble I have found
Is weighted with a stone.
For her who caused my grief,
My wrath and rage are great.
Her skin like froth of waves,
Ruddy and soft her hand,
Her lips like berries red,
My soul she gently seized.
Since I slept last night,
Sad indeed my state.
I thought she was beside me,
That I saw her smile.
She's not been since the day,
When began my grief.
She of curling locks,
And colour richly red,
Five jewels in a knot,
In the maiden's name.

¹ This John M'Muirich, or M'Vurrich, was in all likelihood a member of the family who were so long bards to Clan-ranald, and who derived their name from their great ancestor in the thirteenth century, Muireach Albanach. A list of the names of these bards is given for

eight generations by Lachlan, who lived in 1800, in his declaration, as given in the Report of the Highland Society on Ossian, but it does not embrace this John. The piece is chiefly interesting from the historical references at the close.

Pity she's not with me,
 And others have her not.
 That I myself might get
 For evermore that friend.
 Were I to suffer from,
 What other men have felt,
 The spear of great Cuchullin,
 The horse of white-steed Teague,
 The purple shield unbroken,
 Famous all in war ;
 The speed of Mac Erc's coursers,
 Though much it is to say,
 Alas, more sad for me
 The trouble I endure.

Duncan M'Pherson.¹

Alexander, hast thou left thy sadness,
 Or is it so that thou canst not ?
 Hast thou without God passed another year,
 Or dost thou mean to live thus ever ?
 Hast thou not found thy God,
 Now that thou'rt aged and grey ?
 If sadness be prosperity,
 Rich are the gifts thou'st got from God.

FOUR men met at the grave,²
 The grave of Alexander the great ;
 They spoke the words of truth,

¹ This writer was probably an ecclesiastic, but nothing is known of him.

² This composition is one of the few of the more recent fragments in this MS. which appear elsewhere. We have a copy of it in the collection of Gaelic

poems made by Ronald M'Donald, school-master of Eigg, son of Alexander M'Donald, the famous Skye bard. M'Donald's edition was most likely taken down from oral recitation, and it is remarkable how little it differs from this of the Dean's, 250 years before.

Over the hero of Greece the fair.
The first man of them said,
"There were yesterday with the king,
The world's great hosts, sad the tale,
Though to-day he lonely lies."
"Yesterday the world's great king
Proudly rode upon the earth ;
But to-day it is the earth
That rides upon the top of him."
Then did the third wise speaker say,
"Yesterday Philip's son owned the world ;
But to-day he only owns
Of it all not seven feet."
"Alexander, brave and great,
Who won and treasured gold and silver,
To-day," the fourth man wisely said,
"The gold it is that treasures him."
The palm among trees was Philip's son,
The moon among the lesser stars,
As gold above the finest gems,
As among fish leviathan.
The lion amidst carrion,
The eagle among other birds,
As Sion hill amidst the hills,
As Jordan amidst other streams.
The polished gem 'mongst common stones,
The sea amidst all lesser streams,
Noble was the fearless man,
The man above all other men.
The man above all other men,
Save heaven's great and holy King.
King he was of herds and boars,
Ruler of hosts and heroes too.
True was the talk these speakers had,
As at the great king's grave they met.
Unlike to women's empty talk,
Were the sayings of the four.

Four.

John M'Murrich said this.

The men of Albin, and not they alone,
Unless that M'Gregor survived,
How much wrath would them destroy !
All excellence in Alexander.¹

Finlay, the red-haired bard, said this.²

Gael-like is every leap of the dun horse,
A Gael she is in truth.
It is she who conquers and wins,
In all that I'll now sing.
The praise of speed to her limbs,
In every fierce assault.
Marked, and famous her strength,
While quiet at the house of prayer.
The birds are they who could,
Strive with her in the race.
Not false is the fame of that horse,
The steed both sturdy and swift,
Liker she was to Duseivlin,³
Than to the beast of Lamacha.⁴
They who would view her size and triumphs,
Can nowhere find her match.

¹ Alexander was a family name of the Macgregors of Glenstrae. In the obituary contained in this MS. is the following entry :—1526. Obitus Gregorii filii Johannis M'Gregor, alias M'Evine M'Al-lester de Glenscray. This would indicate the period of Alexander as about the middle of the fifteenth century.

² This Finlay is the author of several pieces in this miscellany. He is apparently the Finlay M'Nab to whom another composition is attributed, and is called in one place "Am bard maith," *The*

good poet. He seems to have been the family bard of M'Gregor, the praise of whose horse he here proclaims in most poetic strains.

³ Duseivlin was one of the famous steeds of the Feinn.

⁴ The beast of Lamacha, "Aidhre an Lamacha," is entirely unknown to the Editor. The animal is called "Beisd," *a beast*, in a subsequent part of the poem. It must have been some animal famous in the country for its ugliness.

Just like the wheeling of the mountain winds,
Is the action of the prancing steed.
Hundreds admire her paces,
Like one in frenzy passing.
Like the point of an arrow this horse,
Famous are all her doings.
Bands of the great witness her course,
As with speed she rushes.
Though far before her stands the groom,
No blunderer is her rider.
Few are the words would tell her praise,
Like birds on wing her movements.
Her triumphs and paces the same,
Whether 'mong rocks or bogs she moves.
Before that horse all men do fear,
When she comes in the trappings of war.
In the troop, the hunt, or the conflict,
That horse a noble horse is.
That horse is all full of spirit,
As fameworthy she follows the banner.
That wave-like steed, hardy and keen,
Will win for her rider the praise of men.
Forth from her stall she takes the lead,
That gentle, great, and active horse.
She will triumph in speed and slaughter,
Till that the day in evening sinks.
Ready to treasure the girdle of gold,¹
The field with violence shakes.
Startling, rounded, bright, well shod,
Gentle, broad-backed, coloured well.
A horse of such great fame as this,
I long had heard that they possessed.
Where was ever found her match,
Not he, the beast of Lamacha.
Mac Gregor 's the master of that horse,

¹ The girdle of gold would seem to have been the prize conferred upon the victor in a race.

Prince of the house to poets free.
 From Banva men do come to praise,
 To Albion they do come to seek,
 The man who robs from the Saxon,
 And e'er puts his trust in the Gael.

Finlay the red-haired bard.

I am a stranger long to success,
 'Tis time that I should have it.
 'Tis time now to desist,
 From satire justly due.
 The way that I shall take,
 To seek a noble branch,
 Is to the Prince of the Gael,
 Where are no worthless guests.
 To Mac Gregor the brave,
 Head of all the schools;¹
 He's neither cruel nor sparing,
 To praise him is our duty.
 To whom courage is a right;
 When summer time comes round,
 Peace he never knows,
 He's in the throat of all his fellows.
 When men of him do speak,
 As Gregor of the blows,
 'Tis his delight to drive,
 Flocks and herds before him.
 Of that flock John's² the head,

¹ The schools of the bards. Many Highland bards at this period were trained in Ireland, of which these poems bear evident marks.

² In his obituary the Dean enters at 1519, May 24-26, death of John dubh Mac Gregor of Glenstrae, at Stronmeloch-

ane. He was buried in Dysart (Glenurchy), north of the great altar, in a stone coffin, upon the 26th of May 1519, on which day there was a great mourning in Glenurchy. The Elizabeth afterwards mentioned was probably the wife of this chief.

The king at lifting cattle,
I myself will sing,
Mouth with mouth at daybreak.
When his sharp-armed men see,
Mac Gregor at the Bealach,¹
His way so gently soft,
No weight to them their burdens.
Then when war arises,
Proclaimed in enemies' hearts,
It is to him they'd gather,
Clothed in martial dress.
'Tis of Mac Gregor's fame,
When fighting's left behind.
To men not to be cruel,
His castle full of mirth ;
When victory I had left
Upon the field of war,
When of the fight I spoke,
Nought loved my patron more.
Though sad, on the stormy lake,
To tell men of my grief,
To have a crew of mariners,
Is best in battle's day.
Remember I'll be with thee,
Mac Gregor without stain,
In face of any foe,
Long, long's the time.
Gentle Elizabeth,
Change thou my state ;
Woman of softest locks,
And of the loftiest brow.

I am.

¹ " Bealach," the modern " Tay-mouth," was, with the territory around, in possession of the M'Gregors down to

about 1490, when it passed by Royal charter into the possession of the Knights of Glenurchy.

The author of this is Duncan Mac Cailein, the good knight.¹

Who is now chief of the beggars,
 Since the famous man is dead ?
 Tears flow fast for the man,
 For beggary has lost its strength.
 The orphan is in a piteous case,
 Beggary's gone since Lachlan's death.
 In every homestead this is sad,
 That beggary should want for knowledge.
 If he be dead, I've never heard,
 Of one that could compare with Lachlan,
 Since God created man at first;
 It is a source of bitter grief,
 That without mother or a father,
 Poor beggary should be so weak.
 Since that Bretin's son is dead,
 Why should I not mourn his loss ?
 There is no man now on earth
 Who can beg as he could do.
 Since Lachlan the importunate's dead,
 Great's the grief that is in Erin.
 Who will now beg a little purse ?
 Who will even beg a needle ?
 Who will beg a worthless coin ?
 Since that rough-palmed Lachlan's dead.
 Who will beg a pair of brogues,
 And then will beg a pair of buckles ?
 Who will beg a shoulder plaid ?
 Whose begging now will give us sport ?

¹ This poet is generally supposed, by those who have seen the Dean's MS., to have been Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, one of the most distinguished of the ancestors of the present noble family of Breadalbane. There are several pieces in the MS. attributed to him. These

are remarkable for caustic humour, indulged in in several cases at the expense of the female sex. He almost uniformly receives the title of "An Ridir maith," *The good Knight*. The present piece is a strange satirical elegy on a miser.

Who will beg soles for his shoes ?
Who will ask a peacock's feather ?
Who will beg an eye for his belt ?
Who will mix in any mischief ?
Who will beg an old felt hat ?
Who will beg a book to read ?
Who will beg an early meal ?
Who is it wears arms with his dress ?
Who will beg for boots and spurs ?
Who is it will beg for bristles ?
Who will beg for sids and meal ?
Who will beg a sheaf of rye ?
Who will ask a sporran spoon ?
Who will gather without shame ?
Since Lachlan the hero is dead.
Who will now afford us sport ?
Who will beg for maidens' shifts,
Since old shoe'd Lachlan is dead ?
Sad the fate that he should die,
Who will ask men for a rullion ?
Who will steal the servant's feather,
And who is it can't tell the truth ?
Who likes to travel in a boat,
And likes his old friends to visit ?
Who will beg the hen with her eggs ?
Who will beg a brood of chickens ?
Who will ask the hen's overplus,
After a handful of money ?
Who will beg a headless pin ?
Who can read as he can do ?
That Lachlan should leave no heir,
Is that which mournful makes his death.
Who will beg for a hook and line ?
Who will seek for open doors ?
Who will beg for unboiled rennet ?
Who will beg for anything ?
Who won't give a penny to the poor,

And yet e'en from the naked begs?
 Who would oppress the very child,
 And is cruel to the infant?
 Who would beg for wool and butter,
 That they may have it, after Lachlan?
 Who would beg a woman's collar?
 Who is it likes a dirty heap?
 Who would beg from young women,
 From little dogs and weasels?
 Who would take the fire from an infant?
 Who would steal e'en the dead?
 Who is sick when he is well?
 Who on his gruel begs for butter?
 More sad for me than this man's death,
 Is that he has left no heir.
 For fear that beggary should die,
 And none be found to keep it up.
 Do not ye forget the man,
 Men of the earth, do ye,
 Each of you for himself make rhymes,
 My malison on him that won't.
 If Lachlan died on Monday last,
 Every man will joyful be.
 Sad it is that for his death,
 None there is who will lament.
 Who is now.

Gormlay, daughter of Flann, the good wife.

Alas! alas! my own great pain,
 Alas! that I've my beauty lost,
 To-night sore is my wound,
 Since that Mac O'Neill is dead.
 Alas! to want the son of Dervail,
 Alas! my fate now left behind,

Guaire's hospitality is nought,
 Erin's a desert without him.
 Alas! for the good king of Banva,
 How fair thy form down to this night,
 Since he, my life, in battle died,
 Nought will I say but alas! alas!
Alas!

The author of this is Duncan M'Cabe.¹

M'Dougall of bright armour,
 A noble chief's thy famous son,
 All that I think is true
 Of thy fair-formed, prudent child.
 'T were better that thy fair head
 Were now exposed than mine, kind friend.
 Duncan Carrach² is his name,
 A name that triumphed ever.
 Duncan of bravest deeds,
 Remember thy first honoured name;
 Son of Allan,³ do not merit,
 Reproach thy race did ne'er deserve.
 Since now that thou art so well known,
 With every reason to esteem thee,
 To thee is given the foremost place,
 Since thou the favourite art of all.

¹ We know nothing of this poet. The name is a rare one, although still existing in the Highlands. He would appear to have been a family bard of the Macdougalls of Dunolly.

² In the Dean's chronicle of deaths, contained in this MS., is the following entry in Latin:—1512, Jul. 13. The death of Duncan M'Dougall, who was slain A.D. 1512, who was the son and heir of Alexander M'Dougall of Dunolly; and Duncan was buried in Ardchattan 13th July.

"Carrach" means a *scald head*, from which he seems to have got his name in childhood. The poet refers to his head as now more smooth than his own.

³ In Innes' Orig. Par. vol. ii. part 1, p. 115, it is said, on the authority of the Acts of Council, that, in 1478, Colin Earl of Ergile was sued by Alane Sorlesone M'Cowle for warrandice of the lands of Lereage and Wouchtrouch, etc. This is probably the Alan referred to by the bard.

True it is thou art indeed
 The man to take the richest spoil.
 Like a bull that's fierce for fight,
 'Tis thus thou goest to make war.
 'Tis thou who traversest Cruachan,¹
 Casting thy spear beneath its knolls.
 Thy fame is as that of the leopard,
 Thou art Duncan of Durinis.
 Thou quellest quick thy foe,
 Thou stainest both hands with blood.
 Thou cheerest us when we are weary,
 Thou art the source of all our joy.
 He is the man whom 'tis easiest
 In song like mine to praise,
 Which among heroes I compose,—
 The generous dragon of Connal.²
 Other fame belongs to him,
 The art that is in his gun.
 The bravery and skill of Erin
 Bound firmly up in all his blows.
 Whatever skill a king's son has,
 That he has, with no defect.
 The purest speech has come to him,
 This will in thy son be found.
 Now I see thee raise the tax,
 Truly out of every homestead,
 Noble king of bravest deeds,
 Descendant of that martial race.
Macdougall.

¹ "Ben Cruachan," the highest mountain in Lorn, the ancient territory of the clan Dougall.

² Connal Ferry, the remarkable narrow

at the mouth of Loch Etive, where the stream at times becomes a salt-water cascade. The name "Connal," "Conthuil," means a *roaring stream*.

The author of this is John M'Ewen M'Eacharn.¹

A mournful cry amongst Conn's² race,
 Heavy indeed is now their loss ;
 As every one now follows John,
 Silent they can't be at his grave.
 What grief did ever them o'ertake,
 The race of Conn ne'er honour lost.
 For John each man does weep,
 Necessity leads us to his grave ;
 Sad is the land because of thy death,
 Son of the noble race from Allan.
 Great is our grief as thee we mourn,
 Few are the men that shed not tears.
 Sorely has it touched us all,
 Grievous the tale that John is dead.
 Tidings from the Dun went through the land,
 The stranger now does o'er us rule.
 Changeful the world down till John's death,
 Now they rise not to the fray ;
 Since then indeed thy race is sad,
 This grief now has them sorely wounded.
 'Tis grief to them that thou art thus,
 Clan Dougall mourn for their great chief ;
 The conflict of their grief is long,
 The tale which now is told is grievous ;
 Thou messenger who brought the news,
 God made thee messenger of evil ;

¹ We have no written or traditional account of this poet. He was manifestly one of the bards of the clan Dougall. The difficulty of deciphering the Dean's writing is in this case increased by the peculiar measure of the composition, which is one of those well known to Irish scholars, and where the accentuation is in accordance with the Irish mode. The Editor does not pretend to have de-

ciphered every line with perfect accuracy, but he is pretty well assured of having caught the meaning of the poet throughout.

² The clan Dougall, as well as the cognate clan Donald, were held by the bards to have descended from "Conn Cend chatha," *Conn of the hundred battles*, King of Ireland.

Ere men thy tidings did recite,
Pity they had not lost their ears.
The abundance of my racking grief
Has almost my eyesight ta'en away ;
No feeble mourning is 't for John,
Tears for him I cannot shed ;
Mourning for our buried prince,
The death of Macdougall of Dunolly.
His was the form of Conn's great race,
Like a nut kernel, fair and rounded ;
His death has been a grievous breach,
The very waves sing his lament.
Above the beach,¹ since John has died,
No ceasing is there of men's sorrow ;
Men speak not even now of joy,
Since that this grief has on them seized ;
Bitter sorrow has them filled,
No word of sport, of music none ;
That way is called the sacred way,
That from the beach leads to the grave.
So do men thus mourn their loss,
And women too, who loved thee well.
Shall I from thy soft locks have honour ?
In place of it I have but ruin.
I mourn as on thy grave I stand,
All I see makes me lament ;
Women will not leave thy grave,
So truly heavy is their sorrow.
Raise up a tomb for our fair prince,
Let it be wide as Cruachan's cell,
That men may see by what they do,
How heavily on them weighs their grief.
The clan with weeping do thee mourn,
Their soul is sad, they cannot sleep.
Dougall's race before thy death,

¹ The Macdougalls of Dunolly buried at the old Priory of Ardchattan, on the banks of Loch Etive.

Never did fear the face of foe.
Chieftain, thy death has come on them,
'T would be no boast to rule them now.
Not few the women at John's grave,
Pouring their tears from day to day ;
Of women bands even by night,
With bare heads gathering on the plain ;
No wonder is 't that they should mourn,
Because of John of brightest fame.
No day can pass but hearts are full
Of this sad tale, that wakes our mourning.
I care not though 't be thus with them,
Though they should feel what I don't like ;
Thy death for us is ill to bear,
Sore the state to which it brings us ;
I stand amidst the gloom of death,
No word is there of wonted song ;
My heart is truly rent in twain,
As we speak of his departure ;
Never were we thus before,
That it is grief to ask, how fares he ;
'Tis cause of sorrow that he is absent,
I mourn that he is no more with us ;
Now that he sleeps in his cold grave,
'Tis melancholy what men feel to tell ;
They cannot cease from shedding tears,
Castle and cottage both in sorrow ;
The rising tide has swept o'er hills,
So for John do mourn his comrades ;
Yet there's no heaving of the sea,
Not of the boisterous sea at Connal ;¹
For thou art mourned, great chief of Conn,
In all the borders of clan Dougall ;
The land for thee does seem to weep,
Loud is the cry, with much distress,
From the musicians of Dougall's race,

¹ Connal Ferry, on Loch Etive.

The learned men, and leading bards.
 On John's grave lies a heavy stone,
 'Tis grief to me to tell the story ;
 Far otherwise than Neil¹ would wish,
 Does every scandal now appear ;
 Have they no care to see his grave,
 Since that John has overcome them ?
 The race of Conn are now but few,
 Since death has ta'en away Macdougall ;
 No pleasure in the violin's sounds,
 Nor writing poetry without him ;
 Poetry brings no honour now,
 Since death has seized the son of Mary ;
 Few are the mouths that now can tell,
 How commanding is her privilege,
 Now that on their backs are laid,
 Both the heads of the clan Dougall ;
 That John's great power I do not find
 Soon after losing John his father ;
 May God preserve thy noble nature,
 Who wisdom learned from thy Isla² teacher ;
 Horses can't insure a triumph,
 Men must leave them, and depart ;
 After the three, our loss is great,
 My heart, in truth, can find no comfort ;
 Mournful in youth to see such loss,
 Death has seized two Johns and Alexander ;³

¹ There is considerable obscurity about these lines. It would serve to elucidate the meaning if we knew of any feud between this chief and the clan Neil, or any person of the name of Neil belonging to any other Highland clan. The Editor has not been able to find any information on this subject.

² The original here is indistinct. The word "noid illeich," made "an oide Ilich," may be "nord Illeich," or "an uird Ilich, *The Isla order*, meaning some ecclesiastical order in Isla, by whom he

was educated, or it may refer to the weapons of war for which Isla was famous.

³ Alexander was Laird of Dunolly in 1493; Greg. High. p. 83. His son Duncan Carrach was slain young; Dean's Obit. Greg. Ed. In Innes' Orig. Par. vol. ii. pt. i. p. 114, we find that, in 1451, Stewart Lord of Lorn granted to John M'Alan of Lorn, called M'Cowle, and to John Keir ("ciar," *dark*), his eldest son and heir, etc., twenty-nine marklands of the island of Caruvray, etc. These are pro-

Alexander, whom no restraint could bind,
 That I of him should also tell ;
 Thy breast was stout to the rushing wave,
 Thy body now ! alas my sorrow ;
 Never do ye seek again
 That John's young heir should go to battle ;
 That he should stand 'midst battle's storm,
 Lest soon he come to his long grave.

The author of this is Finlay M'Nab.

The sluggard's Book of Poems,¹
 If 't were your wish to write in it,
 Among what they have left you 'll find
 Enough wherewith to fill it.
 Though many the men there be,
 Who cruelly the people oppress,
 Never will these be found,
 Honoured in famous songs.
 Of all the fruits of sluggards,
 Though there be of them a thousand,
 The house in which these do meet,
 They ne'er can by any means reach.
 They are both gentle and simple,
 Dressed in their Sunday coats ;
 And yet of all their productions,
 It happens we never can hear.
 I won't their genealogy tell,
 Of their history nothing I know,

bably the two Johns and Alexander of our bard. This holding of the Stewarts may explain the bard's reference to the rule of the stranger.

¹ The word "duanaire," here used in the original, means "a miscellany of poetical compositions." The Dean's MS. is a "duanaire," but not a "duanaire

nan strangair," for the Dean seems to have been a most industrious compiler. This piece of M'Nab's is a satire on lazy composers or compilers. It is valuable as showing that the ancient bards wrote their compositions. The number of such books must have been large, although during the course of centuries they seem to have perished with few exceptions.

But that they are out at evening,
 Followed close by their hounds.
 Dugall, thou art their fellow,
 John's son of the polished blade,
 In whom flows the sluggard's blood,
 Write thou in the Book of Poems.
 Write knowingly, intelligently,
 Write their history and their life;
 Don't bring a poem on the earth,
 To have it read by Mac Cailein.
 Remember this my claim on thee,
 Gregor, as thou hast heard
 That I have as an obligation,
 All thine to put in the Book of Poems.
 Let there be nothing in this poem
 Of priests or of tenantry;
 But nothing of this band there is,
 Which is not in the Book of Poems.
The sluggard's.

The author of this is Eafrie M'Corqudale.¹

Jewel,² who has roused my grief,
 Beloved hast thou been of me,
 Beloved that joyous, generous heart,
 Which thou hadst until this night.
 Thy death has filled me with grief,
 The hand round which I lived so long,
 That I hear not of its strength,
 And that I saw it not depart;
 That joyful mouth of softest sounds,
 Well was it known in every land.

¹ This poetess seems to have been the wife of the last M'Neil of Castle Sween. The name M'Corqudale is common in Kintyre.

² The word "paidrein," derived from "Paidir," *The Lord's Prayer*, really means a *rosary*.

Lion of Mull, with its white towers,
 Hawk of Isla, with its smooth plains,
 Shrewdest of all the men we knew,
 Whom guest ne'er left without a gift.
 Prince of good men, gentle, kind,
 Whose mien was that of a king's son,
 Guests came to thee from Dunanoir,¹
 Guests from the Boyne² for lordly gifts.
 Truth it is they often came,
 Not oftener than gave thee joy.
 Shapely falcon of Sliabh Gael,³
 Protection to the bards thou gav'st,
 Dragon of Lewis of sandy slopes,
 Glad as the whisper of a stream ;
 The loss of but a single man
 Has left me lonely, now he's gone.
 No sport, no pleasing song,
 No joy, nor pleasure in the feast ;
 No man whom I can now love,
 Of Nial's race down from Nial òg ;⁴
 Among our women there's no joy,
 Our men no pleasure have in sport,
 Just like the winds when it is calm,
 So without music is Dun Sween.⁵
 See the palace of a generous race,
 Vengeance is taken on clan Neil,
 The cause of many a boastful song,
 And will till they lay us in the grave ;

¹ Dunanoir was a castle on the island of Cape Clear, on the south-west coast of Ireland. See *Miscell. of Celt. Soc.* p. 143.

² The river Boyne. From Dunanoir to the Boyne included all Ireland.

³ Sliabh Ghaidheael, a range of hills in Kintyre.

⁴ In Innes' *Orig. Par.* vol. ii. pt. i. p. 41, we find that Hector M'Torquil Mac Neil was constable of Castle Sween in 1472. In 1481 the office and lands were

conferred on Colin Earl of Argyle. Between these two periods M'Neil would appear to have died, leaving no heir in the direct line.

⁵ Castle Sween is an ancient stronghold at the mouth of Loch Sween in Knapdale, said to take its name from Sween of Argyle, who flourished in the thirteenth century ; but the Irish annalists make mention of it at a much earlier period. It was probably a stronghold of the Dalriadic monarchs.

And now 'tis hard to bear, alas !
 That we should lose on every side.
 Didst thou, son of Adam, crush
 Any cluster of three nuts,
 It is to him thou lovest most
 The largest third of them thou 'dst give.
 Thus of their husk the topmost nut,
 Does to clan Neil, ungrudged, belong.
 The bountiful have often poured
 Their gifts on the dwelling of clan Neil.
 The prince, who was the last of all,
 Is he who me with gloom has filled.
 In half my purpose I have failed,
 Jewel, who has roused my grief.
 Broken my heart is in my breast,
 And so 't will be until I die ;
 Left by that black and noble eyelid,
 Jewel, who hast roused my grief.
 Mary, mother, foster-mother of the king,
 Protect thou me from every shaft ;
 And thou, her Son, who all things mad'st.
 Jewel, who hast roused my grief.
Jewel.

The author of this is Dougall Mac Gille glas.¹

Bold as a prince is John² in each gathering,
 'T were long to sing his race's glory ;
 Of this there is no doubt 'mong men,
 That he is the first of the race of kings.
 Mac Gregor of the bravest deeds,

¹ This poet was probably a M'Gregor.

² In the Dean's Obits, as already quoted, we find that, in 1519, died John Dow M'Patrick M'Gregor of Glenstray, at Stronmelochan. He was apparently

the subject of this laudatory ode. He is called grandson of Malcolm. Accordingly, we find among the Dean's Obits, that Malcolm M'Gregor, son and heir to John M'Gregor of Glenstray, died in 1498.

Is the boldest chief in any land ;
 Between his gold and Saxons' spoil,
 Well may he live in ease and peace.
 Choice for courage of the Grecian Gael,
 Whose meed of praise shall ne'er decay,
 Abounding in charity and love,
 Known in the lands of the race of kings.¹
 White-toothed falcon of the three glens,²
 With whom we read the bravest deeds,
 The boldest arm 'midst fight of clans,
 Best of the chiefs from the race of kings.
 When on Mac Phadrick of ruddy cheeks,
 Wrath in battle's hour awaked,
 The men who with him share the fight
 Are never safe amidst its blows.
 Grandson to Malcom of bright eyes,
 Whom none could leave but felt their loss,
 The generous, gentle, shapely youth,
 The readiest hand when aught's to do.
 The race of Gregor stand round John,
 Not as a weak one is their blow ;
 The famous race without a fault,
 Round him like a fence they stand.
 Clan Gregor who show no fear,
 Even when with the king they strive,
 Though brave Gael may be the foe,
 That they count of little weight.
 Gael or Saxon are the same,
 To these brave men of kingly race,
 Sons of Gregor bold in fight,
 Bend not before the fiercest foe.
 Prince³ of the host of generous men,

¹ The original is "sliochd an row," or "an rudha." It is translated as if the word were "righe," *kings* ; but the Editor is in doubt if this be the word meant.

² The M'Gregor's glens were Glenurchay, Glendochart, and Glenlyon.

³ "Braineau," the word here translated *prince*, is the ancient Gaelic form of the Welsh "Brenhin," a *king*. The word is now obsolete in the Highlands.

To Gregor of golden bridles, heir,
 Pity the men whom you may spoil,
 Worse for them who you pursue.
 Chief of Glen Lyon of the blades,
 Shield and benefactor of the Church,
 His arm like Oscar's in the fight,
 To whom in all things he is like.
 Kindness mantles on his red cheek,
 Thy praise he justly wins, ungrudged ;
 Benevolence when to men he shows,
 Horses and gold he freely gives.
 Mac Gregor of the noble race,
 No wonder though bards should fill thy court ;
 To his white breast there is no match,
 But he so famous 'mong the Feinn.
 Three fair watches him surround,
 Never as captives were his men ;
 His arm in battle's struggle strong,
 Well did he love to hunt the deer.
 In mien and manners he was like
 The king who ruled amongst the Feinn.
 Mac Gregor of the spoils, his fortune such
 That choicest men do covet it.
 Good and gentle is his blue eye,
 He's like Mac Cumhail of liberal horn,
 Like when giving us his gold,
 Like when bestowing gifts on bards,
 Like in wooing or in hunt,
 To the Cu Caird¹ among the Feinn.
 Fortune attends the race of kings,
 Their fame and wisdom both are great,
 Their bounty, prudence, charity,
 Are knit to them, the race of kings,

¹ "Cu ceaird," *The artificer's dog*, is an old name for Cuchullin. It is said in Ireland to have originated in Cuchullin having killed the watch-dog of Cullin,

artificer to King Cormac ; whereupon he undertook to watch himself, and hence obtained the name of Cullin's dog, or Cuchullin, also "Cu ceaird."

Wine and wax and honey,
 These, with the stag-hunt, their delight.
 Famous the actions of John's clan,
 Like to the sons of the Fenian king ;
 John himself was like to Finn,
 First and chief 'mongst all his men.
 Though many sought to have Finn's power,
 'Mongst those who fought against the Feinn,
 On Patrick's son fortune attends,
 His enemies he has overcome.
 Mac Gregor who destroys is he,
 Bountiful friend of Church and bards.
 Of handsome form, of women loved,
 He of Glenstray of generous men.
 Easy 't is to speak of John,
 His praise to raise loud in the song,
 Giving his horses and his gold,
 Just as a king should freely give.
 King of Heaven, Mary virgin,
 Keep me as I should be kept ;
 To the great city fearless me bring
 Where dwells the Father of the king.
Bold.

FOND¹ are men of being high-born,
 Whatever their wealth may be ;
 Great scorn of the illegitimate,
 Who seek to approach the king.
 Hear me, though ye may mock,
 Ye race of commons and gentles,
 The number of famous chiefs,

¹ This is a curious fragment, and is of interest from the references in it to the Highland clans. The writer, who towards the close gives his name as Maol-

domhnaich, *Servus Domini*, was apparently the illegitimate son of some man of note, and was in all likelihood a Maclean.

Who go to make up my fame.
I'm of the blood of clan Dougal,
A race of unquestioned right ;
But brave and bold though they be,
'Tis not of them I've my all.
My kinsman is Mac Chailein,
Who freely gives gold to the bards ;
Why should I be sorrowful,
My native place is in Earla.¹
My native place is in Earla,
Clan Donald lie off to the west ;
My dwelling is with clan Gillean,
The men who in battle can fight.
Mac Phee of Colonsay,
No stranger is he to my race,
And Mac Niel of Barray,
Of pure and gentle descent.
Mac Nee I also remember,
And also the powerful Mac Sween,
Clan Leod and clan Ranald,
Chiefs from whom I descend.
Cattanachs and Mac Intoshes,
They too are among my friends ;
The Camerons and clan Gregor,
The men from Breadalbane who come.
Stewarts, though widely they be
Scattered throughout the whole earth,
Old, certain, swift-footed the tale,
That of them was my father's grandmother.
In Balquhiddar and Breadalbane,
My friends are numerous found ;
Kindly men in bringing aid,
These are my kindred true.
Clan Lauchlan and clan Lamond,
Clan Neil, who learn feats of war ;

¹ There is, between Tobermory and Aros in Mull, a place marked in the

maps Arile. This was probably the residence of our bard.

Friends of mine are clan Tavish,
 'Midst their green hills and their braes.
 These little vigorous men,
 Who dwell in the straths of the land,
 I visit M'Dougal of Craignish,
 I've a friend besides in Mac Ivor.
 Gillean who has come from Mull,
 Woman from the race of mariners,
 Never did compass the earth,
 The man whom she did not attract.
 Faithful and steadfast friend,
 Chief who was kind to Maol Donich,
 In the liking which this man has,
 No man more favour could get.
Fond.

The author of this is the Baron Ewen M'Omie.¹

Long do I feel my lying here,
 My health to me is a stranger ;
 Fain would I pay my health's full price,
 Were mine the numerous spoils.
 A spoil of white-haired, heavy cows,
 A spoil of cows for drink or feasting,
 I'd give besides the heavy bull,
 If for my cure I had the price.
 The herds and flocks of Mannanan,²
 The sword and horn of Mac Cumhail,
 The trumpet of Manallan³ I'd give,

¹ The Editor has not been able to identify the author of this poetical complaint. During the existence of baronies, with their bailies or local judges, the number of barons or baron bailies in the Highlands must have been large. Of this class was most likely our poet.

² An ancient Celtic hero, from whom

the Isle of Man takes its name, as well as the district in Scotland called Slamannan.

³ The Editor has not been able to obtain any account of this person. There is a contraction over the second *a* in the MS., which makes the reading doubtful.

And the quiver of Cuchullin,
 Ir, Evir, and Eireamon,¹
 And were I to possess them,
 The harp of Curcheoil,² which hid men's grief,
 The shield of the King of Golnor.²
 Lomond's³ ship of greatest fame,
 Had I it upon the strand,
 All I've seen I'd freely give,
 Ere as now I'd long remain.
 Long to me appears the coming
 Of Alexander Mac Intosh,
 That my disease he might drive away,
 And thus I might no longer lie.
 Long.

No Author.⁴

For the race of Gael, from the land of Greece
 There is no place where they can rest;
 Doubtless thou would'st much prefer
 To raise the Gaelic race on high.
 Now that thou risest 'gainst the Saxon,
 Let not thy rising be a soft one;
 Have your swords with sharpened blades,

¹ The three sons of Milidh of Spain, from whom the Milesian races are descended, according to Celtic story.

² The Editor can give no account of these names. The traditions respecting them seem to have perished.

³ A famous Celtic hero, from whom Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond are said to derive their names.

⁴ There is a portion of the beginning of this ode wanting, and we have no means of knowing who the poet was. A reference to the history of the time, and the names introduced into the poem, however, suggest very emphati-

cally the occasion of it. It is addressed to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, Chancellor of Scotland, who was killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513. The Saxons assailed so virulently by the poet are, in all likelihood, not the Lowland Scotch but the English, and the poem is probably a "Brosnachadh catha," or incitement to the rising of the Scotch, and particularly the Argyle men, previous to the disastrous battle of Flodden. This invests the fragment with peculiar historical interest. There seems not to be much of the poem wanting, probably only a few lines.

Let your spears stand by your sides,
 Let us not forsake our country,
 Let us fiercely, bravely fight.
 It is said by the Gael of Banva,¹
 Our fathers did the tale repeat,
 And I have heard there was a time,
 Long ago, that Innis Aingin²
 Was ruled by the Fomorian³ race,
 Who raised from it a heavy tax.
 Thus for a while the Saxons have
 Our country burdened heavily;
 And now each clan is full of fear,
 And we are plunged in grievous doubt.
 But now that a gathering's begun,
 There's need that chiefs should rouse them up;
 For with them, 'tis my opinion,
 We will share a common fate.
 Who is the man, whom we can tell,
 Will from the Saxon save the Gael?
 Who in our day has won much fame,
 And whose house is truly noble?
 Know a man, were he but willing,
 Of whom we readily might tell,
 His power in Banva widely known,
 Men all bound with him to gather.
 Archibald of the pointed head,
 Of thee it is that men now speak.
 Earl of Argyle,⁴ I thee beseech,
 Be as a hero in the conflict;

¹ Ireland.

² There was an Innis Aingin, an island in the Shannon, famous as being the place to which St. Ciaran retired to spend the latter part of his life. It is here apparently taken to represent a portion of Ireland. See Mr. O'Curry's Lect. p. 58.

³ An early race of pirates, said to have infested the Irish coasts. The word is

said to be derived from "fo mhuir," *under the sea*, and is supposed to indicate their coming from the low sea coasts of Holland or Denmark.

⁴ Archibald, Earl of Argyle, Chancellor of Scotland, who was killed at Flodden in 1513. He is called Iarla "Oirthir Ghaidheal," *The sea-coast of the Gael*, which would seem to be the true etymology of "Argyle."

A hero who shall reign supreme
 O'er Gael from the famous land ;
 Noble, high-born prince of the Gael,
 Thou 'lt in apportioned Albin reign.
 Hero, who 'll desert no fight,
 With sword, so long as right remains,
 Who for the Gael from Greece, subjection
 Ne'er suffer would at Saxon's hand.
 The very roots from whence they grow,
 Pluck them that thou may'st us deliver ;
 Suffer not a Saxon hence to live,
 After that thou overcom'st them.
 Burn all their women, ugly in form ;
 Burn their children, every one ;
 Burn their black huts, burn them all ;
 And crush their enmity to us.
 Drown their warriors in their streams,
 When their accoutrements are burnt.
 Cease not, while a Saxon lives,
 To drown them weakened in their streams.
 Remember thou, of ruddy cheeks,
 The claims we on the Saxon have ;
 Oppression and beggary all thy days,
 When that their oppression throve.
 Remember thy own father Colin ;¹
 Remember Archibald,² father to him ;
 Remember Duncan,³ the prosperous,
 He who was liberal and friendly ;
 Remember thou that other Colin ;⁴
 Remember Archibald⁵ as well ;

¹ Colin, second Earl of Argyle, and Chancellor of Scotland, who married Isabella, second daughter of Stewart, Lord of Lorn.

² Sir Archibald, first Earl of Argyle, called "Gillespuig Ruadh," *Archibald the red*.

³ Sir Duncan of Argyle, commonly

called "Dunchadh an aigh," or *Duncan of good fortune*.

⁴ Sir Colin of Argyle, called "Cailean iongantach," *wonderful Colin*, and also "Cailean maith," *good Colin*.

⁵ Sir Archibald of Argyle, called "Gilleaspuig mòr," *Archibald the great*.

Remember Colin¹ first of all,
 He who was brave amongst the Gael.
 Remember that they never gave
 Their tax from terror of the Saxon ;
 Much more it now belongs to thee
 To see that thou bear'st not this tax.
 Now that there is but thy sire's blood,
 Of Gael from the famous land,
 Let the men together come,
 Let them fill with fear their foes.
 Let them attack the Saxon now,
 Wake thee up then, son of Colin,
 Golden-haired one, war is begun,
 'Tis not good to sleep too much.
 Great.

The author of this is Duncan Mac Dougall Maoil.²

The history of the secret origin of John Mac Patrick,³
 Why should I conceal it ?
 What belongs to his race is not feeble,
 The bearing of that race we love.
 Seldom of a feeble race it is,
 Among the Gael of purest fame,
 That inquiry of their origin is made,
 By the men who read in books.
 Firm the belief to them and me,
 During the evening time so dark,

¹ Sir Colin of Argyle, called "Cailean òg," *young Colin*, son of Neil, son of Colin, called "Cailean mòr," from whom the family take the patronymic of "Mac Chailein mhòir," *The son of great Colin*. Cailean mòr was also called "Cailean na Sreang," from a mountain between Loch Awe and Lorn, where he was killed in a feud with the Macdougalls. (MS. Gen. not. of fam. of Argyle, pen. Ed.)

² This author is one of the writers of the MS., and a Macgregor. By referring to the genealogy at p. 143 of the MS., we find him designating himself as Dunchadh daoroglach, Mac Dhughail, Mhic Eoin riabbaich — Duncan the apprentice, son of Dougall, son of John the grizzled.

³ John dow M'Patrick M'Gregor of Glenstrae, who died in 1526.

That in the blood of noble kings
 Were the rights of true clan Gregor.
 Now that I'm by thy green dwelling,
 Listen, John, to thy family story :
 A root of the very root we are,
 Of famous kings of noble story.
 Know that Patrick was thy father,
 Malcom father was to Patrick.
 Son of black John, not black his breast,
 Him who feasts and chariots owned.
 Another John was black John's father,
 Son of Gregor, son of John the lucky.
 Three they were of liberal heart,
 Three beneficent to the Church.
 The father to that learned John,
 Was Malcom, who his wealth ne'er hid,
 Son of Duncan, surly and small,
 Whose standard never took reproach.
 His father was another Duncan,
 Son of Gillelan of the ambush,
 Noble he was, giving to friends,
 Son of the famous Hugh from Urquhay.
 Kennan¹ of the pointed spear,
 Of Hugh from Urquhay was the father.
 From Alpin,² of stately mien and fierce,
 Mighty king of weighty blows.
 This is the fourth account that's given
 Of thee, who art the heir of Patrick.
 Remember well thy back-bone line,
 Down from Alpin, heir of Dougal.
 Twenty and one, besides thyself,

¹ This is manifestly a mistake for Kenneth. The person meant is Kenneth M'Alpin, King of Scotland. In the genealogy given in p. 144 of the MS., this Kennan is said to have been high King of Scotland, to distinguish him from lesser chiefs, whom the Celts called kings.

² Alpin, King of the Scots, who flourished in the beginning of the ninth century. Several of the links in the Macgregor genealogy must be wanting in this poem. Even the name of Gregor, from whom the clan is called, does not appear at all.

John the black, not black in heart.
 Thy genealogy leads us truly
 To the prosperous Fergus M'Erc.
 Of thy race, which wastes not like froth,
 Six generations wore the crown.
 Forty kings there were and three,
 Their blood and origin are known.
 Three there were north and three to the south,¹
 After the time of Malcom Kenmore.
 Ten of the race did wear the crown,
 From the time of Malcom up to Alpin.
 From Alpin upwards we do find
 Fourteen kings till we reach Fergus.
 Such is thy genealogy
 To Fergus,² son of Erc the prosperous.
 How many are there of thy race,
 Must have been from thee to Fergus!
 Noble the races mix with thy blood,
 Such as now we cannot number.
 The schools³ would weary with our tale,
 Numbering the kings from whom thou'rt sprung.
 The blood of Arthur⁴ is in thy bosom,
 Precious is that which fills thy veins;
 The blood of Cuan, the blood of Conn,⁵
 Two wise men, glory of the race.
 The blood of Grant in thy apple-red cheek,
 The blood of Neil, the fierce and mighty.
 Fierce and gentle, at all times,
 Is the story of the royal race.

The history.

¹ Both sides of Loch Tay, the ancient Macgregor territory, are still called "Tuaruith" and "Deasruith," *north and south sides*.

² First king of the Dalriadic Scots.

³ The schools of the bards which abounded in Scotland and Ireland at this period, chiefly in Ireland, as may be discovered from this collection, for

most of the composers were undoubtedly trained there. Poetry and genealogy were the chief branches studied.

⁴ Arthur, King of the Strathclyde Britons, from whom the Campbells also are said to be descended.

⁵ "Conn ceud catha," *Conn of the hundred battles*, King of Ireland.

The author of this is Mac Eachag.¹

Displeased am I with the south wind,
Which hinders the coming of John,²
And that he is kept away out,
On his way from the north to M'Leod.
Janet's son, of whitest sails,
Well would he like to cross the sea ;
But the south wind will not listen
To John, William's son of swift steeds.
By night or by day as I sleep,
From the beach I see to the north,
The rushing bark of whitest sails,
The bark of him who stays defeat.
This is the fame which every man
Awards to M'William from Clar Sgith,³
An ardent, white-toothed, ready youth,
One who for aught he did ne'er mourned.
This is the eighth day without John,
Heir to M'Leod of bluest eye ;
Like he is in mien and strength
To the great house of liberal heart.
Cheerful he is, does nought conceal,
Such is the fame of sharp-armed John.
In battle's day he takes the lead,
Ever ready fame to win.
William's son, my foster child,
Son to Janet, royal her race,
Did I but hear thou cam'st from the north,
All my gloom would disappear.

¹ This name is very indistinct in the MS., and cannot be given with certainty.

² In 1480, William Macleod of Dunvegan was killed at the battle of the Bloody Bay, and was succeeded by his son Alexander, usually called "Alastair Crotach," or *hump-backed* (Greg. High. p. 74). The charters give no information

as to John, if a son of this William Macleod. But William's father was John, whose father was also in all likelihood a William ; and this John, whose *floreat* was early in the fifteenth century, might be the person here meant.

³ The old name for Skye, and throws some doubt on the derivation of the name "Sgiathanach," usually accepted.

The author of this is Mac Gillindak,¹ the man of songs.

Lords have precedence of chiefs,
 It has been so from the beginning ;
 It is commendable in young men,
 That each should have knowledge of this.
 The first who was lord of this land
 Was Duncan beg (little) of the great soul,
 He who as a legacy has left
 Their bravery to clan Gregor.
 Duncan, great by many spoils,
 Was the blessed father of Malcom ;
 Grandfather he was to princely John,
 Him who never broke his pledge.
 Gregor, excellent son of Duncan,
 Was son to John, and was his heir ;
 Famous man he was of the country,
 From the bright shore of Loch Tullich,²
 Swarthy John, so pure in speech,
 Princely son of John M'Gregor,
 Hunter of the well-formed deer,
 He like a king aye led the fight.
 Malcom of unbending truth,
 Know thou John, succeeds his father,
 Southwards in fair Glenurchay,
 Handsome he was amongst its valleys.
 The first place 'mong their ancestors
 Is given by the Saxon to clan Gregor,
 Of whom were three chiefs loved the hunt,
 And were most active in the fight.
 In the days of Conn of hundred battles,
 I heard of something like this,

¹ We have no tradition respecting this poet. But he must have been a bard of the M'Gregors'. The allusion to the Feinn will be understood by referring to the war-song of Gaul.

² Elsewhere translated Loch Tummell. "Tolve" is the word in the original. Loch Tullich lies at the head of Glenurchay.

Of Finn of spears and sharp sword,
Cumhal's son of famous deeds :
That of Erin the hunting and lordship
Belonged to Mac Cumhal of long locks,
Patrimony and lordship he had n't
Over the lands of the race of Gaul.
Forest right they had all his life,
From Kerry north to Carn Valair.
But he possessed the old rights
Which previously were his.
From Hallowmas on to Beltin,
His Feinn had all the rights.
The hunting without molestation,
Was theirs in all the forests.
Many the tributes I cannot tell,
Belonged to Finn and his men.
Tribute in Erin possessed
By Mac Cumhail from the forests.
A noble's forest right to the Feinn,
On the banks of every stream.
But Malcom's large tributes
Did not belong to Mac Muirn ;¹
Finn himself would never hunt
Without first asking leave.
The hunting of Scotland, without leave,
Belongs, with its spoil, to Malcom.
Constant in the hunt together
Are M'Gregor and his fierce men ;
No oftener did the blood-red hounds
Enter the fort of clan Boisgne.
A fighting band of chieftains
Arose with him in battle's day,
Men whose dress sparkled with gold,
Men who conquered in the fight.
The head of clans and of huntsmen

¹ This is usually the name of Gaul, but here it is Finn, whose mother's name was Muirn.

Is the common fame of his race.
 No trial of bravery or skill
 Will show weakness in M'Gregor.
 Many in his halls are found together,
 Men who carried well-sharped swords,
 Red gold glittered on their hilts,
 The arms of the lion of Loch Awe.
 Harmonious music among harps,
 Men with dice-boxes in their hands,
 Those who leave the game of tables,
 Go and lead forth the hounds.
 Mac Gregor of red-pointed palms,
 Son of Dervail, the Saxon's terror,
 No hand like his amidst the fight,
 He 't is that ever victory won.
 Liberal he ever was to bards,
 Gifts which Mac Lamond¹ knows to earn.
 Famous for managing his hounds,
 A hand so ready with its gifts.
 Mary, who stands by his side,
 Of noble mind and handsome form,
 Poets unite to give her praise,
 Her with cheeks as berries red.

Lords.

The author of this is Finlay, the red-haired bard.²

The one demon of the Gael is dead,
 A tale 't is well to remember,
 Fierce ravager of Church and cross,
 The bald-head, heavy, worthless boar.
 First of all from hell he came,

¹ Probably the chief bard of the Mac-Gregors.

² It has been suggested to the Editor that this poet might have been the chief of the Macnabs, the chief of this period being Finlay Macnab of Boquhan; and

we know that the Macnabs counted themselves of the same lineage with the Mac-gregors. There is much in the composition given here, however, to indicate his being an ecclesiastic.

The tale's an easy one to tell,
 Armed with the devil's venomous spear.
 But he was surely, firmly bound,
 Ere quitting the black house of hell,
 To the same stronghold to return,
 And leave the Star of Paradise.
 Then, when came the black-skinned boar,
 Many the devils in his train,
 Each of them with horrid sound,
 Their voices all in one loud strain.
 Lest that he should nothing have,
 It was apportioned by Mac Ruarie,¹
 As a covenant firmly fixed,
 That in hell he'd live a dog.
 Righteous and just is now the claim
 Which Allan has against the devils.
 Whatever share may be their own,
 He, I think, should have much glory.
 'Tis time to cease now from that band,
 Of horrid sounds, and cruel heart.
 Mac Ruarie from the ocean far,
 Wealth thou'st got without an effort.
 'Tis a report we can't neglect,
 For with Columba I must meet,
 'Tis a report that fills the land,
 Bald-head Allan, thou so faithless,
 That thou hast, not thine only crime,
 Ravaged I² and Relig³ Oran.
 Fiercely didst thou then destroy
 Priests' vestments and vessels for the mass.

¹ We learn from Greg. High. pp. 65, 66, that Allan MacRuari, great-grandson of Ranald, and chief of clan Ranald, was one of the principal supporters of Angus, the young Lord of the Isles, at the battle of the Bloody Bay; and that he also followed Alexander of Lochalsh in his invasion of Ross and Cromarty in 1491,

receiving a large share of the booty taken on the occasion. The poet describes him as a sacrilegious marauder.

² The ecclesiastical establishment at Iona. The Reformers had probably less to do with the destruction of the buildings in Iona than is generally thought.

³ The church of St. Oran in Iona.

Thou art Inche Gall's¹ great curse,
 Her revenue and stronghold spoil'st ;
 Thou art the man whose heart is worst
 Of all who followed have thy chief,
 Save one who stands at his left hand,
 And he, Mac Ruarie, is thy brother.
 Now thy fight we never hear,
 But from the cross we hear thee cursed ;
 The two are good who are about thee,
 Black indeed they are in form.
 At the time thou first mad'st war,
 There was the Abbot's horrid corpse,
 Besides that other lawless raid
 Against Finan² in Glengarry.
 Thine own cruel, hateful deeds,
 Have cursed thy bald-head body, Allan,
 Just as crime will always do,
 Revenge itself on who commits it.
 The country side, with its protest,
 Has stamped mad rage on Allan's face.
 Thine own country and thy friends,
 Thou hast cruelly oppressed.
 The last of thy goodness was lost
 Between the Sheil and the Hourn.
 'Tis no wonder thou didst keep
 Far away, Allan, from the gallows.
 The fame which men had given thee,
 Extends to thy mother and thy sister.
 Time it is to cease from satire,
 Worthless, cruel son of Ruarie.
 Though learning which helps not manners,
 The sound of thy wailing is pleasant.
 The one demon.

¹ The Hebrides were known as "Innse-gall," or *the islands of the strangers*, probably since the rise of the kingdom of the Norsemen there.

² The church of Kilfinan, at the east end of Loch Lochy, where is still the burying-place of the M'Donells of Glengarry.

THE son has been found like his father,¹
 Above all chiefs whom we have known,
 His bearing, countenance, and mind,
 And with me he dwells in Lewis.
 The knowledge and mind of a chief,
 With which he'll make prosperous times.
 I say of this young son we've got,
 That he is just another Roderick;²
 How like each other are their locks,
 His father's honour to his ringlets.
 In battle, too, how like the praise
 Of Torquil³ and his famous father.
 Of all that in Torquil's time may come,
 None of his friends shall suffer loss,
 Great deeds and victories will be,
 Such as Mac Calman⁴ may relate.
 Many his gifts which we might praise,
 Torquil of the famous race;
 His are a hero's strength and vigour,
 Which he brings into the fight.
 I say of him, and say in truth,
 Since I have come so well to know him,
 That never was there of his age
 Better king who ruled in Lewis.
 To him belonged the "Cairge mhordha,"⁵
 The richest jewel sailed the sea,
 Given it was to Mac Vic Torquil,
 With which to reach his people's land.

¹ There is no author's name given for this spirited eulogy. The author was probably a family bard of the Siol Torcuil, or M'Leods of Lewis.

² Roderick M'Leod of Lewis was head of the Siol Torcuil, or sons of Torquil, in 1493. (Greg. High. p. 73.)

³ Torquil was second son of Roderick M'Leod of Lewis, the eldest having been

killed in the battle of the Bloody Bay. Torquil was forfeited for harbouring Donald dubh, son of Angus Og of Islay. (Greg. High. p. 73.)

⁴ Probably the chief bard of the Siol Torcuil.

⁵ "Cairbhe" is a *ship*. This was probably the name of Torquil's galley, although spelled "cairge" by the Dean.

Mac Ruarie of cheerful music,
 Had also the old cleaving sword,
 Another jewel of sure effect,
 'T was given him by the King of Aineach.¹
 Since he so many presents had,
 'T was needless for him to go and seek.
 A shield he had cleft in the head,
 Another jewel, sounding loud.
 Without he had a noble herd
 Of horses, with their trappings red ;
 'T would n't suit a man like him
 Not to have many swift-paced steeds.
 His was the Du Seivlin,
 M'Leod's, whom the bards would sing.
 'T was hard for those to take that horse,
 Whoe'er they were that might him seek.
 Torquil had many youths
 Who never trembled in battle,
 Who for his race seized on all lands,
 A race that aye the conflict loved.
 Not braver of his age was Cuchullin,
 Not hardier was he than Torquil,
 Him of the ready, vigorous arm,
 Who boldly breaks through any breach.
 Beloved though Mac Vic Torquil is,
 I can't enough his beauty praise ;
 He who is fair as he is the brave,
 The key to every woman's heart.
 There is no son of king or chief
 Of whose fame we've ever heard,
 Though we've had much to do with such,
 That better are to us than Torquil.
 Catherine,² daughter of Mac Cailen,
 Whose soft hand's worthy of thy race,

¹ "Aineach," a castle of the O'Kanes, within a few miles of Derry. The King of Aineach was chief of the O'Kanes.

² Catharine, daughter of Colin, 2d Earl of Argyle, who married Torquil Macleod of the Lewis.

Daughter of the Earl of Argyle,
 Best of the women we have found.
 To our isle we've got a woman,
 Branch of a great and famous tree.
 Daughter of Mac Cailen, young and gentle,
 Whose locks in flowing ringlets fall.
The son.

The author of this is Gilliecalum Mac an ollave.¹

The cause of my sorrow is come,
 This year has not prospered with me ;
 Foolish who cannot understand
 How my grief has on me come ;
 He who cannot understand
 How my grief has come at once ;
 Since these wounds my body got,
 Such wounds I've got I mourn.
 Pleasant now, though bitter too,
 To mourn my sad distress ;
 Sorrow fills my inmost heart,
 Great was my love for him who's gone ;
 My heart is broken in twain,
 No wonder it should be so ;
 My body has neither flesh nor blood,
 Like a strengthless sufferer.
 'T is no wonder if I so grieve
 For Margaret's² son who now is gone,
 Remembering all his virtues,
 And that chiefless we are left.

¹ It has been said in a previous note that nothing is known of this poet. But the present composition would indicate his being one of the celebrated Beaton, physicians and sennachies to the Lords of the Isles. There is a charter of lands in Islay, written in Gaelic by Fergus

Beaton in 1411. There were several of the family whose name was Gilliecalum. "Mac an Olaimh" means *son of the physician*.

² Margaret Livingstone, daughter of Sir Alexander Livingstone, married to Alexander Lord of the Isles.

Sore is the loss that he is gone,
Now that in the world we're weak,
My grief now that thy days are ended,
Is the injury done by Angus.¹
Though it be hard for me to part
With John's² son of sweetest speech,
What is worst of all is this,
That ne'er to his place he'll return.
Though I were from happiness far,
Pursued by my foes' reproach,
Whatever good might me o'ertake,
From them never would I buy.
No wonder though heavy my heart,
As another lord's seen in thy place,
That my whole man should be feeble,
Now that my king is dead.
Bitter is my pain since he left,
'Tis easy the tale to relate,
'Tis hard my great sorrow to bear,
For the hero so famous who's gone.
Great is my grief, and no wonder,
My mourning is true, sincere;
That which sorely has me pained,
Is that in Albin we've no race.³
Now since that I must leave,
As others with reproach me load,
Since he is dead, I fain would go,
Away from the rough isles of Albin.
Yet 'tis sore for me to leave,
Although I feel that go I must,
Now that my beloved is dead,
My country I must leave behind.

¹ Angus Og, son of John last Lord of the Isles, who fought the battle of the Bloody Bay against his father.

² John, son of Alexander Lord of the Isles.

³ Both John and Angus, sons of the last Lord of the Isles, died before their father. He was forfeited, and died in a monastery in Paisley.

Last of all, what grieves me is,
 And truly the cause is enough,
 That my beloved will not return,
 To Islay on this side of Innis.¹
 And then, besides, it is so sad,
 That this during his time should come,
 Wringing hearts, and bodies rending,
 Without revenge being in our power.
 No men on earth could think
 How ready he was foes to crush,
 'T was nothing both for us and thee
 That champions should come against us.
 But thy foes now have pierced thee,
 Pity we had not with thee died,
 Fair-handed, sweet-voiced son of Mary,
 That we should have none to help.
 He of the fairest countenance,
 Our loss is not to follow him.
 All the fame thou didst enjoy,
 Was such as to thy race belonged,
 They who had the long curled locks,
 Whose company men loved much.
 Now their hearts are sore depressed,
 Every comfort poor without thee.
 'T would be hard to find one like me,
 And that from my lord I had,
 The fellowship of priests and poets ;
 These are plenty, but his hand absent.
 When others to the banquet go,
 Of the honour my share is this,
 Ever to mourn in grief unchanged,
 And of sorrow drink my fill.
 'T is sad for me I do not follow,
 Much his absence do we grieve ;

¹ This word is spelled "Eithnis," and
 "Einis," and "Enis." It is translated
Angus and *Innis*. But it is difficult to

decide which it means ; probably "Inis"
 in Ulster, where the Lords of the Isles
 had extensive possessions.

And then o'er that which makes me mourn,
 Many the other men who weep.
 Many the men before our time,
 Who by sorrow were brought low ;
 And what I've said does find its proof,
 In a tale I've told before.
 "I've heard a tale of old," etc.¹
As follows in another place.
 The fellow of this noble man,
 Foster-son of Caoimh and Conull.

Blind Arthur Mac Gurkich.²

The assembled fleet at Castle Sween,
 Pleasant tidings in Innisfail,
 Of all the riders of the waves,
 A finer ship no man e'er owned.
 Tall men did manage the ship,
 Men, I think, to urge their way ;
 No hand without a champion,
 A slashing, vigorous, noble band.
 With coats of black all were supplied,
 In this bark, noble their race,
 Bands with their brown, broad belts,
 Danes and nobles were they all.
 Chieftains with ivory and gold,
 The crew on board this brown-sailed ship,

¹ See above, p. 50.

² Who this blind poet was the Editor cannot say. He can find no notice of him anywhere, nor of the attack on Castle Sween, which he describes. He was an Irish bard, and composes in the Irish dialect, making use, like the later Irish poets, of language much more difficult to understand than the older composers. The Editor encountered more difficulty in reading this piece, than in reading any

other in the Dean's MS. "Broin" is an ancient word for a *troop* or *band*, and "cleath," "comhlan," "nòs," are words for a *warrior*; but these words are entirely obsolete; so "glantair," as the comparison of "glan," is unknown in the modern language. There is a manifest attempt in the composition to use obsolete words; but the Editor trusts the meaning has been correctly rendered.

Each with a sheaf of warriors' spears,
Shields on their hooks hung round the sides.
Wide-spread wings, speckled sails,
Bearing purple, all of gems ;
A long, handsome, gentle band,
Stood along the stout-made spars.
The blue sea at the swift ship's prow,
The ship laden when the tide is full ;
Wattled baskets full of swords,
With shields all brought on board the bark.
Fair women, too, were in the ship,
Modest, their beds were placed on high,
Spotted cushions were provided,
Couches for the nobles' wives.
Spotted coverings of fine linen,
This was the covering of the ship ;
Handsome, easy, as she rocked,
Purple linen round each mast.
No hardened hands, no tightened belt,
Nor roughened by their usual toil ;
Heroes were there, nor did they labour,
Bands of men of sweetest lips.
We heard not of so many nobles,
Of our isle from labour free ;
From Erin princely champions,
A troop with soft and ruddy hair.
Not ship of all did she count swifter,
None has there been nor will be,
No sigh, no sorrow, and no grief,
Nor is there any end of all.
No ship of ships she counted swift,
Full of princely men she is,
Scattering gold among the bards,
While round the ship resounds the sea.
Many the men of sword and spear,
Many men quick in fight to mix ;
Down by the sea the fighting men,

Above, the gentle women were.
 Who is he provides this fleet,
 At Castle Sween¹ of many hills?
 A vigorous man who fears no blast,
 His masts upraised, seeking his right.
 John M'Sween,² sail thou the ship,
 On the ocean's fierce-topped back;
 Raise aloft the vessel's masts,
 Let thy bark now test the sea.
 A leading wind then for them rose,
 At Kyle Aca³ as rose the tide;
 The speckled sails were roundly bellied,
 As John ran swiftly for the land.
 We entered the cheerful anchorage
 In the bay of fruitful Knapdale;⁴
 The noble hero, lordly, shapely,
 Comely, masted, swift, victorious,
 He was then near Albin's walls,
 Helpful, welcoming his men.
 Fair was then the youthful hero,
 Abundant dew distilling round,
 Favourable at Slieve Mun's⁵ streams,
 To Mac Sween, him of Slieve Mis.
 Speakers then come near to ask,
 They deal as with him of sharpest eye.
 Branches are laid beneath their knees,
 To welcome those of valour great.
 Their safety in each harbour nook
 Suffers from the welcome they give John.
 The men of Albin's isles then come

¹ We can find no trace in our history of this attack by the Irish Mac Sweenys on Castle Sween. The event cannot be of a very ancient date, as the Mac Sweenys are not a very ancient tribe in Ulster.

² One of the Mac Sweenys or Mac Sweenys of Slieve Mis in Antrim.

³ This cannot be Kyle Akin in Skye, but is probably the ancient name of the entrance to Loch Sween.

⁴ Knapdale, on the west coast of Argyll, south of Crinan.

⁵ Not known to the Editor, but is probably on the Knapdale side of Loch Sween.

With welcome from the narrow sea.
The men who sweetest are that sing,
Tenfold welcomes to him bring.
For a while there was a conflict,
Between them and our men of song ;
They come at last to know full well,
How fair the hill from whence came John.
Then did we fight at Castle Sween,
Just as a slender, furious hawk,
We set us down around that rock,
Every limb endowed with strength.
We pierced the bodies of our foes,
Just as a serpent fiercely wounds ;
Our thin-bladed, well-edged swords,
The foreigners' bodies fiercely hacked.
We raised the cry of great Mac Sween,
Amidst the rolling of the sea ;
True it is that roll won't help,
Broad-backed, long although it be,
Their javelins have no power to pierce
The shields which our brown coats protect.
Rathlin of the sharp rocks, hears
The music of our ringing swords.
The thin-bladed sword, in Europe best,
A spear that swift obeys the wish,
What shield on earth can it resist ?
Fierce and fearless Erin's sons.
John Mac Sween of stratagems,
With his thin, powerful, cutting sword,
He whose shield is spotted brown,
A blind man found him brave and wise.
The assembled fleet.

Isabella Ni vic Cailein.¹

Pity whose complaint is love,
 Whate'er my reason thus to speak,
 'Tis hard to separate from its object,
 Sad's the condition I am in.
 The love which I in secret gave,
 Of which I'd better never speak,
 Unless I quickly get relief,
 Withered and thin I'll soon become.
 The man whom I have so loved,
 A love I never must confess;
 Has me put in lasting bonds,
 For me a hundred times 't is pity.
Pity.

The author of this is Duncan Og.²

Seven arrows me assail,
 Each of the arrows does me wound;
 Between me and my God they come,
 Such of my body is the desire.
 The first one of these is Pride,
 Which wounds me under my belt,

¹ This lady is elsewhere called "Contissa Ergadien," *the Countess of Argyle*. From the name given her here, she would appear to be a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, but she might as countess be styled Ni vic Cailein, or the daughter of Colin. We know that Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, was uncle and tutor to Archibald, first Earl of Argyle, and that having himself married Margaret, eldest daughter of Stuart last Lord of Lorn, he arranged a marriage between his nephew and Isabella, the second

daughter, who became Countess of Argyle. She was most likely the authoress of these lines, but we have no key to the piece of domestic history to which they refer.

² There is a Duncan Og Albanach among the writers of religious poetry in the MS., who was most likely one of the Mac Vurrichs, and the author of these lines. It is hardly necessary to say that the poet refers in this composition to the seven mortal sins of the Roman Catholic Church.

Often of a triumph it has me spoiled,
Which otherwise I might obtain.
The second arrow is Lust,
To whose power I'm such a slave ;
Since this shaft trait'rously has me pierced,
I cannot live beyond its reach.
The third of these arrows is one
Which pierces 'midst my very joints ;
Laziness, which suffers not
That I the right way e'er should chuse.
The fourth arrow is Covetousness,
O God, 't is mournful where it wounds ;
Deliverance I can never have
From this load of earth upon my back.
The fifth of these shafts is Gluttony,
Which has brought me much reproach ;
Besides that it pains my self-respect,
From it my body is not free.
The sixth sore arrow of them all
Is Anger, which me from men divides ;
May Mary stay them when they're shot,
Otherwise I have no help.
The seventh shaft does pierce the eye,
Envy, which grudges others' good ;
A shaft which, however we may feel,
Is one which never does us good.
When these in his hand the enemy takes,
Many they are by 's arms destroyed ;
He never shoots but what he strikes,
And never strikes but what he kills.
Son of God, I'll place a pater,
And the apostles' creed as well,
Between me and these wounding arms,
With five psalms, or six or seven.
Seven.

The author is Murdoch Albanach.¹

'Tis time for me to go to the house of Paradise,
 While this wound's not easily borne,
 Let me win this house, famous, faultless,
 While others can tell of us nought else.
 Confess thyself now to the priest,
 Remember clearly all thy sins;
 Carry not to the house of the spotless King,
 Aught that may thee expose to charge.
 Conceal not any of thy sins,
 However hateful its evil to tell;
 Confess what has been done in secret,
 Lest thou expose thyself to wrath.
 Make thy peace now with the clergy,
 That thou may'st be safe as to thy state;
 Give up thy sin, deeply repent,
 Lest its guilt be found in thee.
 Woe to him forsook the Great King's house,
 For love of sin, sad is the deed;
 The sin a man commits in secret,
 Much is the debt his sin incurs.
 This is a sermon for Adam's race,
 I think I've nothing said that's false,
 Though men may death for a time avoid,
 'Tis true they can't at length escape.

¹ Murdoch of Scotland was the first of the great race of Macvurrichs, bards to Macdonald of Clanranald. From all that can be gathered regarding him, he was an ecclesiastic, and, according to the measure of light he possessed, a man of earnest and sincere religion. It was not known, until this volume of Dean M'Gregor's was searched, that any remains of his compositions existed; but here we find several, all very much of the same character. There is one long poem to

the cross, which appears to have been modelled on the early Latin hymns. Murdoch of Scotland, or Muireadhach Albanach, would appear to have lived between A.D. 1180 and 1220. Mr. Standish H. O'Grady, late President of the Ossianic Society of Dublin, kindly sent to the writer some years ago a poem, still preserved in Ireland, containing a dialogue between Muireadhach and "Cathal Cródhearg," the red-handed Cathal O'Connor, King of Connaught, on the

Thou who hast purchased Adam's race,
 Their blood, their body, and their heart,
 The things we cherish may'st thou assail,
 However we may them pursue.

'T is time.

The above Murdoch.

That there should be in God's Son's heart
 A sinner like me, how great the tale,

occasion of their embracing a religious life. Cathal's "floruit" is known to have been between A.D. 1184 and 1225. As the lines are curious, they are inserted here.

Cathal croibhdhearg agus Muireadhach
 Albanach maraon iar n-dul anns na braith-
 ribh dhoibh, cecinerunt :—

A Mhuireadhaigh, meil do sgian, go 'm bear-
 ram inn do 'n Aird-rìgh,

Tabhran go milis ár mòid, 'us ar dhà trillis
 do 'n Trianaid,

Bearraidh mise do Mhuire, an bhreath so is
 breath òr-chridhe,

Do Mhuire bearr am bàrr so, a dhuine seang,
 sùlmhal so.

Anamh leat, a mhaca ghlan, sgian tar do bharr
 do'd bhearradh,

Fa mhionca rioghain bhinn bhog, a cìreadh a
 cinn thugad.

Gach ré n'uair do foilethi dhuinn, us do
 Bhrian ard bhairr chladh-ùir,

'Us do fhoilcinn uair eile ri stuaidh fhoilt-
 fhinn Bhoroinmhe.

Do ghrinn comb-shnamh 'us Ua Chàis, air
 linntibh fuara Forghais,

Air teacht air tìr leis o'n liun, do ghrinn 'us
 Ua Chais coimhsbling,

An dha sgian so leath air leath, do rad dhuinn
 Dunchadh Cairbreach,

Nior b'fhearr dhà sgian de sginibh; bearr gu
 min a Mhuireadhaich.

Meil do chlaideamh, a Chathail, chosnas am
 Banbha braonsgathaidh,

Ni chuala gun fhachuin d'fhearg, a Chathail
 chuanna, chròdheirg,

Dion air fhuachd 's air aintea inn, a inghin
 uasail Ioachaim,

Deau ar coimhead 's an tìr theith, a ro gheag
 mhin, a Mhuire.

A Mhuireadhaich.

TRANSLATION.

Cathal Crodhearg and Murdoch of Scotland,
 on entering among the brethren, sung :—

Murdoch, whet thy knife, that we may shave
 our crowns to the Great King,

Let us sweetly give our vow, and the hair of
 both our heads to the Trinity.

I will shave mine to Mary, this is the doing
 of a true heart,

To Mary shave thou these locks, well-formed,
 soft-eyed man.

Seldom hast thou had, handsome man, a knife
 on thy hair to shave it,

Often has a sweet, soft queen, comb'd her
 hair beside thee.

Whenever it was that we did bathe, with
 Brian of the well-curled locks,

And once on a time that I did bathe, at the
 wall of the fair-haired Boroimhe,

I strove in swimming with Ua Chais, on the
 cold waters of the Fergus.

When he came ashore from the stream, Ua
 Chais and I strove in a race.

These two knives, one to each, were given us
 by Duncan Cairbreach,

No knives of knives were better, shave gently
 then, Murdoch.

Whet your sword, Cathal, which wins the
 fertile Banva,

Ne'er was thy wrath heard without fighting,
 brave, red-handed Cathal,

Preserve our shaved heads from cold and from
 heat, gentle daughter of Joachim,

Preserve us in the land of heat, softest branch,
 Mary.

Murdoch.

And that there should to me be given,
 On my lips to have the cross of Jesus Christ.
 Jesus Christ, sanctify as thou art wont,
 My two feet, and my two hands,
 Sanctify me of thy good will,
 Even my blood, and flesh, and bones.
 I never cease committing sin,
 Because that my body loves it well ;
 May consecration come from afar,
 Upon my head and on my heart.
 Glorious great One, save thou me
 From every grief which me has seized,
 Ere I'm laid beneath the turf,
 May my way be plain and smooth.
That.

The author of this is Murdoch Albanach.

Thou Trinity, do thou me teach,
 Thou Lord, whose praise all men must sing,
 Thou Trinity, come on my tongue,
 Bless it in thy judgment great.
 Holy Trinity in the heavens,
 Strengthen thou my spiritual arms ;
 Come to, and dwell in my heart,
 Thou head of all thy holy race.
 Guide thou my hand, and teach my heart,
 Teach my eye, thou King of truth ;
 Come to my voice, move on my tongue,
 Quicken my ear, and bless my lips.
 This is the mouth which ye have torn,
 Which checks men's conflicts, nought forgets ;
 This is the tongue that ne'er spared speech,
 Bless it, Beloved of my soul.
 From thee, O Trinity, alas ! O Trinity,

Let healing come, speak thou to me ;
There is, as in the white-wood oak,
In me a sinful, corrupt heart.
Though sinful, I never man destroyed,
Ne'er did I steal, O Son of God ;
Never did my hand slay man,
For Mary's love, answer thou me.
'Tis true, I've made lying refuges,
Deceived by lies of men of fame,
Building on others' lie my lie,
O King, shall I in this succeed ?
Thou who in me prayer begett'st,
'Tis no sin to follow thee ;
'Twas neither righteous men nor great,
But God a refuge found for me.
No man in this world can me teach,
But only thou, O Lord, alone,
None keepeth truth but heaven's King,
To His wisdom none is like,
If I am in the way of truth,
My tonsure vow requires it all ;
If, O Trinity, on a lie I rest,
Lead me to the way of truth.
Earth or clay shall not me cover,
But waves of judgment, little the wrath,
Nothing else shall be to hide me,
But, O King, burning red-flamed fire.
Trinity, thou mad'st this world,
Both of fire and of earth ;
Of earth and fire all men are made,
So at the end it will be found.

GENEALOGY OF THE MACGREGORS.

John son of Patrick, son of Malcom, son of John the black, son of John, son of Gregor, son of John, son of Malcom, son of Duncan the little, son of Duncan from Srulee, son of Gilelan, son of Hugh of Urchy, son of Kenneth, son of Alpin ; and this Kenneth was head king of Scotland, in truth, at that time ; and this John is the eleventh man from Kenneth, of whom I spoke. —And Duncan the servitor, son of Dougal, son of John the grizzled, wrote this from the books of the genealogists of the kings ; and it was done in the year of our Lord One thousand five hundred and twelve.

THE ORIGINAL GAELIC
OF
THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE
WITH A
MODERN VERSION.

THE ORIGINAL GAELIC.

A houdir Ossan M'Finna.

Di chonna mee tylych finn, is ner vai tylych teme trea,
Aggum di chonna mee scheve, di vontir in ir in nea
Di chonna mee tylych art, far lar vac donna binni
Far is farre ne agga mi. Di chonna mee tylych finn
Dane vaga mir a chonna mee, chonna m'ynlain fa ynna
Oweht is mark na vagga ea. Di chonnek mai tylych finn
Goym ree ni iyg noch gi olk, za vil er mo chinni.
Sin serra marreine o faynna, dyth chonna ma tylych finn.
Di chonna mee tylych.

A houdir so Ossin.

Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym, is fadda liym in nychieith ryr
In lay dew gay fadda zoyth, di bi lor fadda in lay de
Fadda lwmmi gych lay za dik, ne mir sen di cleachta dom
Gin deowe gin danyth cath, gin wea feylim class dlweth
Gin nenith gin choill gin chrut, gin fronith crewi gin zneiwe
gray
Gin deillyph ollom zor, wea gin neilli, gin oill fley
Gin chin er swrri na er selgi, in da cherd rey in royth me
Gin dwlli in glaow no in gath, oichane ach is derrick dow
Gin wraith er ellit no er feyg, ne hawle sin bi wane lom
Gin loeg er chonvert no er chon, is fadda noch na nelli fiym
Gin errith gaske gnaath, gin nimert mir abaill linni
Gin snaw zar leithre er loch, is fadda, etc.
Din teill mir a ta mee, is trowig er bea mir a ta sinn

MODERN VERSION.

An t-ùghdair Ossian mac Fhinn.

Do chunnaic mi teaghlach Fhinn, 'us nior bu teaghlach tioma tréabh,
Agam do chunnaic mi sabh, de mhuinntir an fhir an dé.
Do chunnaic mi teaghlach Airt, fear le'r mhac donna binn,
Fear is fearr ni faca mi. Do chunnaic mi teaghlach Fhinn.
Do ni fhac mar a chunnaic mi, chunnaic mi mac an Luinn fa Fhinn.
Och ! is mairg na faca e. Do chunnaic mi teaghlach Fhinn.
Do'm ré ni ioghnadh gach olc, dha bheil air mo cheann.
Sinn saora maruinn o phèin. Do chunnaic mi teaghlach Fhinn.
Do chunnaic mi teaghlach.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian.

Is fad an nochd na neula faim, is fada leam an oidhche an raoir,
An la an diugh ge fada dhomh, do bu leor fada 'n la an dé,
Fada leam gach la a thig, ni mar sin bu chleachdadh leam
Gun deabhtha gun deanamh catha, gun bhi foghlum cleas dlù.
Gun nigheanaibh, gun cheòl, gun chruit, gun phronnadh cnaimh gun
ghnìomh gré,
Gun tuilleadh fhoghluim gheire, bhi gun fheill, gun òl fleidh,
Gun chion air suiridh, no air sealg, an da cheard ri an robh mi,
Gun dol an gleò no an cath, ochan ! ach is deurach domh,
Gun bhreith air eilid no air fiadh, ni h'amhuil sin bu mhiann leam,
Gun luaidh air choubheart no air chon, is fad an nochd na neula faim,
Gun eiridh gaisge ghnàthaich, gun imirt mar a b'àill leinn,
Gun snàmh d'ar laochruidh air loch, is fad an nochd na neula faim,
Do 'n t-saoghal mar a ta mi, is truagh ar bith mar a tha sinn,

Menir a tarruing clach, is fadda, etc.
 Derri ni feyni far noiss, is mee Ossin mor m'finni,
 Gesticht re gowow klokki, is fadda, etc.
 Faye a phatrik zoein o zea, fiss in nini in bea sinni
 Gith serrir marrien roith locht, is fadda, etc.
 Is fadda.

Auctor hujus Ossin.

La zay deacha finn mo rayth, di helg er sleyve ny ban finn
 Tri meillith wathyon ny wayn, ne zeaath skaow vass in ginn
 Ossin is vinni lwnmi di zloyr, bannicht foiss er annyn finn
 Agus innis gay wayd feyg, hwtti er sleyve ny ban finn.
 Ga mor lewe crathammar slee, or ni deatha voylte in loy
 Di hutti er sleyve ny ban finn, di zeyith lay fin nyth wlygh
 Innis doyf royth gith skayle, bannith er a waill gin zoyth
 A bayig eaddith no ermmi, a doll leive a helg gi lay
 Di weith eaddith agus ernmi, a doll leine a helg mir senni
 Ni weith feanee zeive ym zoe, gin leynith roylle is men
 Gin chottone schee schave, gin lurych sparri zeyr zlynn
 Gin chenvert clooth di chorritth, s zay ley in norn gi fer
 Gin skay neynith warryth boye, gin launi chroye eskoltith
 kenn

A nearryth in doythyn fayn scheath, ne royth nath bi zer no finn
 Is schea a barri enicht is awge, ne zeath lav vassa chiinn
 Doll in dastill a choyn zill, gi aggin er farri mir finn
 Cath eggr a choymir shear, a helg er sleyve ni bau finn
 A phatrik ayd chiinni ni glar, di balin grann vass ir ginni
 Noyr a hwyth finni r gonni da binni seirri agus shear
 Gow gyir o chnok gow cnok, a meskeith hork is feaygh
 Di weith finn agus braun, nane swe selli er in tleywe
 Gyth fer rewe in nayd helg, no ger eirryth kolg in feark
 Di leggyr tre in cowe, a barri lowe syth way gi garga
 Warwe gith cowe zewe da eyg selli fa neyd yn eyll na hard
 Di hwtti vi meill feyg bar er a zlann di weith fane tleyve
 A haggus eyg agus arbe ne zarne selgi mir sen reywe
 Gir bee deirritth ir selgi hear, a clarre oyd ni glar is ni glok
 Deich kayd kow fa lawre oyr hutti fa leon x c tork
 Di huttidir lyne ni twrk, a roynith ni helg er in lerga
 Mir a weyg r lanith is r lawe di verdis air er in telga
 A phatrik ni baichill fear, a wakka tow hear no horri
 Selga in lay raid lin a waynew fin bi woyth no sen

'Nam sheanair a tarruing chlach, is fad an nochd na neula faim.
 Deireadh na Feinn far nis, is mi Ossian mòr mac Fhinn,
 Ag eisdeachd ri guthaibh chlog, Is fad an nochd na neula faim.
 Faigh a Phadruig dhuinn o Dhia, fios an inbhe am bi sinn,
 Gu saorar marraim roimh lochd, is fad an nochd na neula faim.
Is fad.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian.

La dhe 'n deachaidh Fionn mo ghràidh, do shealg air Sliabh nam ban fionn,
 Tri mìle de mhaithibh na Feinn, na deagh sgiathan os an cionn.
 Ossian is binn leam do ghlòir, beannachd fòs air anam Fhinn,
 Agus innis cia meud fiadh, thuit air Sliabh nam ban fionn.
 Cia mòr luath chratham ar sleidh, oir ni deachaidh uait a luaidh
 Do thuit air Sliabh nam ban fionn, do rheidh le Fionn nam feadh.
 Innis doibh romhad gach sgeul, beannachd air a bheul gun ghò.
 Am bitheadh éideadh no airm, a dol leibh a shealg gach lò ?
 Do bhitheadh éideadh agus airm, 'dol leinn a shealg mar sin,
 Ni bhitheadh Fian dhiubh a 'm ghuth, gun léine sroil is min,
 Gun chotan 'us i seimh, gun luireach 'us barr geur glan,
 Gun cheannbheart cloch de chorr, 's a dha shleagh 'an dorn gach fir,
 Gun sgiath nimhneach bheireadh buaidh, gun lann chruaidh a sgoltadh
 cheann,

An iarraidh an domhain fa seach, ni robh neach bu gheir no Fionn,
 Is e a b'fhearr fhineadh 'us agh, ni dheachaidh lamh os a chionn,
 Dol an tasdail a choin ghil, cia againn fear bhàrr mar Fionn ?
 Gu h-eagar chaidhmir siar, a shealg air Sliabh nam ban fionn.
 A Phadruig oide chinn na cleir, do b'aluinn grian os ar cionn,
 'An uair a shuidh Fionn m'ar coinnimh, do binn sear agus siar,
 Guth gadhar o chnoc gu cnoc, a mosgladh thorc agus rhiadh.
 Do bhi Fionn agus Bran, 'nan suidh seal air an t-sliabh,
 Gach fear dhiubh 'an eud seilg, no gur eireadh colg am feirg,
 Do leigeamar trì mìle cù, a b'fhearr lùth 's a bha garg.
 Mharbh gach cu dhiubh sin da fhiadh, seal fa'n deachaidh iall 'an aird.
 Do thuit se mìle feidh barr, air a ghleann do bhi fo 'n t-sliabh.
 Na th' agaibhse fhiadh agus earb, ni dheanadh sealg mar sin riamh.
 Gur b'e deireadh ar sealg shear, a chleirich oide nan cleir 's nan clog,
 Deich ceud cu fo shlabhraidh òir, thuit fo leòn deich ceud torc,
 Do thuit leinn na tuirc, a rinn na h-uile air an leirg.
 Mar bhitheadh ar lann 'us ar lamh, do bheirdeas àr air an t-seilg.
 A Phadruig nam bachull fìor, am faca tu shear no shoir,
 Sealg an la ri d' liun, o Fhianaibh Fhinn bu mho na sin ?

Ach sen selga a roinith finn v'alpin ni minni blayth
 Gar ni goyllane ansi cheille, gi bi winni laym ane lay
 Lay za deach.

Actor hujus Ossin.

Lay za deach say zai keill, Patr^k zrynn ni bachal . . .
 Rug e in tossin less er wurn, gow was aa gi . . . sl . . .
 Is di bail awzail uoid, Ossan nan roak nach teym
 Coo in tein neaach gin a loyith, smow chur groym er feanow fynn
 A cleryth ni bachill brek, bi wor ym beacht zut reid lin
 A churri a wrayr a znaath, ne wai zaw er fanaw fynn
 Onyth harly zut gin noine, a Ossin gin doll nane dey
 Bee say er chathris gi braa, how gathris di znaa nyn fane
 Kegit blyin di bein boa, a geyskych reid choel syth heill
 Ne hynossit zut gow maik, a luit eacht a rin feanow fynn
 Fa ranew in doyn traane, wa aggin fene er gyth . . .
 Keiss ga hokwail gow fane fin, na noe in tegwail . . .
 Ne reive ansyth si doythin vor, nach da bi chor bea na . . .
 Ne reive in nalwe nin lann brek, a darveith . . .
 Da nynnosit zeive in ness, a Ossin nin gress noch mein.
 Coo yn tein neach bi zar lave, wa sreyith . . .
 Mor in feine, a churris orm, a cleyrrith oyd nyth f . . .
 Ni hynossit gow lay looin, ne way loye . . .
 Onyth harlyth how nane dey, a Ossin da dane . . .
 Coo nyth leich bar lat mait skay, ri dol din ane ansyth gath
 Oskir is keilt is gowle, is m'lowith nyn lanni maath
 Fa hymchill v'kowle ayl boyin di bi raa si chath
 Farzone fullych m'ynreith is kerrill ri sneive zaath
 Dermin daath alin gyn nawle, re hor skaath chin bi waath
 Collyth m'cheilt er wley mynni, kyrkeith curri nyn genk maath
 Agus rynnith m'ynreith, myrychin nar wenyth in gaath
 Felane foltinn bi wakith ind, agus garryth in deim narv
 Derring m'doyrin gyn none aygh m'garryth bi waath law
 Me fene is g. m'smail is dyryth darrith m'ronane
 Tre mek nyth kerd gyn chalk, re oyr hentyth di barm yark
 Mir a zana ma zut goo, a cleryth wor furt nyth mynni
 Cha noch banit dossyth din nane ach gith fer fane a braath a zille
 Soo id chaithir is gawe di fenni is wayassi in narm gi ler
 Gi ein neach ga bi zar laiwe, hanyth o chaith guss in nane
 Hanyth reith lochlin er ler, daor done skaa by wor gnaa

Ach sin sealg a rinn Fionn, mhic Alpaidn nam mionn blath,
Thar na gòlan anns a chill, gum bu bhinne leams' an la.

La dh' an deachaidh.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian.

La de 'n deachaidh se do 'n chill, Padruig grinn a bhachuill . . .
Rug e an t-Ossian leis air mhuirn, gu bhitheas e . . .
'Us do b'aill leam fhaghail uait, Ossian nan ruaig nach tioma, [Fhinn?
Co an t-aon neach gun a luaidh, 's mo chuir de ghruaim air Fiannaibh
A chléirich a bhachuill bhrìe, bu mhòr am beachd dhuit ri d' linn,
A chur ann am briathraibh gnàthaichte, na bha a dh'agh air Fiannaibh
O na tharladh dhuit gun on, Ossian gun dol 'n an deidh, [Fhinn.
Bith-sa air chaithris gu bràth, thu'g aithris mu ghnàth nam Feinn.
Caogad bliadhna na 'm bithinn beo, ag éisdeachd ri d' cheòl 's a chill,
Ni h-innisinn dhuit gu m' eug, a liuthad euchd 'rinn Fianna Fhinn.
Fearainne an domhain trein, bha againn féin air gach . . .
Cìs 'g a thogail gu Feinn Fhinn, air neo an teughbail . . .
Ni robh anns an domhan mhòr, neach da 'm bu chòir
Ni robh ann an Alintha nan lann breac, a gharbh . . .
Da 'n innisid dhoibh a nis, Ossian nan greas nach . . .
Co an t-aon neach bu gheire lamh, bha . . .
Mòr a phéin a chuireas orm, a chléirich oide . . .
Ni h-innisinn gu la luain, na bha a luaidh . . .
O na tharladh thu 'n an déidh, Ossian da deanadh . . .
Co na laoich b' fhearr leat mu 'd sgéith, ri dol do 'n Fheinn anns a chath ?
Osgar 'us Caoilt 'us Gall, us Mac Lughaidh nan lann maith,
Fa thimchioll Mhic Cumhail aille, buidheann do bu réidh 's a chath,
Fearghon fuileach mac an rìgh, 'us Caruill r'a 's nimhe gath,
Diarman dathta aluinn gun umhal, do fhuair sgiath chinn bu mhaith,
Collaidh mac Chaoilt air fleadh mìne, Corca curaidh nan geang maith,
Agus Roinn mac an rìgh, muirichinn nach mìn 'an cath,
Faolan folt-fhionn bu mhac Fhinn, agus Garaidh an dion nàmh,
Dearuinn mac Dobharain gun on, Aodh mac Garaidh bu mhaith làmh,
Mi fein 'us Garaidh mac Smail, 'us Daoire darrach mac Ronain,
Tri mic a Cheaird gun cheilg, ri 'r thionndadh do 'm b'arm dhearg.
Mar a dheanadh mi dhuit guth, a chléirich mhòr Phuirt na mionna,
Cha b' aithne dhomhsa de 'n Fheinn, ach gach fear dhiu bh' a breth a gheill
Suidh 'n ad chaithir 'us gabh do pheann, 'us gu faigheas an arm gu léir.
Gach aon neach do 'm bu gheir làmh, thainig o chathaibh gus an Fheinn.
Thainig rìgh Lochlainn air lear, Daire donn sgiath bu mhor gné,

Di wraa keiss errin er koyne, fane deyryth r sloyg gyth ler
 Hanyth ith chawr zar wane, twoa dey hug ass gi knok
 Carbryth loaechr bi waath lawe, iiij chayth slane gow port
 Vii caythin hanik in nane huggar in near o lea cunny
 Ne . . . sa nyth deacha rir gerrow, oo roe zein slane o zaryth dwunni
 Is sai waa na chawlyth long, daryth deown syth hylych fene
 xxx caath feit di loyith nath dea woyin dar der feine
 Waa ga weow er in traee, cown krer bi lawe gin locht
 Ruk sloyg nyn hynea zeive, is di hog ea kenni reith er knok
 Cown m'reith wllith nin eacht, agus dollir nan greath trom
 Di zagamir er in traee er ym bayth fo zar tonni
 iij mec doytith ga bi rane, yth toythit o lar yn long
 Fer tenni is kerkil a flwk, a zaik sinni a gorp gi lommi
 Oor armyth neyn reith grekga, agus forni nyn beyne trome
 Di zagamir fa zaar byve, is ner aig synn in vyve fa bron
 iiij mec reith lochlin bi a chasgr sein de neive arm
 Ne tre balwe one vorrin or, neyn deacha sayd voyn ach marg
 Re in doythyn ga bi wor, Dare done skayth bi zall gnaa
 Di zaig sinn sin a chorp er traee, er ni lot fo wail nyn nane
 Di loyew in doythyn trane neyn deacha woyn fene sin nar
 Ach reith ni franki mir hea an lyn say breae er in nail
 Er eggill in oskir wll, cha di leggi ay voyeni er lar
 Gow glen baltan mir ta hest, is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
 Er traye fintrath ni goyn fer in churri ni slove in tar
 Er reow in doythyn trane, di zoil sein fene er sar
 Di bimmi o reith r narm, leich a waa marve er in lar
 Di bimmi clawe agus skayth na blaya har er in traye
 Er traye fintraithin nyn port, di bimmi ann corp ferrane
 Di bimmi leich fa zar byve, is di bimmi ann fyve ar
 Phatrik V'Alpin ail, neyn danith zar wane wo rae
 Ach da cath eggr gyn locht is ny roif in gorp slane
 Cath di clanni bisskyni zeive, boein noch char vennyth in law
 Cath di clanni mornyth nyn grath is in darne lay clannow smail
 Er fr lawsyth ath halgin trane, say zaik sin dar wane sin nar
 Coyk cathin eggr zar sloyig a legga woyn er in tra
 xxxth ca feizit gin rath, deechcayd feithyt gith cath zeive
 Zarremay loyg zar zoynn, nach dranik er toynn a reiss
 A halgin da wreggrin clar, o baillait deym pen gych skail
 Gow dukgai caa zawryth nyth glann, noch cha danik ken r lay
 Di rynni sin a gawli long, agus argit trome in reith
 In noor sin eydda sin neyght, in neirrin er gi lea dee
 A Phatrik matha ny mynn an id keilli a waym bass
 Cur feyn talla her mo knees oss aggit hay fiss mo skail

Do bhreith cìs Eirinn air Chonn, fa 'n deurach ar sluagh gu léir.
 Thainig de chobhar do 'r Feinn, sluagh do thug as gach cnoc,
 Cairbar leobhar bu mhaith lamh, ceithir cathan slan gu port,
 Seachd cathan thainig de 'n Fhéinn, thugar tri an ear o leth Chuinn,
 Nì mor nach deachaidh ghearradh na robh dhinn slàn o Dhaire donn.
 Is e bha 'n a chabhlach long, Daire donn 's a theaghlach féin,
 Deich cath fichead de shluagh, nach deachaidh uainn do 'n tìre féin,
 Bha ga 'm feitheamh air an tràigh, Conn crithear bu làmh gun lochd,
 Rug sluagh na h-Innia dhoibh, 'us do thog e ceann rìgh air cnoc,
 Conn mac rìgh Ullaidh nan euchd, agus Dollar nan gnìomh tròm,
 Do dh' fhàgamair air an tràigh, air am bàthadh fo ghàir tonn.
 Tri mic Dubhtaich dha 'm bu threun, a teachd o lar an long,
 Feartan is Cearcul a phluic, do dh' fhàg sinn an cuirp gu lom.
 Omhar armaicht nighean rìgh Greige, agus Forna nam beuman tròm,
 Do dh' fhàgamar fo ghàire baoibh, is nìor fhàg sin an aoibh fa bròn,
 Ceithir mic rìgh Lochlainn, a chosgair sinn de nìmh arm,
 Na tri Balaidh o 'n Bhorruinn shoir, nì 'n deachaidh iad uainn ach maìrg,
 Rìgh an Domhain ge bu mhòr, Daire donn sgiath bu gheal gné,
 Do dh' fhàg sinn a chorp air tràigh, air a lot fo bhuille na Feinn,
 De shluaghaibh an domhain tréin, nì 'n deachaidh uainn féin 's an àir
 Ach rìgh na Fraince mar e, ainlinn 's e breith air an àil ;
 Air eagal an Osgair oill, cha do leig e a bhuinn air làr,
 Gu Gleannabaltan mar tha 'theisd, is ann do ghabh e fois 'us tàmh.
 Air tràigh Fionntraigh a chuain, far na chuir na sloigh an t-àir,
 Air rìghribh an domhain tréin, do dh' òl sinn féin ar sàr,
 Do b' iomadh o fhraoich ar n' arm, laoich a bha marbh air an làr,
 Do b' iomadh claidheamh 'us sgiath, 'n am bloighibh shear air an tràigh,
 Air traigh Fionntraigh nam port, do b' iomadh ann corp fhearàn,
 Do b' iomadh laoich fo ghàire baoibh, 'us do b' iomadh ann faoibh àir.
 A Phadruig mhic Alpain àil, nì 'n d' thainig de 'r Feinn o thràigh,
 Ach da chath eagar gun lochd, agus nì 'n robh an corp slàn.
 Cath de chlannaibh Baoisgne dhiubh, buidheann noch char mhean an làmh,
 Cath de chlannaibh Moirne nan grath, agus an darna le clannaibh Smàil.
 Air bhur làmhsa a thailginn thréine, 's e dh' fhàg sinn de 'r Féinn 's an àir,
 Coig cathan eagar de 'r sluagh, a leigeadh uainn air an tràigh,
 Deich cath fichead gun rath, deich ceud fichead gach cath dhiubh,
 De dh' àireimh sluagh Dhaire dhuinn, nach d' rainig air tonn a ris.
 A thailginn da freagrann cléir, o b' aill leat uam féin gach sgeul,
 Gu tugadh cath Ghabhra nan gleann, noch cha tainig ceann ar la.
 Do rinneadh sinn a gabhail long, agus airgiod trom an rìgh,
 An t-òr, 's an eideadh, 's an nì, 'an Eirinn air gach leth di.
 A Phadruig mhaith nam mionna, ann ad chill am faigheam bàs ?
 Cuir féin talamh air mo chneas, o 's agad tha fios mo sgeul.

Ossin o taa tow skeith, dane a noss di heith gou bass
 Gau turnigin is ear tlws, is gew Dea mowch gi lay
 Ar sleyve Seyane la luain, agus ni sloye er a lar
 Meichall is mur is mac Dey, dy hoyrt fene er an law
 In da espil deyk si wlay gi clerych may is gi faye
 Edrwme agis effrin or di wi gi croy er my lay.

Lay.

Auctor hujus Osseane m'fynn.

Anvine in nocht nart mo lawe ne ell mi coozein er laar
 Is nee enyth zof waa bronych ym zebil trog sennorych
 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif seach gi dwn er twne talwon
 Re tarring clach a hallinn gow relling hulechin talzing
 It ta wrskal aggwme zut er ir zi wuntir phatrik
 Estith re astenyth inn schal beg er tocht zin talgin
 Brwin di rinnyth in swnn er sleywe quoalgein moelyth lwmm
 Di churri er feanow phail ywir in ta hunwail
 Da drane din wrwin wroyth chur finn er elan morn
 Agus in trane elli zeit ormss is er clannow biskneith
 Hugas fregryth nar choyr er m'cowle v'tranewoyr
 Hurd nach bein fada fa smacht is nach danyth doo geilleicht
 Di weit Finn fada na host in leich nac burras a cosga
 Fer gin noyin gin eggill nor a quayl in doo regryth
 Is sea coyrra di raa rwm flath eanyth ny vane finn
 Bea tou schell a tarring clooch ma in deyt how in weit wronyth
 Di zeyrris is sin ra erg soss o vak cowle a rinzerga
 Sea lenn me din nane awnyth cathrow chath croychalm
 Fastir miss ag in nane verrir royssa my wraa feyn
 In lweht a wa gim heit ann is da in deit id tame gi anvin
 Faa meith in coythrlyth croo din nane in gath erwrvonyth
 Anvin
 Ymyth nac gin anyth ann da in tallyth tame gyth anvin
 anvin

Anvin in nocht cley mo curp credawm di wraer padrik
 Eddir lawe is chass is chenn, it tame ullith gi anvin anvin

Anvin.

A houdir so Ossin.

In soo chonnich maa in nayne, di chonnich ma caynan is goole
 Finni is oskir mi vacki rynith is art is dermit doone

Ossian, o tha tu sgùth, dean a nis do shìth gu bàs,
 Gabh d' ùrnuighean 'us iarr thus, 'us guidh Dia moch gach la,
 Air sliabh Sion la luain, agus na sluaigh air an làr,
 Michal 'us Muire 'us mac Dhé' do thoirt féin air an laimh.
 An da abstol deug 's a bhlaith, gach cleireach maith 's gach faidh,
 Edaram agus Ifrionn, oir do bhi gu cruaidh air mo la.

La.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian mac Fhinn.

Anmhunn an nochd neart mo laimh, ni bheil mo choimhghin er làr,
 Is ni ioghnadh dhomh bhi brònach, 'am ghiobul truagh seanarach,
 Truagh gach ni cheadaich domh, seach gach duine air tuinn talmhainn,
 Bhi tarruing chlach a shallain, gu relig thulaich an tailghin,
 Tha ursgeul agam dhuit, air ar dheadh mhuinntir, Phadruig,
 Eisd ri fàistneachd Fhinn, seal beag air teachd do 'n tailginn.
 Brughainn do rinn an sonn, air sliabh Chuailgne maola lom,
 Do chuir air Fianaibh Fail, aobhair ann do thionail.
 Da thrìan de 'n bhrughainn bhreagh, chuir Fionn air Clanna Moirn,
 Agus an trian eile dheth ormsa, agus air clannaibh Baoisgne.
 Thugas freagradh nar choir, air mac Cumhail mhic Threunmhoir ;
 Thubhairt nach bithinn fad fo a smachd, 's nach deanainn da géilleadh.
 Do bha Fionn fada 'n a thosd an laoch, nach b' fhrasad a chosgadh,
 Fear gun on gun eagal, 'n uair a chual an dubh-fhreagradh,
 Is e an còmhradh do radh rium, flath ainbhteach na Feinn, Fionn,
 Bithidh tu seal a tarruing chlach, ma 'n d' theid thu 'na bhith bhrònach,
 Do dh' eireas sin ri feirg suas, o mhac Cumhail rinn-dhearg,
 Is e lean mi de 'n Fheinn ainbhteach, an ceathramh cath cruaidh-chalm,
 Fasdair mise aig an Fheinn, bheirear roimhse mo bhreth féin, [mhunn,
 An luchd a bha ga 'm sheideadh, ann is do 'n teid, A ta 'm gu h-an-
 Fa mi an comhairleach crodha, do 'n Fheinn an cath cruinnabheum.

Anmhunn,

Iomadh neach gun aithne ann, de' an talamh ta 'm gu h-anmhunn,
 anmhunn,

Anmhunn an nochd cliabh mo chuirp, creideam do bhriathra Phadruig,
 Eadar làmh 'us chos 'us cheann, a ta 'm uile gu h-anmhunn anmhunn.

Anmhunn.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian.

An so chunnaic mi an Fheinn, do chunnaic mi Conan 'us Gall,
 Fionn 'us Osgar mo mhac, Roinn, 'us Art, 'us Diarmad donn,

M'lowith kynkeith ni galge garrith derk is ey beg
 Is ey m'carrith nor heyne ni tre finni is fed
 Glass is gow is garri galwe nin gead is conane brass
 Gole is cwin m'gwille sokkith m'fynni is bran
 Keilt m'ronane ni gath doyn coylin is leym er gleinni
 Is caedith a fronith or is fer one woyn var by vinni
 Baynith m'Brassil ni lanni m'chromchin tenni m'yn smail
 Agus oskir m'carrith zerve ni tre balwa is ni tre skaill
 Tre boyane zlinni schroill tre rwell o voynith reith
 vii mic cheilt ni glass tre zlassni zlessra nyn ser
 Tre beath chnoki durt be veddeis fa wurn znath
 Deach m'eithit vorn vor oissi teacht er boie id tad
 In soo a chonich ma in nane boyne eall di chenchyth koyll
 In dimchill ossin is inn swle zlinni di fronfre or
 Fer loo is kerrill croye di verdeis boye er gyth catht
 Fay canym is felune feall di chonnik mi ead in soo
In soo chonni.

A houdir so ossin m'finn.

Innis downe a phadrik nonor a leyvin
 A wil neewa gi hayre ag mathew faue eyrrin
 Veyriss zut a zayvin a ossinn ni glooyn
 Nac wil neewa ag aythyr ag oskyr na ag goolle
 Ach is troyg ni skayl channis tuss cleyrry
 Mis danew chrawe is gin neewa ag faue eyrrin
 Nac math lat a teneir vee tow si caythre
 Gin keilt gin noskyr weith far zutt is taythyr
 Beg a wath lwmsi wee ym hew si caythree
 Gin keilt gin noskyr weith far rwm is maythir
 Is farr gnwss vec neyve re agsin raa am lay
 Na wil doyr si grwnnith vea aggit gi hymlane
 Innis dwne a halgin skayli ni caythryth noya
 Verinsi zut gi hayre scaylli cath gawrraa
 Ma sea skayll ni cathrych zeawris tuss a hannor
 Gin netow gin nagris gin nenkis gin nanehoyve
 Ka id muntir neyve is oyssil fayne eyrrin
 Vil kroyss na gree na deilli sead cleyrri
 Ni heynin is ni fane ni cosswil eayd ree cheyll
 Neir zlass glayrre wea geyrre spre
 Er zraw tenni phadrik na fagsi ni demyh
 Gin nis di ree noya ber a steach ni fayni.

Mac Lughaidh geangach nan colg, Garaidh dearg, 'us Aodh beag,
 'Us Aodh mac Garaidh nach tioma, na tri Fionna 'us Fead
 Glas, agus Gobh agus Garaidh, Galabh nan gead 'us Conan bras,
 Goll agus Crudhain mac Ghuill, Socach mac Fhinn agus Bran, [glinne,
 Caoilte mac Ronain nan cath, deagh dhuine coimhlinn agus leum air
 Is e a cheud a bhronnadh òir, 'us fear o 'n bhonn bharr bu bhinne,
 Baithean mac Brasail nan lann, mac Croimchinn dein mic an Smaill,
 Agus Osgar mac Garaidh ghairbh, na tri Balbh 'us na tri Sgeil,
 Tri buidhinn Ghlinne Sròil, trì Ruail o mhonadh Rìgh,
 Seachd mic Chaoilt nan cleas, trì Glasa o Ghlasraidh nan saor,
 Tri Beathach chnoic an Duid, do bhitheas fo mhuirn a ghnàth,
 Deathach mac Fhìclit a Bhoruinn mhoir, os a teachd air buaidh a taid.
 An so chunnaic mi an Fheinn, buidheann fhiall do cheann 'chadh cèd.
 An timchioll Ossian 'us Fhinn, siubhail ghleann do bhronnadh òir,
 Fearluth 'us Caruil cruaidh, do bheireadh buaidh air gach cath,
 Fa canaim 'us Faolan fiall, do chunnaic mi iad 'an so.

An so chunnaic.

Is e ùghdair so Ossian mac Fhinn.

Innis duinn a Phadruig an onoir is leinn ;
 Am bheil neamh co h-aighear aig maithibh Feinn Eirinn ?
 Bheirinnse dhuit a dheinnhin, Ossian nan glonn,
 Nach bheil neamh aig d' athair aig Osgar no aig Gall.
 Ach is truagh an sgeul a chanas tusa chléirich,
 Mise deanamh chràbhaidh 's gun neamh aig Feinn Eirinn.
 Nach maith leat a d' aonar bhi d' shuidh 's a chaithir
 Gun Chaoilt, gun Osgar bhi marriut 'us d' athair ?
 Is beag am maith leamsa bhi am shuidh 's a chaithir,
 Gun Chaoilt, gun Osgar, bhi marrium 'us m'athair
 Is fearr gnuis mhic neimh ri fhaicinn réidh do la
 No na bheil de dh' or 's a chruinne bhi agad gu h-ìomlan.
 Innis duinn a Thailginn sgeul na cathrach naomha,
 Bheirinnse dhuit co h-aighear sgeul catha Ghabhra.
 Ma 's e sgeul na cathrach, dh' iarras tusa a sheanair,
 Gun iotadh gun ocras, gun airceas, gun aineamh.
 Ge iad muinntir néimh, is uasal Feinn Eirinn,
 Am bheil cruas nan cridhe, na diolsa iad a chléirich.
 Ni h-ionann 'us na Feinn, ni cosmhuil iad ri cheile,
 Ni air ghlas clàr a bhi ag iarraidh spréidh.
 Air ghràdh teann a Phadruig na fàgsa na daimhe,
 Gun fhios do rìgh neimh beir a steach na Feinn.

A houdir soo Ossein.

Annit doif skayle beg er finn, ne skayle nach currein soym
 Er v'cowle fay math golle, fa cowin sen rame ray
 Di wamyn beggane sloyeg, ag essroyg nyn neggin mawle
 Di chemyn fa holta yr trae, currych mor is ben ann
 Keigit leich zownych mane leich, fa math er gneeit er gych gart
 Fir rar ness is marg a cheith, di gowmist er gi ter nert
 Derrymir wlli gi dane, ach finn no wane is gowle
 Dethow churrych fa hard keym wa na reym scoltyth nyn donn
 Ne yarnyth tam in na techt gir zoywe calle si fort ynaa
 Yth techt dey her in ness derre ass m'cayve mnaa
 Gilli a darli no syth graanne, is ser mayne nossyth dalwee
 In nynin hanyk in gane, di waymin feyn rompyth sorve
 Heg thuggin gu pupaill finn, is banneis gi grin doyth
 Reggir m'kowle na heiner, in bannow beinn gin toyth
 Darrit in reith fa math drach, gi hard di neyn dath zlan
 Ca trawe as danith in wan, toywr skaylli gi gar rowne
 Neyn may re heir fa hwne, innosit gyth crwn my zayll
 Ne elli trawe fa neyin grane nar earis feyn di leich feal
 A reithyin hwlle gi royd a neyn oyk is math dalwe
 In tosga fa daneis an gane tawiris doyth pen gi darve
 Mi chomryth ort mass tow finn, di rae run in makayve mna
 Daywis towr loyryth is di loye gave mi chomre gi loyth tra
 Derrich in reith fa math fiss sloneit a niss ca ter a hei
 Goym rayd chomre a wen er gi far za will in greit
 Tay la feich a techt er murri leich is math gol er mi lorga
 Mak re na Sorchir is geire erme is do fa ann in Dyr borb
 Di churris gessi ne chenn gi berre fin may er saylle
 Is nach bein aggi mir wnee gar wath a ynce is awge
 Di raye osgir gi glor mir far sin di chosk gi reith
 Gin gar for finn di yess, ne rach tow less mir wneith
 Di chemyn techt her stead leich si wayd oss gi far
 Sowle ni farga gi dane si nwle chadni zoyve a wen
 Clokgit tenn teygne ma chenni far nar heme is bi tren
 Skaa yrwnnych you er a zess a drum lin cless era claa
 Clawe trome tortoyl nac gann gi tenn er teive in ir vor
 A gymirt class assi chind is a techt in genn tloye
 Za voneis zasg gi moya a sessow in gawlow skay
 Er nert er zask er zolle ne elle far mir achay
 Naill flath is rosk reith in kenn in ir fa keive crow
 Math in noyth fa gall a zayd is loayth a stayd ne gi srow

Is e ughdair so Ossian.

Aithnichte domh sgeul beag air Fionn, ni sgeul nach cuirear an suim,
 Air Mac Cumhail fa maith goil, fa cuimhne sin ri 'm ré.
 Do bha sinn beagan sluaigh, aig Easruadh nan eagan mall,
 Do chi sinn fo sheòl air tràidh, currach mòr 'us bean ann.
 Caogad laoch guineach mu 'n rìgh, fa maith air ghnìomh air gach gart,
 Fir d' ar n-eis is mairg a chite, do ghabhamaid air gach tìr neart.
 Do eireamar uile gu dìon, ach Fionn nan Fiann 'us Gall, [tonn.
 Do fheitheamh a churraich fa h-airde ceum, bha 'n a reim a sgoltadh nan
 Ni dheanadh tàmh ann a teachd, gu 'r ghabh cala 's a phort ghnàth.
 Aig teachd do thìr an eas, do eirich as maca mnatha,
 Gile a dealradh no sitheadh gréine, 'us is mìn nòs a deilbh ;
 An ainneir a thainig an céin, do bhamaid féin roimpe soirbh.
 Thig thugainn gu pubull Fhinn, 'us beannaicheas gu grinn doibh,
 Fhreagair Mac Cumhail 'na aonar, am beannachd binn gun toigh,
 Do fharraid an rìgh fa maith dreach, gu h-ard do nighean an dath ghloin,
 Co 'n treabh as an d' thainig a bhean, thoir sgeul gu geur dhuinn.
 Nighean mi rìgh thìr fo thuinn, innisid gu cruinn mo dhàil,
 Ni bheil treabh fa 'n iadh grian, nar iarras féin do laoch fial,
 A rioghan a shiubhail gach ròid, a nighean òig is maith dealbh,
 An tosga fa thainigeas an cein, tabhaireas doibh féin gu dearbh.
 Mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn, do ràdh ruinn am maca mnatha, [tràth.
 D' fheabhas d' ùrlabhraidh 'us do shluaigh, gabh mo chomraich gu luath
 Deir an rìgh fa maith fios, sloinn a nis co th' air do thi,
 Gabham ri 'd chomraich, a bhean, air gach fear dha 'm bheil an cridhe.
 Tha le fioc a teachd thar muir, laoch is maith goil air mo lorg,
 Mac rìgh na Sorcha is maith airm, 'us do 'n ainm an Daire Borb.
 Do chuireas geasan 'n a chionn, gum beireadh Fionn mi air sàl,
 'Us nach bithinn aige mar mhnaoi, ge 'r mhaith a ghnìomh 'us 'àgh.
 Do ràdh Osgar le gloir mhèar, am fear sin a chosg gach rìgh,
 Gun ge 'r fòireadh Fionn do gheas, ni rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.
 Do chi sinn teachd thar steud, laoch 's a mheud os gach fear,
 'Siubhal na fairge gu dian, 's an iùl cheudna 'ghabh a bhean,
 Clogaid teann tighinn mu 'cheann, fa 'n fhear nar thioma 'us bu treun,
 Sgiath chruinn dhubh air a dheas, a druim làn chleas air a cleibh,
 Claidheamh trom toirteal nach gann, gu teann air taobh an fhir mhoir,
 Ag imirt chleas os a chionn, 'us a teachd an connimh an t-sluaigh,
 A dha mhanais gaisge le buaidh, a seasamh an gualainn a sgéith,
 Air neart, air ghaisge, air ghoile, ni bheil fear mear ach e,
 Neul fiath 'us rosg rìgh, an ceann an fhir fa caomh cruth,
 Maith a shnuadh 'us geal a dheud, is luaithe a steud no gach sruth,

Tanik in stead sin in deir sin far nar weine riss in nayne
 Kegit leich wemir ann zonyth ra hynsyth gar nar
 Er eggill in ir is a heyth ne royve leich zin gan zrane
 Da twne mir hanik in deir darrit in reith fa math clu
 In nathin tow feyn a wen in na sud in fer a der tow
 Haneym a v'coulle a ynd is fowir linn a zi tane
 Darg say miss wra less ga math di thress a inn ayle
 Derre oskir agus Gowle bi worbe coskir lonn ni gath
 Nane sessow in gar in tloye eddir in far mor si flaath
 Hanik in leich bi wath tlacht le feich is lay nart no genn
 Aggis foddeis woyn in wen di we gar a zolin inn
 Tuk m'Morn in turchir dane gi croy na zey din tleyg
 Ner anni in turchir nar hay za sky gin darny da wli
 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg a chrissi yerg za layve claa
 Aggis marveis stayd in ir mor in teaach a rinyth lai
 Nor hut in stayd er in lerg zimpoo la ferg is la feich
 Agis fokgris borbe in teme corik er in kegit leich
 In tewe moe zinsyth fene is dinn kegit leich nar heim no zall
 Gar waat in tessow sid drost di zyle in gask la nyth lawe
 Varrit da willi gi marri gi dane di gi far zew sin
 De nemist wlli fa hur mir hu ac coryk fir
 Chaywill tre nenor gi moy sin nirrill chroy solli di seur
 Ga croy chaywill ni dre cheill er gi eine dew sin a churr
 Di zrwt gowle in nagni vir gu leddirt in ir in gor roit
 Ga bea chewic eads in sin bi zarve in gell sin gloe
 Horchir m'Morn lai laive m're nyth sorchir skaylle mor
 Is margk trave in danik in ven fa hut in far in gar roit
 Is er tutty in ir vor in gar zi choyn croye in ceme
 Di we neyn re heir fa hwne bleygin ac finn ansyth nane
 Flann m'Morn croy in cass hor bass fa mor in teacht
 Ne reive leich a danik ass zeive gin a chneis lane di chrecht
 Mathirsyth feine bi wath tlacht neach a wackyth reyve neir er
 In nis ass derri dym zneith er inn is annit doth skayll.
 Annit doth skayll.

Do zawe sea churre no o skay leith na thraa zor royve ann
 Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane is gin dranik se a feyn fyynn.

Mir wee kegit leich garwe in daall in narm zo gi loor
 Wemist gin choywir fa smach da goyvys woyn in cor
 Di weit in glywe gin tocht a cluyith chorp agus skay
 Co math chorik pen a deiss ne aykyth reiss er mi ray
 Eligir aggin ag in ess fer bi wath tressi is gneive

Thainig an steud sin air tìr, 's am fear nar mhin ris an Fheinn.
 Caogad laoch bhith'maid ann, a choinnich a dh' ionnsuidh an fhir,
 Air eagal an fhir 'us a theachd, ni robh laoch gun ghrain.
 De thuinn mar thainig air tìr, d' fharraid an rìgh fa maith cliù,
 An aithnich thu féin a bhean, an e sud am fear a deir tu ?
 Aithnicheam, Mhic Cumhail, a Fhinn, is pùdhar leam e do d' Fheinn,
 Tairgidh se mise a bhreith leis, ge maith do threise, Fhinn aill,
 Do eirich Osgar agus Gall, bu bhorb cosgair lonn nan cath,
 'N an seasamh an goire do 'n t-sloigh, eadar am fear mòr 's am flath,
 Thainig an laoch bu mhaith tlachd, le fìoch 'us le neart 'n a cheann,
 Agus faigheas uainn a bhean, do bha 'n goire do ghualainn Fhinn,
 Thug Mac Moirne an t-urchar dian, gu cruaidh 'n a dheigh do 'n t-sleigh,
 Nior fann an t-urchar nior e, dhe 'sgéith gun d' rinneadh da bhloidh.
 Do chrath Osgar fa mòir fheirg a chrios dhearg dhe 'laimh chli,
 Agus marbhas steud an fhir, mòr an t-euchd a rinneadh leatha.
 'N uair thuit an steud air an leirg, dh' iompaich e le feirg 'us le fìoch,
 Agus fògras, borb an taom, comhrag air na caogad laoch. ['n a dhàil,
 An taobh mo dh' ionnsuidh féin 'us d' Fhinn, caogad laoch nior thiom
 Ge 'r mhaith an seasamh 's an trosd, do gheill an cosg le a laimh.
 Bheireadh da bhuille gu mear, gu dian do gach fear dhiubh sin,
 Do bhitheamaid uile fa h-ùir, mar h-ùmh ag comhrag fir.
 Cheangail tri naoinear le buaidh, 's an iorghuill chruaidh sul do sguir,
 Gu cruaidh ceangail nan tri chaoil, air gach aon diubh sin a chuir.
 Do dhruid Gall an aigne mhir, gu leadairt an fhir an goire roimhe,
 Cia b'e chitheadh iad an sin, bu gharbh an goile 's an gleò ;
 Thorchair Mac Moirne le a laimh, Mac rìgh na Sorcha, sgeul mòr ;
 Is mairg treabh o 'n d' thàinig a bhean, fa thuit am fear an goire romha.
 'Us air tuiteam an fhir mhòir, an goire do 'n chuan, cruaidh an ceum,
 Do bhi nighean rìgh thir fo thuinn, bliadhna aig Fionn anns an Fheinn.
 Flann mac Moirne cruaidh 'an càs, fhuair bàs, bu mhòr an t-euchd,
 Ni robh a thainig as dhiubh, gun a chneas làn de chreuchd :
 M' athairse féin bu mhaith tlachd, neach am bochd riamh nior eur.
 'Us nis is deireadh do 'n ghniomh, air Fionn is aithnichte domh sgeul.
 Aithnichte domh sgeul.

Mar bha caogad laoch garbh, an dàil an arm dha gu leòr,
 Bhitheamaid gun chobhar fo a smachd, do ghabhas uainn a chòir,
 Do bhitheadh an claidheamh gun tochd, a claidh chorp agus sgiath,
 Co maith chomhrag air mo dheas ni fhaca mi ris air mo réidh.
 Adhlacar againn aig an eas, fear bu mhaith treis 'us gniomh,

Curir fay wrayth gi moyer fane oyr in nonor mi reith
 Deyth bleyin zoolle in narm naye in leith worb nar loyeth in reith
 M'Morn fa deyiss lamm gai leygiss ag finn ni fleygh.

Actor hujus Ossane M'finn.

Sai la guss in dei oy nach vaga mai finn
 Chanaka rem rai sai boo zar lym
 Mak neyn oe heik ree nyth wollich trom
 Meddi is mo raith mo cheyl is mo chon
 Fa filla fa flaa fa ree er girre
 Finn fla re no vane fa treach er gych ter
 Fa meille mor marre fa lowor er lerg
 Fa shawok glan geith fa seith er gi carde
 Fa hillanich carda fa markyth nor verve
 Fa hollow er zneith fa steith er gi scherm
 Fa fer chart a wrail fa tawicht toye
 Fa hynseith naige fa bratha er boye
 Fa hai in techter ard er chalm is er keol
 Fa dwlta nyn dawf o zaik graig ni glar
 A kness mir a galk a zroie mir in ross
 Bi zlan gorm a rosk a holt myr in tor
 Fa dwle dawf is doonna fa haryth nyn aw
 Fa hollow er znee fa meine ri mnawe
 Fa hai meille mor mak mwrna gi mygh
 Bar lynyth nyn land an cranna os gych ig
 Fa saywar in rygh a vodla mor zlass nyth
 Din zort zar zewe terf nochha thra . . .
 brone bane
 . . . er nyth tloye fa bi chroy cham
 Fa chossnw in greit fa vanve ni bann
 Gin dug in flath trechaid cath fa chann
 Er scrattych o zea M'Cowle nor chail
 Id deir fa zoo ne closs goo na vail
 Ner earne er nach zor air voo ynd
 Cha royve ach re grane re reyve vass a chynn
 Neir aik pest in locht na arrych in noef
 Neryn nyn neve ner varve in ser soyve
 Ne hynasse zneve a beine gin de bra
 Ner ynasse voym trane a voye si waa
 Ach is olk id tam in dei ind ni vane
 Di quhy less in flath gi math wa na zei

Cuirear fa bhràigh gach meur, fainne òir an onoir mo rìgh,
 Deich bliadhna dhol an airm nimh, an laoch borb nior lughaich an rìgh,
 Mac Moirne fa d' fhios leam, 'ga leigheas aig Fionn nam fleadh.

Auctor hujus Ossian Mac Fhinn.

Se la gus an dé, o nach fhaca mi Fionn,
 Cha-n fhaca ri 'm ré, saoi bu gheire leam ;
 Mac nighinn O' Theige, rìgh nam buillean tròm.
 M' eud 's mo rath, mo chiall 's mo chon,
 Fa filidh fa flath, fa rìgh air gheire,
 Fionn flath, rìgh na Feinn, fa treabhach air gach tìr,
 Fa miall mòr mara, fa leobhar air leirg,
 Fa sheabhag glan gaoithe, fa sith air gach ceairde,
 Fa oileanach ceart, fa mairg nior mhearbh,
 Fa ullamh air ghnìomh, fa steidh air gach seirm,
 Fa fìor ceart a bhreth, fa tàmhachie tuaith,
 Fa ionnsaichte 'n a aigh, fa brathach air buaidh,
 Fa h-e an teachdair ard, air chalm 'us air cheol,
 Fa diùltadh nan daimh, o dh' fhàg greagh na clàr,
 A chneas mar an cailc, a ghruaidh mar an ròs,
 Bu ghlan gorm a rosg, 'fholt mar an t-òr,
 Fa dùil daimh 'us daoine, fa aireach nan àgh,
 Fa ullamh air ghnìomh, fa mìn ri mnathaibh,
 Fa h-e am miall mòr, mac muirne gach magh,
 B' fhear loinneadh nan lann, an crann os gach fiodh.
 Fa saoi bhir an rìgh, a bhotal mor glas,
 D' fhion ghort ghear gharbh, tairbh noch char threa . . .
 . . . broinn bhàin,
 . . . air an t-sluagh, fa bu chruaidh cheum,
 Fa chosnadh an gniomh, fa Bhanbha bhain,
 Gun d' thug am flath, tricheud cath fa a ceann,
 Air sgraitheach dha, M' Cumhail nior cheil,
 A deir fa a ghò, ni clos gò 'na bheul,
 Ni euradh air ni, fhuair fear o Fhionn,
 Cha robh aca ri gréin, rìgh riamh as a chionn,
 Nior dh' fhàg beist an loch, no nathair an nimh,
 An Eirinn nan naomh, nar mharbh an saor seimh,
 Ni h-innisinn a ghnìomh, a bhithinn gu de bhràth,
 Nior innisinn uam, trian a bhuaidh 's a mhaith,
 Ach is olc a taim, an deigh Fhiun nam Féinn,
 Do chaidh leis an fhath, gach maith bha 'na dhéigh,

Gin angnow in vor gin annith glan geith
 Gin nor in mne ree is gin wre ni leich
 Is tursych id tam in dei chinni ni gaid
 Is me in crann er creith is me keive er naik
 Is me chnoo cheith is me in teach gin schrane
 Achadane mi nor is me in toath gin treath
 Is me ossiu m'fynn er trane ym zneith
 Nad be voa finn di bi lwm gi neith
 Vii sliss er y hyg m'kowl gyn blygh
 vii fythit skae cliss er gi sliss deu sen
 Kegit ymme oole in dymchale mi ree
 Kegit leich gin ymzwn syth gith ymme zeive
 x^t pley bane na hallith re hoil
 x^t urskir gorm x^t corn in noor
 Ach bi wath in traive a wag finni ni vane
 Gyn dochil gin drow gyn glw is gyn gley
 Gyn talkis ind er in err za ayne
 Ag dol er gi nae di weith cach za rar
 Finn flath in tloye sothran er a lou
 Re nyn wlle aig roy zwnni ni ner zwlt
 Ner zwlt finn ree nath ga bi veg a lynn
 Char churre ass i heach nach zor danyth ann
 Math in donna finn math in donna ai
 Noch char helic nath lai zor helic sai.
 Sai.

A houdir so Allane M'Royree.

Glennschee in glenn so rame heive, a binn feig agus lon,
 Menik redeis in nane, ar on trath so in dey agon
 A glen so fa wenn Zwlbin zwrm, is haald tulchi fa zran
 Ner wanew a roythi gi dark, in dey helga o Inn ni vane
 Estith beg ma zalew leith a chuddycht cheive so woym
 Er wenn Zwlbin is er inn fail, is er M'ezoynn skayl troyg
 Gur lai finn fa troyg in shelga, er V'ezwn is derk lei
 Zwl di wenn Zwlbin di helga, in turkgi nach fadin erm zei
 Lai M'ezwnn narm ay, da bay gin dorchirre in tork
 Gillir royth ba zoill finn, is sche assne rin do locht
 Er fa harlow a zail, M'ozunn graw nin sgoll
 Ach so in skayll fa tursych mnaan, gavr less di layve an tork.
 Zingywal di lach ni wane, da gurri ea assi gnok
 In schenn tork schee bi garv, di vag ballerych na helve mok

Gun anghnath aoin mhòir, gun eineach glan gaoithe,
 Gun òr 'us mnatha rìgh, 's gun bhreith nan laoch.
 Is tuirseach a taim an deigh chinn nan ceud,
 Is mi an crann air chrith, 's mo chiabh do m' fhàg,
 Is mi a chno chith, is mi an t-each gun srian,
 Achadan mi an uair, is mi an tuath gun treabh,
 Is mi Ossian mac Fhinn, air trian de 'm ghnìomh,
 An fhad bu bheò Fionn, do bu leam gach ni,
 Seachd slìos air a thigh, M'Cumhail co fheadh
 Seachd fichead sgiath chleas, air gach slìos dhiubh sin,
 Caogad uidheam olaidh an timchioll mo rìgh,
 Caogad laoch gun iomagan, anns gach uidheam dhiubh,
 Deich bleidh bà, 'n a thalla ri òl,
 Deich eascradh gorm, deich corn de 'n òr,
 Ach bu mhaith an treabh, a bh' aig Fionn nam Feinn,
 Gun doichioll gun druth, gun gleois gun gléidh,
 Gun tarchuis ann, air aon fhear dh'a Fheinn,
 Aig dol air gach ni, do bha càch d'a réir,
 Fionn flath an t-sluaigh, sothran air a luaidh,
 Rìgh nan uile aigh, roimh dhuine nìor dhiult,
 Nìor dhiult Fionn roimh neach, ge bu bheag a loinn,
 Char chuir as a theach, neach dha 'r thainig ann,
 Maith an duine Fionn, maith an duine e,
 Noch char thiodhlaic neach, le dha 'r thiodhlaic se.
Sé.

Is e ùghdair so Allan Mac Ruairidh.

Gleannsith an gleann so ri m'thaobh, 's am binne feidh agus loin,
 Is minic a ruitheas an Fheinn, air an t-srath so an deidh an con,
 An gleann so fo Bheinn Ghulbainn ghuirm, a's àillidh tulaich fo'n ghréin,
 Na struthana a ruith gu dearg, an deidh shealg o Fhionn na Feinn.
 Eisdibh beag mar dh' fhalbh laoch, a chuideachd chaoimh so uam,
 Air Bheinn Ghulbain 'us air Fionn fial, 'us air Mac O'Dhuinn, sgeul truagh,
 Gur le Fionn bu truagh an sealg, air Mhac O'Dhuinn a's deirge lith,
 Dhol do Bheinn Ghulbain do shealg, an tuirc nach faodain arm a chaidh.
 Le Mac O'Dhuinn an airm àigh, do 'm b'e gun torchradh an tore,
 Geillear roimhe bu dh' fhoill Fhinn, is e esan a rinn do lochd.
 Fhear fa tharladh an gaol, Mac O'Dhuinn gràdh nan sgoil,
 Ach so an sgeul fa tursach mnathan, gabhar leis do làimh an tore,
 Dìonghal do laoch na Feinn, do chuir e as a chnoc,
 An seann tore, is e bu ghairbhe, do fhac ballardaich na h-alla-muic.

Soeyth finn is derk dreach, fa wenn Zwlbin zlass in telga
 Di fre dimit less in tork, mor in tolga a rin a shelga
 Di elastich cozar ni wane, nor si narm teach fa a cann
 Ersi in a vest o swoyn, is glossis woyth er a glenn
 Curris ri faggin nin leich, in shen tork schee er freich borh
 Bi geyr no ganyth sleygh, bi traneiseygh na gath bolga
 M'ozwnn ni narm geyr, fragor less in na vest olk
 Wa teive reyll trom navynyth gay, curris sleygh in dayl in turk
 Brissir an cran less fa thre, si chran fa reir er in mwk
 In sleygh o wasi wayerka vlaye, rait less nochchar hay na corp
 Targir in tan lann o troyle, di chossin mor loye in narm
 Marviss M'ozunn fest, di hanyth feyn de hess slane
 Tuttis sprocht er Inn ne wane, is soyis sea si gnok
 Makozunn nar dult dayve, olk less a hecht slane o tork
 Er weith zoyth faddi no host, a durt gar wolga ri ray
 Tothiss a zermitt o hocht, ga maid try sin tork so id taa
 Char zult ay achonyth finn olk leinn gin a heacht da hygh
 Toissi tork er a zrum, M'ozunn nach trome trygh
 Toiss na ye reiss, a yermitt gi meine a tore,
 Fa lattis troygh ya chinn, a zil nin narm rind gort
 Ymbeis bi hurrus goye, agus toissi zayve in tork
 Gunne i freich neive garve, boonn in leich bi zarg in drod
 Tuttis in sin er in rein, M'O'Zwne nar eyve fealle
 Na la di heive in turk, ach sen ayd zut gi dorve
 A ta schai in swin fa creay, M'O'Zwne keawe in gleacht
 Invakane fullich ni wane, sin tulli so chayme fa art
 Saywic swlzorme essroye, far la berrit boye gi ayr
 In dey a horchirt la tork, fa hulchin a chnokso a taa
 Dermitt M'O'Zwne oyill, huttom tra ead nin noor
 Bi gil a wrai no grane, bu derk a wail no blai k . . .
 Fa boe innis a alt, fadda rosk barglan fa lesga
 Gurme agus glassi na hwle, maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht
 Binnis is grinnis na zloyr, gil no zoid varzerk vlaa
 Mayd agis evyecht sin leich, seng is ser no kness bayn
 Coythtyc is maaltor ban, M'O'Zwne bi vor boye
 In turri char hog swle, o chorreich wr er a zroy
 Immir deit eyde is each, fer in neygin creach nar charre
 Gilli a bar gasga is seith, ach troyg mir a teich so glenn.
 Glennschee.

Is subhach Fionn a's deirge dreach, fa Bheinn Ghulbain ghlais an t-seilg,
 Do frìth d'imich leis an tore, mòr an t-olc a rinn a shealg,
 Ri clàisdeachd co-ghàir nam Feinn, 'us an airm teachd fa a cheann,
 Eireas a bhéisd o 'shuain, 'us gluaiseas uath air a ghleann,
 Cuireas ri fàgail nan laoch, an seann tore 'us e air friodh borb,
 Bu ghéire no gath nan sleagh, bu treine a shaigh no gath bolga.
 Mac O'Dhuinn nan arm geur, freagras leis a bhéisd olc,
 O a thaobh thrìall tròm nimhneach gath, cuirear sleagh an dàil an tuire,
 Brisear a crann leis fa thrì, 's i a crann fa réir air a mhuc,
 An t-sleagh o bhos bhàrdhearg bhlaith, rait leis noch char e 'n a chorp.
 Tarruingear tan lann á truail, do choisinn mòr bhuaidh nan arm,
 Marbhas M'O'Dhuinn a bhéisd, do thainig e fhéin as slàn.
 Tuiteas sprochd air Fionn na Feinn, 'us suidheas e 's a chnoc ;
 Mac O'Dhuinn nach do dhiult dainh, olc leis a thighinn slàn o'n tore.
 Air bhi dha fada 'n a thosd, a dubhairt, ge b'olc ri ràdh,
 Tomhais, a Dhiarmaid o 'shoc, cia meud troidh 's an tore a ta,
 Char dhiult e achuinge Fhinn, olc leinn gun a theachd d'a thigh,
 Tomhaisidh an tore air a dhruim, Mac O'Dhuinn nach tròm troidh.
 Tomhais 'n a aghaidh a ris, A Dhiarmaid gu mìn an tore,
 Fa leat is truagh dha chinn, a ghille nan arm roinn ghoirt.
 Imicheas, bu thurus goimh, agus tomhaisidh dhoibh an tore,
 Guinidh a fhriogh nimh garbh, bonn an laoch bu gharbh 'an trod.
 Tuiteas 'an sin air an raon, M'O'Dhuinn nior aoibh feall ;
 'N a luidh do thaobh an tuire, ach sin e dhuit gu doirbh ;
 A ta se an sin fa chreuchd, M'O'Dhuinn caomh an gleachd ;
 Aon mhacau fulangach nam Fiann, 's an tulach so chi 'm fa ard,
 Seabhag sùlghorm Easruaidh, fear le 'm beireadh buaidh gach air
 An déigh a thorchairt le tore, fa thulchain a chnuic so a ta.
 Diarmaid M'O'Dhuinn aibheil, a thuiteam troimh eud an òir.
 Bu ghile a bhrù no gréin, bu deirg a bheul no blàth . . .
 Fa buidhe innis a fholt fad, rosg bar ghlan fa liosg,
 Guirm 'us glaise 'n a shrùil, maise 'us caise cùl nan cleachd,
 Binneas 'us grinneas 'n a ghlòir, gile 'n a dhòid bhàrdhearg bhlàth,
 Meud agus éifeachd 's an laoch, seang 'us saor fo a chneas bàn,
 Cothaich 'us mealltair bhan, M'O'Dhuinn bu mhòr buaidh,
 An tùr cha thog a shùl, o chorruidh ùr air a ghruaidh,
 Immirdich fhaoghaid 'us each, fear an éigin chreach nar char,
 Gille b' fhearr gaisge 'us sith, ach truagh mar a theich 's a ghleann.
 Gleannsith.

A houdir so seiss Allan M'Royre.

Mor in nocht my chow feyn a halgin a ta zim rair
 Re smeinten a chaa chroy huggemir is carbryth cranroy
 A maksen chormik ochwnni merga in nayn harlyth fa chung
 Reith gin chass vin chaath di churri ris gin zrane royth boe
 Kailswm gith ollith fame hwnni inni is clanni keive chwnn
 Guss wyve sen charbre roye nir smeine seine olk na anweine
 Di chan carbryth ranyth loyeth agus di be in nellith chroye
 Gir bar less twttwm er mygh agus in nane la cheille
 Nassyth reithre wea vir agus in nane a weith er nerrin
 Di chan barrin gi prap cwneich mwkre agis art
 Fir sinsir huttwm in sin di wreith fellith ni faynith
 Cwneich a gessith chroye is cwneich in non oywir
 Is nach reym cogeith rame linni ach na hoggeith vakkowle
 Ba corle clonni cwne agus carbre a lay trome
 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni agus sinni di zochin
 Gow marreith na zey wleyg is gin nane a weith in nalwin
 Is weadeist baiss fa zoem tra nach bedeis in mir zlee
 Hug sen gi feich fergich in cathsin cacht zawraa
 Di hut in nane bonni ri bonni is reithre olsa errin
 Ne roygh o nynea nor gow fodleith earra in doythin
 In reith nach roygh far smacht rar linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin.
 O churre an sen r nar ner zoive rwneni keiss na kayn
 Is ne roye ag dwn keith rwn ach far gwde di zea nerrin
 Ymmi er fey in doyn worre nach lar wey in dey in tloye
 Ni fonyeith la er lai a huttym la ny cheillith
 Da deg feith awlwarreith in seu orrew in nerrin eazlyn
 Ossin cred a zaneith finni agus ersemi far nerrin
 Er a lave a cleyrre chaye ne royith si vanve vane
 Beggane di leichre erse agus ogre gin darve
 Ga bea reith heyssyth in sin zoive sai fodleith in nasgeith
 Gin cath gin nirril gin nawg gin none gin achassen
 Churr sin ir techta sorgow faa mayk v^e conni
 Di hoith orrin nar genni di zowell reithreith errin
 Mor in tysin dymith orweith a reith taureith fa mo torm
 Twlleith owyr a tug gow dul di warwa er ollea
 Ossin innis doive skail nor chorsew in nirril trane
 Nor hutyth di waksi si chaa na drwg tow er er lawryth
 Oskin mi vec osgir ayen hanyth miss er curreith in nar a
 Id tanik keiltyth er sen oskir a hechtir clynni
 Hanik in roze boa zar weane woskin in garrith dyth feyn

An t-ùghdair so sios, Allan Mac Ruaraidh.

Mòr an nochd mo chumha féin a thailginn a tha do 'm réir,
 Ri smuaintinn a chatha chruaidh thugamar 'us Carbair crann ruaidh,
 Am mac sin Chormaic O'Chuinn, mairg an fheadhan a tharladh fo 'chuing,
 Rìgh gun chàs o 'n chath do chuireadh leis gun ghraim roimh beothaibh,
 Cheangladh sinn gach uile Fiann, thun Fhinn 'us cloinne caoimh Chuinn,
 Gus do bhi sin Carbair ruadh, nior smuainich sinn olc no ainmhein.
 Do chan Carbair ris an t-sluagh, agus do b 'e an ealaidh chruaidh,
 Gur b' fhearr leis tuiteam air magh, agus an Fheinn le chéile,
 No na rìghre bhi fa ùir, agus an Fheinn a bhi air Eirinn.
 Do chan Barruinn gu prap, cuimhnich Mucraidh agus Art,
 Bhur sinnsreadh thuiteam an sin, de bhreith foill na Feinn,
 Cuimhnich na geasan chruaidh, 'us cuimhnich an on uamhor,
 'Us nach robh aon chogadh ri 'm linn, ach na thog Mac Cumhail.
 B'e comhairle chlanna Chuinn, agus Charbair na laimhe truime,
 Iad féin a thabhairt do 'r cinn, agus sinne a dhochainneadh,
 Gu maireadh 'n a dheidh fleadh, 'us gun Fheinn a bhi 'n Almhainn,
 'Us bhitheas bàs fa dhiomb, an trath nach bitheas ann mar dhlighe.
 Thug sinn gu fiadhaich feargach, an cath sin cath Ghabhra.
 Do thuit an Fheinn bonn ri bonn 'us rìghre uasal Eirinn.
 Ni robh o 'n Innia an ear, gu Fodla iar an domhain,
 Aon rìgh nach robh fo 'r smachd, r 'ar linn gus a chath sin, a thailginn ;
 O chuireadh an sin ar n-àr nior ghabh dhuinn cùis no càin,
 'Us ni robh aig duine cith ruinn ach far cuid de dh' iath an Eirinn,
 Iomadh bhi air feadh an domhain mhoir nach làthair bhi an deigh an
 Ni faoin lamh air laimh a thuiteam le na chéile, [t-sloidh,
 Da tig fiadhaich almharaich an sin orra 'an Eirinn iath-ghlan.
 Ossian, creud a dheanadh Fionn, agus iarsma far an Eirinn ?
 Air a laimh a chléirich chaidh, ni robh 's a Bhanbha bhàin,
 Beagan de laochraidh arsaidh agus oigridh gun dearbhadh ;
 Ge b' e rìgh a sheasadh an sin gheabhadh se Fodla an nasgaidh,
 Gun chath, gun iorghuill, gun agh, gun on, gun achmhasan.
 Chuir sinn ar teachta saor gu fàth Mac mhic Cuinn.
 Do chaidh uainn 'n ar cinn do ghabhail rìghre Eirinn,
 Mor an tigh sin d' imich oir bha rìgh Teamhra fa mòr toirm,
 Tuilleadh aobhar a tug gu dol a mharbhadh ar n-uile.
 Tuilian, innis doibh sgeul 'n uair chuir sibh an iorghuill threun,
 'N uair thuit do mhac-sa 's a chath, an do rug thu air a labhradh ?
 Os cionn mo mhic Osgair aine thàinig mis air cur an àir,
 Do thàinig Caoilte air sin oscionn a sheachdnar cloinne,
 Thàinig na robh beò de 'r Feinn os cionn an cairdean fein,

Drong zoe lawrrit or sin is weith drong ellith gin armyn
 A cleyrreith na baichil bane ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
 Byth vor in troye rar lin olsa errin di hwttim
 Ymmeith caithraa codeith keive ynmni loereith heith her
 Ymmeith skaith harsi si wygh agus a trea gin armin
 Cha dewith sin din tloyg mirri baale er in roygh boye
 Cha dwg sin lynni ass a chaa ach feve reith na ardlacht
 Sanni a hor mo mi wag feyn na lea er a wllin claa
 Is skaa nawriss er in layr agus a lanni na zess lawe
 Donnwl allith er gith lea dea er bley a looreicha
 Leggwm erla mi ley re lar is di bi rynis oss a chinmi tawe
 Sminum a healgin er sen cred a zanvin na zeye
 Di hillith osgir rwmsyth soss agus bi lor lam a chross
 Di hein a hwggwm a laave er wayn er ym choaaili
 Di zoyve may lawe mi vec feyn is dyth hoeis ranyth crea
 Is aon tw sin a lea char churreis caiss sin teil
 Hurrt rwmsyth mi wak farryth agus a nar armyth
 A woe riss ni dwllw sin di wesith slane a aythir
 Ne zanwmsyth zewsytht gaeth ne roe aggwm fregreith zoe
 Gin danik keilt worsin huggin a zeyzin oskir
 A dowirt mak ronane in nawe ach keynis tazes a zrawg
 A tame er oskir mir is dlee dul a gowar seil awzeive
 Crachte sley carbre roye fa ymlin oskir armroye
 Lawe cheilt ga wllin doe reach in greachte nyth sley
 Sirris keilta a knee er choyr id toyr a inni na zoece
 It toyr a zrwme crechti kyn er a zerre din zorley
 Skreddis makronane sin agus tuttis gow talwin
 Id dowirt keiltyth ym meille trane er weith zoe er tryle in dyvenail
 Feirane sen a oskir aile a skarris ranyth wane
 Is skar raa caath ra fynni bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
 Gerrit a weith zone mir sin a vec alpin a chlerich
 Gi waka a huggin wo nar ne roye boea zaneu phail
 Feichit keaid zonyth mir sin eddr ogre is arse
 Ne roowe dwne slane dew sin aggin din neychit cadsin
 Ach fer ix gonni gi reive fath low ag gin di chreactew
 Togmir in tosgir arne er chrannaw sley in nardew
 Bermoyne e gu tullych zlin dyth howirt dea a heydyth
 Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp cha roye slane wo na alt
 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar ach a ygh na hynirrane
 In nyth sin dwn sin naar geillingua churp gow laa
 Gir hogsin clan v^e ne finni er chnokew ard evin
 Neyr choneith neach a v^e fen nir chein a wrar fa zeyth
 Re fegsin me vecsi mir sen kaach wlyth a kentyth oskir

Droing dhiubh labhradar sin 'us bhi droing eile gun anamain.
 A chleirich a bhachuil bhàin, ge bith do chitheadh an t-àr,
 Bu mhòr an truaighe ri 'r linn uailse Eirinn do thuitem.
 Iomadh cobhra codat caomh, iomadh luireach shitheach shaor
 Iomadh sgiath tharsna 's a mhagh, agus a triath gun anamain,
 Cha dubhach sin do 'n t-sluaigh mar a b' àl air an robh buaidh,
 Cha tug sinn leinn as a chath ach faoibh rìgh no ardlaoich.
 'S ann a fhuair mi mo mhac féin 'n luidhe air 'uilinn clì,
 A sgiath 'n a bhris air an làr, agus a lann 'n a dheas laimh,
 De 'n fhuil aille air gach leth, d'iadh air blaghaibh a luirich,
 Leigeam earrlinn mo shleidh ri làr agus rinneas os a chionn tàmh,
 Smuaineam a thailginn air sin creud a deanainn 'n a dheigh,
 Do thill Osgar riumsa suas agus bu leòr leam a chrois,
 Do shìn e thugam a làmh air mhiann air mo chòmhdhail,
 Do ghabh mi làmh mo mhic féin 'us do thugas ràn cruaidh,
 'Us o an taobh sin a leth nior chuireas càs 's an t-saoghal,
 Thubhairt riumsa mo mhac féin fear agus e an oir anamainn,
 Fo ris na dùilibh sin do bhi-sa slàn a athair,
 Ni dheanaimse innseadh ghò, ni robh agam freagradh dha,
 Gu 'n tainig Caoilte mòr sin thugainn a dh' fhaicinn Osgar.
 A dubhairt Mac Ronain an aigh, ach cionnus tathas, a ghràidh ;
 A tathaim ar' Osgar mar is dlighe 'dol an comhar saoghail aighe,
 Chreuchd sleadh Charbair ruaidh fa imliun Osgair armruaidh,
 Lamh Chaoilte gu 'uilinn do rach an creuchdaibh na sleigh,
 Sireas Caoilte an cneadh air choir, do fhuair gach ni 'na dhoigh,
 Do fhuair a dhruim creuchta glan air a ghearradh le 'gheur shleadh.
 Sgreadas Mac Ronain an sin agus tuiteas gu talmhainn ;
 Do thubhairt Caoilte am milidh treun air bhi dha air triall an dubh neul,
 Firinn sin a Osgar ail a sgarras ri na Feinn,
 'Us sgaraidh cath ri Fiannaibh, bithidh an eis aig siol mòr Chuinn.
 Goirid a bhi dhuinn mar sin a Mhic Alpain, a chléirich,
 Gu facadh thugainn o 'n àr na robh beò de Fhiannaibh Fail,
 Fichead ceud dhaoine mar sin eadar oigridh 'us àrsaidh ;
 Ni robh duine slàn diubh sin againn de 'n fhichead ceud sin,
 Ach fear naoi guine gu nimh, fath lugh aig gun de chreuchdadh.
 Togamar an t-Osgar arnaidh, air chrannaibh sleidh an àirde,
 Beirminn e gu tulach ghrinn, do thabhairt dheth 'éideadh ;
 Leud a bhoise dhe 'n chorp cha robh slàn o 'fholt,
 No gu ruig a bhuinn làr ach 'aghaidh 'n a h-aonaran ;
 An inigh, 's an dùin, 's an àra, geilleachdainn d'a chorp gu la,
 Gur thog sinn clann Mhic na Feinn, air chnocaibh ard aoibhinn,
 Nior chaoin neach a mhac féin, nior chaoin a bhràthair fa dheigh,
 Ri faicsinn mo mhacsa mar sin, càch uile a caoineadh Osgair.

Gerrit a wee zown mir sin er curryth in a churp cheive zil
 Gow vaka chuggin fa nona fin m'kowle vic tranever
 Gow dugsidir annsyth nar drane boe di zaneu phal
 Er fyail clynni boissni neyr fa chassil chroo sin nirril
 Di bi roye baekeith ni werri agus skranil ni meillyth
 Gow vaggi sin merga finni re cranni sley voss er gin
 Hugsaid huggin assin nar di hug sin na goaill
 Di vannych sinn ullyth zinni agis char reggir a sinni
 Dulli er in tullych na rane far in rowe oskir armzar
 Nor a wowych oskir finni er tocht daa voss a chinni
 Togissa nye neachla is bannythchis da hanathir
 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin re m'murnaith sin nor sin
 Mi chin fest riss in naik er haggin a inni armzar
 Troyg a oskir arne a zey v^c mo v^c syth fen
 Miss er a zey is fanne is er dye fane errin
 Mallych art in r gym moye sai sa dwe tanyth reym loyith
 Di leon a orrw m a her na gi reach ma in noeneith
 Slane wome a zirrill is di zawe slane di gi keiss di hoikwail
 Slane di gi math woym in nossa ach ne waym zin chomso
 Re clastin kelwein nyth finni a arrwm a hosgir zi ling
 Di hein a woa in dai lawe is di zea a rosga rinwlaa
 Di hynta finni runna a chwle di hilla deara gow dour
 Ach fa osgir is fa wranna cha drin sai dar er talvin
 Ach missi wane agis fin ne royve a zayn woss a chin
 Hug ait tree zayryth sin noyr a class fa errin awoyr
 Coyk fichit kead x is deich kead er in goayrren zin fen
 Wa din nam marve er a wygh gyn nane dwn za essen
 A zaa urdill sin is ne goe is reith errin skail fa moe
 Wa marve er in teive ellith di loyg errin armylin
 Neyn roye finni swllor na saive o hen gow hyig a wass
 Woyn zloossin ne far da less reithre wea zi werrin
 Woyn chath sen cath zawryth noch cha drone ma tyn nawryth
 Cha rowe in oor roea na loo nar leg maa ossni lan wor
 Mor noch.

A houdir so seis Farris filli.

Ard agne zwlle, fer coggi finn
 Leich loyvir loonn, owil ne timmi
 Seir anich soss, ser snaig heive
 Murrich er sloyg, goole crowich keive
 Mak mornyth marri, fa croith in goll

Goirid a bhi dhuinn mar sin, air curaidh a chuirp chaoimh ghil,
 Gu facadh thugain fa nòin, Fionn mac Cumhail mhic Threimnhoir.
 Gu tugsidhean anns an àr trian beò de dh' Fhiannaibh Fail,
 Air faighail clanna Boisgne an uir fa chaiseal chrò 's an iorghuil ;
 Do bu ro bhacach na fir agus gràineil na milidh ;
 Gu faca sinn meirghe Fhinn, ri crann sleidh os ar cionn,
 Thugsaid thugainn as an àr ; do thug sinn 'n a comhdhail,
 Do bheannaich sinn uile dh' Fhinn agus char fhreagair e sinn,
 'Dol air tulach nan treun, far an robh Osgar armgheur,
 'N uair a mhothaich Osgar Fionn air teachd da os a chionn,
 Togas an aghaidh neochlaon, 'us beannaicheas d' a sheanathair.
 A dubhairt an t-Osgar an sin, ri Mac Muirne 's an uair sin,
 Mo chion feasd ris an eug air fhaicinn a Fhinn airmgheir,
 Truagh, a Osgair arnaidh a dheadh mhic mo mhic-sa fein,
 Mise air a dheigh is fann, 'us air deigh Feinn Eirinn,
 Mallachd ort a fhir co 'm buaidh 's e is duibh thainig ri m' shluagh,
 Do lean e orm o shear, na gu rachadh mi an aonach,
 Slàn uam do iarghuil 's do àgh, slàn do gach cìs a thogail,
 Slàn do gach maith uam a nis, ach na faigheam de 'n chom so,
 Ri clàistinn caolmhuinn Fhinn, an arraing Osgar do ling,
 Do shìn e uaith a dha làmh 'us do dh' iath a rosg roinnbhath.
 Do thionndadh Fionn ruinn a chùl, do shileadh dheur gu dùr ;
 Ach fa Osgar 'us fa Bhann, cha d' rinn se deur air talmhainn,
 Ach mise mhain agus Fionn ni robh de dh' Fheinn os a chionn,
 Thug iad trì ghàir 's an uair, a chlos fa Eirinn aghmhor.
 Cuig fichead ceud, deich 'us deich ceud air an comhaireimh dhinn féin,
 Bha de 'n Fheinn marbh air a mhagh, gun aon duine dheth easbhuidh,
 A dha ùrdail sin 'us ni gò 'us Rìgh Eirinn sgeul fa mo,
 Bha marbh air an taobh eile, do shluagh Eirinn arm-ghrinn,
 Ni robh Fionn suilbhir no seimh, o sin gu theachd a bhàis ;
 O 'n ghledè sin ni fearda leis, rìghrean bhi a dhith fearainn.
 O 'n chath sin cath Ghabhra noch a d' rinn mi treun labhradh,
 Cha robh an uair riamh no lo, nar leig mi osnadh lan mhòr.
 Mòr an nochd.

Is e ùghdair so sios Ferghus Filidh.

Ard aigne Ghuill, fear cogaidh Fhinn,
 Laoch leobhar lonn, 'fhoghail nach tioma
 Saor eineach suas, saor snaidheach a thaobh,
 Murrach air sluagh, Goll cruthach caomh,
 Mac Moirne mear, fa crodha an goil,

A clew fa schen, far geinnoll sen
 Reith finnith fayl, ne timmi glor
 Ne seywe a chail, leich eyve mor
 Noor heyd a gayth, rayme flath feich
 Ga meine a chness, ne in tass in neith
 A waid ne i myn, oosi geagi torri
 Say is glenny gen, eyddi ni skoll
 Ooss barri benn, errir sen rynn
 Fa heggill lenn, a hagri hecht rinn
 Derrim rwt a inn, na drillis noonn
 Di warr agli zwle, hagni gi tromm
 Gin chur ra wath, si cath ne in doe
 Inseich chayth, kinseleich sloe
 A anich ne min, fullich in fer
 Dossi ni skoll, ossil a zen
 Wrrik a loeg, torvirdych fayll
 A throst cayth is boyn, foss flath a chayl
 Dwn na olt, a wrunni mir chelk
 Wmlane mi chorp, lomlane da herk
 Memnycht a weiss, dalweich a znwss
 Ne elle re ooss gowle, ne chell ort a inn
 Tress ni doon, a zasga zrin
 Flaaoll foss, daytholl a kness
 Er zoole ne cless, ne slim er hass
 Broontych a zale, convych a royr
 Ferriddi mein, melleddi moyr
 Da rayth gi brayth, aw agis eich
 Nawch ri cayth, lawch a leich
 Claa chonis woyn, sonnis ni wayne
 Monmurrycht coyn, illericht dane
 Loyvin er aw, croyth na grewith
 Loyvir a layve, royg ni reith
 Sonnis ni rowd, sollis a zaid
 Curris say layve, gych trayn da wayd
 Boyn rowni a nir, boy corrik er
 Leydwich a zolli, egni in sterr
 Leich cwnych loonn, neawnych la lynn
 Targissi goole, argissicht lynui
 Leich arm mar, fargyecht ra chin
 Colg convych er, onchon er zoll
 Fer zalle ni gonn, royt zraw ni ban
 Beith dawe gin non, di znaa na zarr
 La beowe rod, a rot ne in tlaa

A chliù fa sean, fear geanail sin
Rìgh feinnidh fial, ni tioma gloir,
Ni 'n saobh a chiall, laoch aoibhidh mòr,
'N uair theid an cath, reim flath fìoch,
Ge mìn a chneas, ni 'n taise 'an nì,
A mheud ni mion, os geug an toradh,
'S e is gloidhe gean, oide nan sgoil,
Os barraibh bheann, eirear 's an raoin.
Deirim riut a Fhinn, na triallas nunn,
Do fearr eagal Ghuill, aigne ge trom,
Gun chuireas ri mhaith, 's a chath ni 'n doigh,
Ionnsaidheach caidh, ceannsalach sloigh,
A eineach ni mion, fuileach am fear,
Toiseach nan sgoil, uasail a ghean,
Oirdhearc a shluagh, toirbheartach fial,
A throsd cath is buan, os flath a chiall,
Donn 'n a fholt, a bhronn mar chaile,
Iomlan m'a chorp, lomlan de sheirc,
Eire fa chis, bu choir dha chuis,
Meanmnach a bhitheas, dealbhach a ghnuis,
Ni bheil rìgh os Goll, ni cheil ort a Fhinn ;
Treise nan tonn, a ghaisge ghrinn,
Flathail fòs, dathail a chneas,
Air Gholl nan cleas, ni sliom air theas,
Bronntach a dhàil, confhadhach a thredir,
Fearanta mìn, mileanta mòr,
Do rait gu bràth, 'agh agus 'fhioch,
Nimheach ri càch, làmhach an laoch,
Cleith chonus bhuan, sonas 'na mhein,
Monamarrach cuain, iorghuileach dian,
Leomhan air agh, crodha 'n a ghnìomh
Leobhar a làmh, roghadh nan rìgh,
Sonas 'n a ròd, solus a dheud,
Cuireas se leòn, gach treun dha mheud,
Buan reim an fhir, buaidh comhraig air,
Leidmheach a ghoile, eagnaich a stair,
Laoch guineach lonn, nimhneach fa lainn,
Tarchuiseach Goll, argaiseach leinn,
Laoch arnaidh mear, feargach r'a chion,
Colg confhadhach air, onchu air ghoil,
Fearghail nan con, roghadh ghràidh nam ban,
Bithidh daimh gun on, do ghnàth 'n a ghoire,
Le 'm bitheadh an ròd, a ròd ni 'n tlàth,

Meith ni grayth, a zrayth fa blaa
 Seyor a chrow, awzor a rath
 Ne in tranith shrow, na reym in gayth
 Math morn is dane, fa orryth a zoyl
 Innoyr a zloyr, beith woyn a chrayn
 Trayth marri mer, fayle ferri a chorri
 Gin tays na zerr, a zaille er forri
 Mak teadis cheiwe, nach tregi dawe
 Gin choggi reith, nar laggi a layve
 Oowir a cholk, is borbe a zloa
 Nor erris arg, trane shelga zea
 A v^c cowle zrinn, coythwil ess gyle
 See boynych di zoell, gin noa gin nawle
 In ness rame lay, a zuayn zoo
 Werrin giu chelga, trayn selga zoo
 Ni twlli a ann, far nass i gor
 Graw tenni inn, trane chon a zooll
 Treg heich a zwle, be seichith romn
 Nad ray gin ving, trane feich finn
 Zoywidsi sinni, arriss a ayll
 Is skeil mi zroym, ne wor mi wane
 Carri gin kelg, bail tanni derg
 Anich si low, a clow oss ard.

Ard agni zwl.

A houdir so Farris Filli.

Innis donn a earris ille feynni errin
 Kynis tarle zevin in gath zawrych ni beymin
 Ne math v^cowle mo skael o chath zawrich
 Cha warr oskyr invin hug mor coskir calm
 Cha warr seachta vec keilt na gasre fean alwe
 Di hut oyk ni feani inn in eadyth arrych
 Di marwe m^clowith si vi mek sin tathryth
 Di hut oyk ni halvin di marwa feyn brettin
 Di hut m^c re lochlin fa linnyth veith chonyth
 Bi chre fael farri bi lawe chalma in gonyth
 Innis doif a ille m^c mo vec is marrwm
 Kynis di we oskyr scolta ni gathwarri
 Bi zekkir a innis di bi vor in nobbir
 Ne royve marve sin gath sen hut la armow oskyr
 Ne loyth ess oyvin na seaywok re eltow

Meath 'n a ghruaidh, a ghruaidh fo bhlàth,
 Seangmhor a chruth, aghmhor a rath,
 Nin treine sruth, no 'reim an cath,
 Mac Moirne is déine, fa orra a chuala,
 Ionmhuinn a ghldire, bu bhuan a ghreann,
 Triath mòra mear, fiall fìor a chor.
 Gun tair 'n a ghoire, a dhàil air fòir,
 Mac teadaidh caomh, nach tréigeadh daimh,
 An cogadh rìgh, nìor lag a làmh,
 Uamhor a cholg, is borb a ghled,
 'N uair dh' eireas 'fhearg trian sealga dha.
 A Mhic Cumhail ghrinn, comhail 'us geall,
 Sìth bhuan do Gholl, gun fhuath gun fheall.
 An nis ri 'm là a gheibhinn dhomh,
 Bheirinn gun chealg, trian sealga dha,
 Nì tuilleadh dheth ann, fhir an taise a 'm ghoire
 Gràdh teann Fhinn, trian chon do Gholl.
 Treig fìoch, a Ghuill, bi sìtheil ruinn,
 'N ad ré gun mheang, trian fìodh o Fhionn,
 Ghabhaidse sin, a Fherghuis aille,
 Do sgaoil mo ghruaim, nì mair mo mhiann.
 Charaid gun chealg, beul tana dearg,
 'Eineach 's a lùgh, a chliù os aird.

Ard aigne Ghuill.

Is e ùghdair so Ferghus Filidh.

Innis duinn a Fherghuis, fhilidh Feinn Eirinn,
 Cionnus tharladh dhuinn, an cath Ghabhra nam beuman,
 Nì maith Mhic Cumhail, mo sgeul o chath Ghabhra,
 Cha mhair Osgar ionmhuinn, thug mòr chosgar chalma,
 Cha mhair seachd mhic Chaoilte, no gasraidh Fiann Almhuin,
 Do thuit oige na Feinn, ann an eideadh airich,
 Do marbh Mac Luighich, is sé mic sin d' athar,
 Do thuit oige na h-Almhuin, do marbh Feinn Bhreatuin,
 Do thuit Mac rìgh Lochlainn, fa leinne a bhi a còmhnaidh,
 Bha 'chridhe fial fearail, bha 'lamh calm an còmhnuidh,
 Innis doibh, a fhilidh, mac mo mhic 'us mo rùn,
 Cionnus do bhi Osgar, 'sgoltadh nan cathbharr.
 Bu dheacair a innseadh, do bu mhòr an obair,
 Na robh marbh 's a chath sin, a thuit le armaibh Osgair;
 Nì luaithe eas aimhne no seabhag ri caltaibh,

Na re vwnni sroyth na oskyr sin gath sin
 Weith say ma zerri mir willith ra trane zeith
 Na mir chran voass ewee si wew gi a nauetee
 Hug oskyr na chonew mir harwe twnni tra
 Mir chonnik sen carbre di chraa in flye hantych
 Gir chur treith a chinnbir gir bea in couva cadna
 Ner impoo sin oskyr gin dranyth re errin
 Gin dug beym gin deichill gir zoichin ay garlyn
 Bollis art mac carbre er in darna bull
 Sawle a weith in fer sin si winn reith um
 Is mi ferris filli dar hwil gych innis
 Troyg er essni feynith my skeall re innis.
Innis.

Gilcallum m'ynnollaig in turskail so seiss.

Di choala ma fad o hen skail di voneis re cowe
 Is tra
 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle fa chonchor is fa chonnil
 Di bur low oyg err wyg er hurlar chogew ullytht
 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn fa ullyth leichre vanva
 Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth dar zymone clannyth rowre
 Hanik hukkith borbe a reith ir gurre croith connleich
 A zis ni mur glarrith grinn oo zown skayth gow errinn
 Di lawir conchowr re caach ca zoveniyn chon in naglath
 Di wrea beacht nyn skaillith zaa gr teachta la harreith woa
 Glossis connil nar lag lawe di wrea skailleith din vackein
 Er darve torrin din leich cayvelir connil laa connleich
 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth connil freich forranych
 Cayd dar sloyg di cawleith less aygnyth is bone ri haythris
 Curreith teachtir canni ni conni woo hardre ayngneith ulleith
 Gow down dalgin zranyth zlyin sen down gaylith ni geill
 Woyn down sin di loyr linni di zangnowne neyn orginn
 Teggowss gneive nyn serrith sange gow reith feiltyth ny warrinn
 Dissrych sloyg ullith oymnyth teiggowss kow ni creive roye
 Mak dettin o zoyg mir howe nar ettee teacht dor gowir
 Faddeith or chonchowr riss in gon wayghiss gin teacht dar gowir
 Is connil surrych nyn stead marryth in gwrych is keada dor sloygh
 Deakir zoiss wee ym bred a ir churre er charrit
 Ne in raith dole in ayngnyth a lanni si taa lar chawleith connil
 Na smein gin dole na zye a re ni gormlann granole

No ruith buinne srutha, no Osgar 's a chath sin.
 Bha se mu dheireadh, mar dhuille ri treun ghaoith,
 No mar chrann uas eabhaidh, 's a bhitheadh 'g a shnaigheadh.
 Mar chunnaic rìgh Eirinn, beò air làr a chath,
 Thug Osgar 'n a choinnimh, mar gharbh tuinne traigh,
 Mar chunnaic sin Cairbar, do chrath an t-sleagh shanntach,
 Gur chuir troimhe a cheann bir, gur b'e an cumha ceudna.
 Nìor iompaich sin Osgar, gun d' ràinig Rìgh Eirinn,
 Gun d' thug beum co 'n dichìoll, gu 'r dhochainn e geurlann;
 Bualas Art mac Charbair air an darna buille,
 Is amhuil a bhi am fear sin, 's a bhinn rìgh uime.
 Is mi Ferghus Filidh da 'r shiubhail gach innis,
 Truagh tareis na Feinn, mo sgeul r'a innis.

Innis.

Gillecallum Mac an Ollaimh an t-ursgeul so sios.

Do chuala mi fad o shean, sgeul do bhuineas ri cumha,
 Is tràth dha 'aithris gu trom, ge ta mar ainneas oirne,
 Clann Rughruidh nam breth mall fa Chonchoir 'us fa Chonnuil,
 Do b'ùrlaimh oigfhir 's a mbagh air h-urlar Choige Ullaidh,
 G'a thigh na thainig le geau fa uile laochraidh Bhanbha,
 Cath aig faighail aon uair eile, de 'r dh' iomghuin clanna Rùghraidh.
 Thainig thugainn, borb a fhraoch, an curaidh crodha Conlaoch,
 A dh' fhios nì m 'ar claraibh grinn, o Dhunsgathaich gu Eirinn.
 Do labhair Conchoir ri càch, Co a gheibheamar thun an oclaich,
 Do bhreth beachd no sgeul dheth, gun teachd le euradh uaith?
 Gluaiseas Conull nìor lag lamh do bhreth sgeul de 'n mhacan.
 Air dearbhadh tarruing do'n laoch ceangailear Conull le Conlaoch,
 Nìor ghabh an laoch r'a tamhachd, Conlaoch fraochach furanach,
 Ceud de'r sluagh do cheangladh leis, iognadh 'us buan ri aithris.
 Cuirear teachdair gu ceann nan con o h-ardrigh eagnaigh Ullaidh,
 Gu Dundealgain grianach glan seann dùn ciallach nan Gaidheal,
 O'n dùn sin do leughar leinn do dh' eangnamh nighean Fhorgainn.
 Thigeas gnìomh nan saora seang gu rìgh faoilteach na fearainn,
 Do fhiosrachadh sluagh Ullaidh uaine, thigeas Cu na craoibhe ruaidh,
 Mac deud-fhionn a ghruaidh mar shùgh nar eithich tighinn dh 'ar cobhar.
 Fad ars' Conchor ris a choin bhathas gun teachd d' ar cobhar,
 Is Connuil suireach nan steud mear 'an cuibhreach 'us ceud d' ar sluagh.
 Deacair dhomhsa bhi 'am bruid a fhir a chobharas air caraid,
 Nì 'n reidh dol an eangnamh a lainn 's a ta le 'r cheangladh Conull.
 Na smuanaich gun dol 'n a ghaidh, a rìgh nan gormlann gràineil,

A lawe croy gin lagga re nacht smoyne er heddyth is a gwreith
 Cowchullin nyn sann lanni sleim noar a choala turyth connil
 Di zlossa la trane a lawe di wraa skaille dyn wackawe
 Innis downi er tocht id zailli a raig in tow nar ob tegwail
 A liss raa in nawryth zoe fiss tarm ka di zowchiss
 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey gin skaili a zinsi zoew
 Da ninsin di neach elli id zraith zinsin dare
 Corrik rymisith is egin dud na skail ainsyth mir charrit
 Gawsith zi royg a keyv lag ne gail tyigil vin chorrik
 Ach na wea gne dighow nargenn a honchow aw ne herrin
 A lawe zasga in dowss trot mo clow wea in nasge aggit
 Heymon and dyr chon a chaill ni ta corrik a vanvaill
 Na makan di tor a zwn in daltan croye layveith
 Cowchullin is corrik croye di wee in lay sen fa zemoye
 A invak di marwe less in ter lat chalm coive zlass
 Innis downni er cowe ni glass o teith fest for naildeis
 Tarm is di lonni gi lom na terg a zulchin orrin
 Is me conleich m^e nocon ir zleith zown dalgin
 Is me rown dakgis ym bron is tow ag skay di tollwm
 Vii bleyn di waa ma horri fylwm zasga wom war
 Ni classi ler horcher maa waa zessew a vylwum urma
 Smenis cowchullin vor maik a v^e ne in draich za chow
 Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir a reyk a chwnneith si chateive
 A arrwm re corp no con di chow is beeg nor skarri
 Re fagsin a cowlwoe a zlyn gasgeith zownyth dalgin
 Mak sawalti mor a foyne ne low ym broin it ta orrin.
 Di.

Auctor hujus in keich O Cloan.

Hossna charrit a cloan freich hossne leich a gassil chroa
 Hossna zaneni tursyth far agus da gwllin ban oge
 Ag so har in carn fane wil freich m^efeich in ult woye
 Fer a ryn bwyichis byef is voe lontir carn freich
 Gwl ein wna in crochin sor troe in skail fa wil a wan
 Is say ver a hossna gyth trome Freich m^eFeich nyn golk sen
 Is see in nyn wan di neig in gwle ag dwle da eiss gow cloan freich
 Fynowr in olt chass ail inne voyve ga bead leicht
 Innen orle is our folt is freich in nocht teive er heive
 Ga mor far za derge ee neir zrawig se far ach freich
 Foyis mewe mwe foye cardiss freich fa far a gleye
 Inchuss fa craichtyth a corp trai gin locht a zaneu zee

A lamh chruaidh gun laige ri neach smuain air d' oide 'us e'n cuibhreach.
 Cuchulain nan seang lann sliom, 'n uair a chual' e tuireadh Chonuil,
 Do ghluais le treine a laimhe do bhreth sgeil de 'n mhacan.
 Innis dhuinn air teachd a 'd dhàil a ghraidh an tu na 'r ob teughbail,
 A shlios reidh an abhraid dhuibh, fios d' ainm, co do dhùthchas?
 De 'm gheasaibh air teachd o'm thigh, gun sgeul a dh' innseadh dh' aoidh,
 Da 'n innsinn do neach eile, a'd ghradhsa dh' innsinn d' àraidh.
 Comhrag riumsa is éigin duit, no sgeul d' innseadh mar charaid,
 Gabhsa do roghadh a chiabh lag, ni ciall tighinn gu 'm chomhrag.
 Ach nior bhi gu tigeadh n'ar ceann a h-onchu agh na h-Eirinn,
 A lamh ghaisce an tùs troid mo chliu bhi an nasgaidh agad.
 Iomanadar thun a chéile ni ta comhrag a bhanamhuil;
 Am macan gun d' fhuair a ghuin, an daltan cruaidh lamhach.
 Cuchullain is comhrag cruaidh do bhi an la sin fo dhiombuaidh,
 A aon mhac do mharbhadh leis, an t-saor shlat chalm chaomhghlas.
 Innis duinn ars' eù nan cleas o tathas feasd fo 'r n-ailleas,
 D' ainm 'us do shloinneadh gu lom na teirig a dh' fholchainn oirne.
 Is mi Conlaoch mac na con oighre dligheach Dhuin dealgain,
 Is mi an rùn d' fhagas 'am broinn 'us tu aig Sgiath 'g ad fhoghlum,
 Seachd bliadhna do bha mi shoir foghlum ghaisce o'm mhathair,
 Na cleasa le 'r thorchair mi bha dh' easbhuidh an fhoghluim orm.
 Smuaineas Cuchulain 'n uair a dh' eug, a mhac an dreach do chumhadh,
 Gur smuain, ni breug, faoilte an fhir, do threig a chuimhne 's a cheudfaidh,
 A urram ri corp na Con a chumha is beag nach do sgar,
 Ri faicinn an culthaobh a ghlinn gaisgeach Dhun dealgain.
 Mac samhailt mor a fuaim ni luaidh am bron a ta oirne.

Do.

Is e ùghdair so an Caoch O'Cluain.

Osnadh charaid a Cluain Fraoich osnadh laoiach a caiseal chrò,
 Osnadh dheanadh tuirseach fear agus da an guilinn bean òg,
 Ag so shear an carn far am bheil Fraoch mac Fithich an fhuilt mhaoith,
 Fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhaoibh, 'us o 'n sloinntear carn Fraoich.
 Gulaoin mhnath o 'n Chruachan shear, truagh an sgeul fa 'm bheil a bhean,
 Is e bheir osnadh gu trom, trom, Fraoch mac Fithich nan colg sean.
 Is i an aon bhean do ni an gul ag dol d'a fhios gu Cluain Fraoich,
 Ainnir an fhuilt chaise aille, nighean Mhaoibh ri 'm bitheadh laoiach.
 Nighean Orla is òir folt 'us Fraoch an nochd taobh air thaobh,
 Ge mòr fear dha 'n d'éirich e nior ghradhaich i fear ach Fraoch.
 Faigheas Maoibh mo fuath cairdeas Fhraoich fa fearr a ghné,
 A chuis fa creuchdadh a chorp troimh gun lochd a dheanamh rithe;

Do churre ai gussyth vass teif re mrave ne tuk o nolk
 Mor a foor a hoyt la meyf innossit gyn khelk in noss. Hossni.
 Kerin di weith er loch maie de chemist in trath za hass
 Gith rae gach mee torri abbe de we er
 Sasse bee in kero sin fa millsyth na milli a ulae
 De chonkfa a kerin derk far gin wey gi kend ix traa
 Bleyr er heil gi ir di churri sin fa skail garve
 Gi borin di lucht kneis froth a wess is e derk
 Di wi ainsyth no zoi ga bea ley chawyr in tloye
 Pest neif zo we no vonni vakki zi cath zol da woyn
 Bein aslaynti throm throm ynnin ayith ni gorn seyr
 Di curri lai fiss er freich feisrych kid hane ree
 A durde meyve nach be slan mir woe lane i boss meith
 Di cheyrew in loch oyr gin dwneni za woyna ach freich
 Knossyeh reyve ne zarni mee er vfeich gi knai zerg
 Ge ger darnis ai er freich rachsit di vonni ker a veyf
 Glossis freich fa fer a naye voyne zi nave er in locht. Hossni.
 For a fest is ee na soynna is a kenna soss ris in noss
 Freich mac feich an erma zeiar hanik one fest gin is dee
 Hug a houlty ker nark ferrin roif meyf zaa tee
 Ach gai math in duggis latti i durt meyf is gal crow
 Ne oyr mis a leith loayn ach slat a woyn as a bonni
 Togris freich is ner zilli teymmi naf a riss er in ling vak
 Is ner ead ach ga mor ayze hech one vass in roive chwd
 Gawiss i kerin er varri targi a cran as i raif
 Toyrt doe choss zo in der mogrziss zo riss in pest
 Beris er agis ai er snawf is gavis a lawf no chrissyth
 Di zave sessin is er chail trow gin a skayn ag freich
 Fynowr in olt chass ail di ran chwggi skan din oyr
 Leddryth a phest a kness bayn is teskith a lawe er looe
 Di hudditeyr bone re bone er trae ni glach cor fo hass
 Freich mfeich is in fest troy a zai mir hug in dress
 Ga coyrik ne coyrik car di ruk lass a kanna na lave
 Mar chonik in neyn ee di choy na nail er in trae
 Eris in neyn one tave gavis in laive bi laive bak
 Ga ta so na cwt nyn nane is mor in teach i rin a voss
 Voyn vass sen di foar in far loch mai go len din loch
 A ta in tarm sen dee gi loan ga zerna in noss guss in noss. Hossni.
 Berrir in sen gu cloan freich corp in leich gow kassil chroyg
 Er in glan tuggi a anm is mark varris da loo
 Carn lawe in carn so raym heive a lave reyth di beast sonni
 Fer ner ympoo in dress fer bo zawsi nert in drot
 Invin im bail ner ob zawe ym beddeis mnan i torvirt fook

Do chuir i e gus a bhàs, taobh ri mnathaibh ni tug o 'n olc,
 Mòr a phùdhar a thuit le Maoibh inniseam gun cheilg a nis. Osnadh.
 Caorthainn do bhi air Loch Maoibh do chimid an traigh do dheas,
 Gach a ré 'us gach a mios toradh abuich do bhi air.
 Seasamh bha an caora sin, fa millse no mil a bhlàth,
 Do chumadh a caoran dearg fear gun bhiadh gu ceann naoi tràth,
 Bliadhna air shaoghal gach fir do chuir sin is sgeul dearbh,
 Gu 'm b' fhoirinn do luchd chneidh brìgh a mheas 'us e dearg.
 Do bhi imcheist 'n a dheigh ge bith lighich a chobhradh an t-sloigh,
 Béisd nimh do bhi 'n a bhun bh' aca do chath dhol g'a bhuain.
 Bhitheann an euslaint throm, throm, nighean Athaich nan corn saor,
 Do chuireadh leath fios air Fraoch ; dh' fhiosraich ciod 'thàinig rithe.
 A dubhairt Maoibh nach bitheadh slàn mar bitheadh làn a boise maoith,
 De chaoraibh an Loch fhuair, gun duine g'a bhuain ach Fraoch.
 Cnuasachd riamh nior dheanadh mi ars' mac Fithich nan gruaidh dearga,
 Ge gur dheanas e air Fraoch racham do bhuain caor do Mhaoibh.
 Gluaiseas Fraoch fa fear an àigh uainn gu snàmh air an Loch,
 Fhuair e a bheisd 'us i 'n a suain us a ceann suas ris an dos. Osnadh.
 Fraoch mac Fithich nan arm geur, thainig o 'n Bhéisd gun fhios d'i,
 Thug e ultach de chaora dearg far an robh Maoibh dh' a ti.
 Ach ge maith na thugas leat, a dubhairt Maoibh is geal cruth,
 Ni fhoghain dhomhsa, laoich luinn, ach slat a bhuain as a bhun.
 Togras Fraoch is nior gille tioma snàmh a rìs air an linn bhog,
 'Us nior fhaod e ge mor 'agh, theachd o 'n bhàs 's an robh a chuid,
 Gabhas an caorthuinn air bhàrr, tarruingidh an crann as a fhreumh,
 Toirt a chosan dha air tìr mosglas da suas a Bhéisd.
 Beireas air 'us e air snàmh 'us gabhas a làmh 'n a craos,
 Do ghabh esan ise air ghial, truagh gun a scian bhi aig Fraoch.
 Ainnir an fhuilt chaise aille do rainig thuige le sgian de 'n òir,
 Leadair a bhéisd a chneas bàn 'us teasgadh a lamh air luath.
 Do thuiteadar bonn ri bonn air traigh nan clacha corr fa dheas,
 Fraoch mac Fithich 'us a bhéisd truagh a Dhé mar thug an treis.
 Ge comhrag ni comhrag gearr do rug leis a ceann 'n a laimh,
 Mar chunnaic an nighean e do chaidh i 'n a neul air an traigh,
 Eireas an nighean o 'n tàmh gabhas an làmh bu làmh bog.
 Ge ta so 'n a chuid nan eun, is mòr an t-euchd a rinn a bhos,
 O 'n bhàs sin do fhuair am fear, Loch Maoibh do lean air an loch,
 A ta an t-ainm d'i gu luain 'g a ghairm a nuas gus a nis. Osnadh.
 Beirear an sin gu Cluain Fraoich corp an laoich gu caiseal chrò,
 Air a ghleann thug e ainm, is mairg a mhaireas da éis bèò.
 Carn Laimh an carn so ri 'm thaobh is laimh rithe do bhitheas sona,
 Fear nior iompaich an treise, fear a b' annsa neart an trod.
 Ionmhuinn beul nar ob daimh do m' bitheadh mnathan a tabhairt phòg,

Invin tearn nyn sloye invin groye ner zerk in ross
 Doigh no feach bar a olt derk a zroye no ful leicht
 Fa meyni na kower schrowe gilli na in snacht kneas freicht
 Cassi na in kaissnai olt gurm a rosg na yr lak
 Derk na partain a wail gil a zaid na blai feich
 Ard a ley na cranna swle beynni no teyd kwle a zow
 Snawe di bar no freich cho di hene a heif re strow
 Fa lannyth na koillith a skaith invin trae ve re drum
 Coiffad a land is a lawe lanni cholk na clar zi long
 Troye nach ann in gorik re leich di hut freich a fronni oyr
 Durss sin a huttim la pest troe a zai nach marrin foss.
 Hossni.

A houdir so Connil carnycn m'eddirschol.

A chonnil cha salve no kinn devin lum gyr zergkis tiern
 No kinn di chw er a zad slontir lat no fir foe fyve
 A neyn orgil nyn nach a evir oik ne bree binn
 Sanna in nerik chon ni gless hugis loym in ness no kinn
 Ka in kenn mallych zow mor dergkyth nayn ross a zroy glan
 Is sai is gir zin lee clea a kenn deive ne raa dait
 Kenn ree mee nyn nach loait arse m'carbne nyn goith camm
 In nerik mo zaltan fen hugis lwm in gayn a kenn
 Kai in kenn oid er mye haale go volt fand gi malle sleime
 Rosk mir erre dait mir vlait alda no cach crwth a kinn
 Manne boe fir nyn nach makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn
 Dagis a chollin gyn kenna is di hwt wlle lum a loye
 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive a chonnil vor ne bae linn
 O nach marrin kow nin gless keid verre how er less a kinn
 Kann v'erris nyn nacht verreyth a ceith gyth gurt
 Mac mo fayr in tur hang di skarris a khenn ra chwrp
 Ka in kenn od hear in nolt inn da greddyth no kinn go laive
 Hurris annith er a zow gyn roveddir sal da rar
 Sess a sowd di hwt in kow di rad a chorp fa wrow dass
 Cow mac conna re nyn rann hugis lam a kenn ter aiss
 Ka in da ken so is fadde mach a chonnil vor a vraa byig vinn
 Er zraigh tenne na kel orn anym no ver a zon ne herm
 Kenn leyirre is clar cwlte in da kenn di hut lem zonna
 Di zon swt cowchullin charn swn zergis merm na wulle
 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre a chonnil vor gi gal znee
 Ennyn dae er volt ni verr derk in groye na ful leych
 Cwllin bray is cwnlit croye deiss di verre boye lai ferk

Ionmhuinn tighearn nan sluagh, ionmhuinn gruaidh nar deirge an ròs,
 Duibhe no fiach barr a fhuilt, deirge a ghruaidh no fuil laoiach,
 Bu mhine no cobhar srutha, gile no sneachd cneas Fhraoich,
 Caise no an caisein 'fholt, guirme a rosg na oidhre leac,
 Deirge no partan a bheul, gile a dheud no blàth fiodh,
 Ard a shleagh mar chrann siùil, binne no teud ciuil a ghuth,
 Snamhaiche a b' fhearr no Fraoch, cha do shìn a thaobh ri sruth,
 Bu leathainn no comhla a sgiath, ionmhuinn tràth bhith ri druim,
 Bu chomhfhad a lamh 'us a lann, leathainn a cholg no clar luinge,
 Truagh nach b'ann 'an comhrag ri laoch do thuit Fraoch a bhronnadh oir,
 Tuirse sin a thuiteam le Béisd, truagh a Dhe nach mairionn fòs.
 Osnadh.

Is e ùghdair so Conull cearnach Mac Edarscoil.

A Chonuill, cha sealbh na cinn, deimhin leam gur dheargas d'airm,
 Na cinn do chi'm air a ghad sloinntear leat na fir fo fhaoibh.
 A nighean Fhorghuil nan each, A Eimhear oige na brigh binn,
 Is ann an éric Chon nan cleas, thugas leam an nios na cinn.
 Co an ceann mullach donn mòr, deirge no'n ròs a ghruaidh glan,
 Is e a 's goire do 'n leth chli an ceann diubh nach d'atharraich dath?
 Ceann rìgh mi nan each luath, ars' Mac Cairbair nan goith cam;
 An éric mo dhaltan féin thugas leam an cein an ceann.
 Co an ceann ud air m' aghaidh thall, co folt fann gu mall sliom,
 Rosg mar fheur, deud mar bhlàth, ailde no gach cruth a cheann?
 Manadh b'e fear nan each, Mac an Aoife do chreachadh gach cuan,
 Do fhàgas a choluinn gun cheann 'us do thuit uile leam a shluagh.
 Co an ceann so ghabhas tu a'd laimh a Chonuill mhòir nam bàigh linn,
 O nach marrainn Cu nan cleas ciod bheireadh tu air leas a chinn?
 Ceann mac Fherghuis nan each, bheireadh e cith gach gurt,
 Mac mo pheathar an tur sheang do sgaras a cheann r'a chorp.
 Co an ceann ud shear an fhuilt fhinn d' an greadadh na cinn gu 'làimh,
 Fhuairreas aithne air a ghuth gun robhadar seal d'a reir?
 Sios an sud do thuit an Cu do rad a chorp fo bhrù deas,
 Cu mac coin r'gh nan rann thugas leam a cheann tar éis.
 Co an da cheann so is faide mach a Chonuill mhoir a bhreth bu bhinn,
 Air ghràdh teann na ceil oirnn ainm nam fear a ghuin na h-airm?
 Ceann Laoghaire 'us clar Chuilt an da cheann do thuit le'm ghuin,
 Do ghuin sud Cuchullin ceairn, sonn dheargas m'airm 'n a fhuil.
 Co an da cheann so is faide soir, a Chonuill mhoir gach geal ghniomh,
 Ionnan dath air folt nam fear deirge an gruaidh no fuil laoiach?
 Cullain breagh 'us Cunnlaid cruaidh dithis bheireadh buaidh le feirg,

A evyr seid sor a kinna dagis a gwrp fa linna derk
 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine de chewe feyn er mye hoyth
 Gwrn in nye dwe a volt o hilla rosg connil croye
 Sessir eascardin a chow chlann challidtein a mwe znaie
 Is said sud in sessir leyve a hut lwm sin nerm no laive
 A chonnil vor aithr ree kayn in ken od da gallith catht
 Gin or fai treilse wa keyand gyn codyth slem ghadyth vart
 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye v'neenee hor bas lam nert
 A evir is se so a cheud ardree layyn nyn land brak
 A chonnil vor mugh a skail creid a hut lad laive gin locht
 Din tloe eignyth a veil sin a deiltiss kinn na con
 Deachnor is seacht fychid kead derym peyn is awyr sloe
 Di hut lomsa drwme er zrum di neve mo cwlk cunlaa rag
 A chonnil kynis taidda mnae inssefail dessne ni con
 Cowf v'hawalt haye na veil agga fein ar for
 A evir keid di zarna mai gyn mo kowe ym rer san socht
 Gyn mo zaltan fa mhaa crow a dol voym a mugh so n . . .
 A chonnil tok me sa vert tok mo lacht oss lacht no con
 Os da chowe rachfen ayk cwr mo vail re bail no con
 Is mai evyr is keyn dalve ne feine sarve daylta zoive
 Di zerr no cha nul mo spess troe murreich er eiss a chon.
A chonnil.

A howdir so Keilt m'ronane.

Heym tosk zoskla fynn gow tawri ni draive nevin
 Gow hormy moyr mhorlat mhirr gow cormik m'art inir
 Ner cleacht me meith my zloon orss afwllych fer eddrwme
 Gi waldeis feynyth fail oss word locht a foyall
 Warwemir in leich lan mir a warwemir in craye
 Di charmisdir leich fane lay mir a charssmir a ray
 Hugssmir a cann gin cherri guss a gnok oss boyamir
 Di roynis feyn boya tra di roynis fogryth owlay
 Di warwiss mun er zlinn fer gi inwal in nerrin
 Di roynissi boya tra di roynissi fogryth owlay
 Di raddis mun er zlinu gwl gi inte in nerrin
 Di roynissi boya tra di royniss fogryth owlay
 Ni leith di legin fa boywa doybis sin nerrin awwor
 Di roynissi boya tra di royniss fogryth owlay
 Ni dorssa er a beith a zeith zark a dosslin ead gi hymard
 Di roynissi boya traa di royniss fogry owlay
 Ni gurt abbe um halvon di loskgin ead gu lassal

A Eimhear sud soir an cinn do fhagas an cuirp fo linne dearg.
 Co na sé cinn so is olc méin do chitheam féin air m' aghaidh thuath,
 Gorm an aghaidh, dubh am folt, o thilleadh rosg Chonuill chruaidh ?
 Seisir eascairdean a Choin, clann Chaileidin nam buaidh ghnàth,
 Is iad sud an seisir laoiach a thuit leam 's an airm 'mo laimh.
 A Chonuill mhòir athair rìgh co an ceann ud do 'n geilleadh cath,
 Gur orbhuidh trillis o 'cheann co 'n comhdach sliom dh' airde bheart,
 Ceann mhic Fhinn mhic Rois ruaidh mhic na Cneidh fhuair bàs le 'm
 A Eimhear is e so a cheud, ardrìgh Laigheìn nan lann breac. [neart,
 A Chonuill mhòir, mùgh an sgeul, creud a thuit le'd laimh gun lochd,
 De 'n t-sluaigh eagnaigh a bheil sin a dioltas cinn na Con ?
 Deichnear 'us seachd fichead ceud deiream féin is aireamh sluaigh,
 Do thuit leamsa druim air dhruim, do nimh mo cholg conla rag,
 A Chonuill, cionnus taid mnathan Innsefail an deigh na Con,
 Cumha a mhic shamhailt tha na bheil aca féin air foir ?
 A Eimhear ciod a dheanadh mi gun mo Chu a 'm reir s' an Soc
 Gun mo dhaltan fa maith cruth a dol uam 'am mugh an nochd,
 A Chonuill tog mi 's an fheart, tog mo leac os leac na Con,
 Os d'a chumhadh rachaim eug, cuir mo bheul ri beul na Con.
 Is mi Eimhear is caoine dealbh, ni faigheam searbh dioltadh dhomh,
 Do dheur noch a n 'eil mo speis, truagh m' fhuireach air éis a Chon.
 A Chonuill.

Is e ùghdair so Caoilte Mac Ronain.

Chaidheam tosg a dh' fhuasgladh Fhinn, gu Teamhra nan sreabh aoibhinn,
 Go h-airm a 'm faighear' bhòrrshlat mhear, gu Cormaig Mac Airt aoin fhir,
 Nior chleachd mi maidheamh mo ghlonn ger fuileach fìor eutrom,
 Gu bheilteis Fianna Fail os bhord Locha Feabhail.
 Mharbhamair an laoch làn, mar a mharbhamair an Cuireach,
 Do chearbmasdair laoch fa liach, mar a chearbsamair an triath,
 Thugsamair ceann gun choire, gus a chnoc os Buadhamair.
 Do rinneas féin buaidh tràth, do rinneas fògradh ullamh,
 Do mharbhais mun fhear ghrinn fear gach aon bhaile an Eirinn.
 Do rinneas buaidh tràth do rinneas fògradh ullamh,
 Do radas mu'n fhear ghrinn gul gach aon tigh 'an Eirinn,
 Do rinneas buaidh tràth do rinneas fògradh ullamh.
 Na laoiigh do leigean fa buaibh do bhitheas an Eirinn aghmhor.
 Do rinneas buaidh tràth do rinneas fògradh ullamh.
 Na dorsan air am bitheadh a ghaoth dhearg do fhosglann iad gu h-iom-
 Do rinneas buaidh tràth do rinneas fògradh ullamh. [ard.
 Na guirt abuich mu thalmhainn, do loisgeann iad gu lasail.

Di roynissi boya tra di royniss fogryth owlay
 Noch char aggis reim linn aa na mullin in nerrin
 Insin di leyggiddir rwm eech albin is errin
 Teym boach er loyss mi chass gr ranegiss ross illirzlass
 In sin glossimsi schear gow taura ni widdir chane
 Ner harrin eine each zeive zea roym in dawra za essin
 Tugis in dawra fa laa ben in ir chommi za cheilli
 Is ben in r chomisso nach gwss in fer commisso ella
 Tugis in dawri gi beach ben carbre zi cormik
 Is ben chormik er sin di raddis ee zi charbre
 Tugis lwm claywa in reith uch fa hay mor a wree
 Mi clawe feyn fa gin gutti fagwm in droyl chulk chormik
 In sin di quhoyis in nwnn is eaddi in dorsser owym
 Inn nygyth sin doef ge beacht is me bi kyllor ze chormik
 Is bert ooklachis is tei hawle a vaonissi reith errin
 Ga zaynith leve raa mi zloor da hwle cheilt yn kyllnor
 Na habbirsi sen er finn er ardre ny feyn voltynn
 Ga tamsi in layve id tei na ber tar er my wntir
 Ni hay sin agne cheilt far a will ay in vorwilty
 Cha mir sen ay connil chynni er a wll dor er talvinn
 In sin tarnik in toylli ag in re ro zast rawor
 IIII choss geym in genn ni genn teym less a is tee cotkin
 In sin chayis fa zass di bi wlyg ay di maylass
 Aggis tuggis lwm ym zoyn kone esgin ard orwayll
 Eynit lwm in nee riss a ben ers in re fati firzlinn
 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn di chone essgin orwoyl
 Na habbirsi sen a re er wiss in ryth a zillin
 Brarryth broggodych a derri corsi hoich er orvidi
 Er a layve a keilt chaylle mir wee finn flaa eyni
 Gid tani ne hurfin gyle derrow albin no errin
 Er maneach do gi beacht a deaffryth mis zi chormik
 Gawa tow cow thlaa woyme zoskla mydda
 Ne warrir fin lat id te er ane chowe er talwon
 Ach ane chow a keilt chaye da bi toylling tow faywayll
 Da waya a tow zoif re lay lawnon woads di gi feyane
 Di zoive tow hed er gi cart cowe cwnnvill
 Di nasgis in brar mir er chormik m^c art inir
 Gin leggi gi ray in re da waya ay ni feyweill
 Mar nasgis in brar beynn er re errin ni nwltn inn
 In deymsow gar zeggir royve heymsyth ze in dymf
 Glossim turris o hawre fa turris fr gi mannee
 Do hymssow ni heltin gar skeltyth a chwdydychi
 Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark is ii znew ignyth ym ard

Do rinneas buaidh tràth, do rinneas fògradh ullamh.
 Noch char fhaiceas ri 'm linn àth no muileann an Eirinn.
 An sin do leigeadar rium eich Albainn 'us Eirinn ;
 Teighim beò air luathas mo choise gur rainigeas Ros Iolair ghlais,
 An sin gluaisreamsa siar gu Teamhra an fhidireachdainn,
 Nior theàruinn aon each dhiubh dhe, romham in Teamhra do esan.
 Tugas in Teamhra fa leth, bean an fhir choma dh' a chéile,
 'Us bean an fhir choma so gun achd gus an fhear choma so eile.
 Tugas an Teamhra gu beachd bean Chairbair do Chormaic,
 'Us bean Chormaic an sin do radais i do Charbair.
 Tugas leam claidheamh an Rìgh, Och ! fa h-e mòr a bhrìgh,
 Mo chladheamh féin bha gun chuid fagam an truaill chuilg Chormaic.
 An sin do chaidheas a nunn 'us eideadh an dorsair faigheam,
 An oidhche sin domh gu beachd is mi bu choinnleir do Chormaic,
 Is beart oglachais 'us ti h-amhuil am fianuis rìgh Eirinn,
 Ge iognadh leibh ràdh mo ghlòir, da shùil Chaoilte 'am choinnleir.
 Na h-abairse sin ars' Fionn ars' ardrìgh na Feinn folt-fhionn,
 Ged thathamsa an làimh a'd tì na beir tàir air mo mhuinntir.
 Ni h-e sin aigne Chaoilte fear a bheil e 'am mòralachd
 Cha mar sin e coinneal chain air a bheil d'òr air talmhainn.
 An sin tairngeadh an t-òl aig an rìgh ro ghasta ro mhòr,
 Ceithir chois cheum an ceann nan ceann, teighim leis 'us ti an coitchionn,
 An sin chaidheas fa dheas, do bu bhladh e de m' aimhleas,
 Agus tugas leam a'm dheoin caoin éisginn ard fhuarail,
 Iognadh leam an ni ris a bhean 'ars an rìgh fead fìorghrinn,
 Boladh cneas Chaoilte do gheibhean de' chaoin éisginn fhuarail.
 Na h-abairse sin a rìgh, ars' mise an riochd a ghille,
 Briathran bragaideach a deir thu, gur airidh air oirmhide.
 Air do laimh a Chaoilte chàil mar bhi Fionn flath Fheinne,
 Ged ta mi ni thoirinn geill d' fhearaibh Albainn no Eirinn.
 Air m' aithneach' da gu beachd, do fheadraich mis de Chormaic,
 An gabhadh tu cumha tlàth uam air fhuasgladh m' oide ?
 Ni bheirear Fionn leat a'd thì air aon chumha air talmhainn,
 Ach aon chumha, a Chaoilte chaidh, da bu thualainn duit fhaigheal ;
 Da 'm faigheadh tu dhomh re la, lanamhain uait de gach fiadhmhuin,
 Do gheibheadh tu d' oide air gu ceart an cumha a chumail.
 Do naisgeas am briathar mear air Cormag Mac Airt aoin fhir,
 Gun leigeadh gu réidh an rìgh, da faigheadh e 'na fiadhmhil,
 Mar a naisgeas am briathar binn air rìgh Eirinn an fhuilt fhinn,
 An tiomsachadh ge dheacair riamh, thionnsainn d'a dheanamh.
 Gluaiscam turus o Theamhra, fa turus fir mu' n iath,
 Do thiomsachadh na h-ealtainn ger sgaoilteach a chuideachd,
 Tugas leam da gheilt gharg, 'us da ghriobh iognach iomard,

Aggis fey fy za won ii lach sin loch a seyllin
 II hynnith sleyvecwllin ii zaw awlle a burrin
 II zessivey zowrane zurm ii chellych fey a farzhram
 II hyane kylty creive di latteve zrom zawrein
 II zoyvrane o hen a mach o charri donnwane doyvr
 II eillin o thrae leith lee ii rulli a port larga
 IIII snekga on vrostna wane ii anoyk charga d . . .
 II eachte one eachte ard ii smoyrych lettretth lom ard
 II zroyllane downe yve ii cheinkych ni corywe
 II chur one chorrin cleyth ii harreich mwe o foyall
 II illir chargi ni glach ii hawik a keyndyth
 II fess o locht melwa ii cherk ussga o locht erne
 II cherk reich one vowna math ii zergin zow locha
 II chreithrane mw cowlin ii wentane my foyllin
 II cheythane a glenn awlle ii zalvon ni sen awle
 II phedda oywrri a claa ii onchon o chroda claaach
 II zoyane o thrae za wan ii erboyk loychir yr
 II chollum one chess chur ii lon a lettir fin chwle
 II eddoyk letter roye ii thrudda tawrych teyve oyr
 II choneyn a schee doe doynn ii wuk awlde cloyth chur
 II choyag o zrom dave ii ane oywryth layn de
 II yghrgane lanenyth furrith ii chreithir one chreive roye
 II sperr hawk in swm o cleyve gla ii loch lay o lwnycht
 II oyr ane one woyn ii ussock on vownych wor
 II oynlayk a hon chnoyth ii brok a creich ollonych
 II rynith strayth sinnyth ii zlassoyk o wroch urri
 II chrottych o chonych zawlwe ii weil won wor hawni
 II earrinnyth philloyrrych ii awllinnych seith boygh
 II zassidi one wyg wylle ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle
 II woyok oo wrowych brn ii neiskin o zowdyr
 II zerrin o leyve za ane da chyill wreane turle
 II annan ar o wy walg ii chonlane zatta o zranard
 II zrin zarrych o zruing ii vronargane on vor cheyyll
 II wlyrrych o zowne ni barga ii elli zalle on zaltraach
 II royin o challow charga ii wuk war on worarga
 II eskar locht m'lanene ii zarzart my ni nellane
 II ane vek o wess a chwle ii eggin ess v'mowrn
 II ellit zlinni zlinn smoyl ii woyif o haach mow mor
 II onchon loyath o loch conn ii eychat a hoyw ebroychin
 II chyraa schee zoyvlane zil ii vuk vwlcow vlyr
 Rath is ker chorkrych chass tugis lwm o einnis
 Tugis lum each agis lar di zrey vassych vanyne
 Tarve is bo zarri o zrwrm kein tugis lwn o wurm vunchane

Agus fithich Fiodh dha bheann, da lach sin Loch a Seillein,
 Da shionnach Sleibh Chuilinn da dhamh allaidh a Burrainn,
 Da cheis Fiodh dhobhrain ghuirm, da choilleach fiodha Faradhruim,
 Da thaghan Coillte chraoibh, de lethtaobh Dhruim dha raoin,
 Da dhobhrain o sin a mach, o charaig Donabhain dohair,
 Da fhaolan o thràigh Locha Léith, da Shruall a Port Lairge.
 Ceithir snag o'n Bhrosna bhàn, da eanag Charga dàin,
 Da eachta o'n Eachta àrd, da smeorach Leitir lom àrd,
 Da dhreollan o'n Dùn aoibh, da chaingeach o'n Choire dhuibh,
 Da chòr o'n Chorrainn cleibh, da earfhiach Magha Feabhail,
 Da iolar Chairge nan clach, da sheabhag Fiodh Chonnach,
 Da fheis o Locha Meilghe, da chearc uisge o Loch Eirinn,
 Da chearc fraoich o'n Mhonadh mhaith, da dhearcan Dhubh-locha,
 Da chrìochran Maigh Cuillin, da mhiontan Maigh Tuallainn,
 Da chaochan o Ghleann Ghaibhle, da ghealbhan na sean Abhla,
 Da pheata odhar Athcliath, da onchoin o Bhroit cliathach,
 Da dhuibhean o Thraigh dha bhan, da earbag Luachair Ire
 Da cholum o'n Cheas Chuir, da lon a Leitir Fionnchuil,
 Da pheatag Leitir ruaidh, da thruid a Teamhra Taoibh uaine,
 Da choinein a Sith dubh donn, da mhuc alta Cluaidh Chuir,
 Da chuthag o Dhroma Daibh, da eun odhar o Laine,
 Da adharcan Leanain na Furraich, da chreabhair o'n Chraobh ruadh,
 Da speirag an sin o Shliabh glé, da luch liath o Luimneach,
 Da dhobhran o'n Bhuain, da uiseag o'n Mhonadh mhòr,
 Da ialltag o uaimh Chnuadha, da bhroc o Chrìoch Ullanach,
 Da thraghna Srath Sinne, da ghlasag o Bhruach bhiora,
 Da chrotach o chuain Ghailimh, da mhiol o'n Mhuirtheimhne,
 Da fherain Fiodh luachraich, da thallan a Sith buidhe,
 Da gheasadich o'n Mhagh mhall, da chith cheangach a Chnamh choille,
 Da bhuidheag o'n Bhruthach brugh, da neasgain o Dhubh dur,
 Da dheargan o Shliabh dha eun, da chathail Bhraigh an Turla,
 Da eun an àr o Mhagh bhuilg, da ghobhlan daithte o Ghranard,
 Da ghriobh garrach o Ghruing, da bhroinndheargan o'n mhòr choille,
 Da bhliorach o Dhun nam bàr, da eala gheala o'n Ghealtraigh,
 Da ruadhan o Chala Chairge, da mhuc mara o'n mhor fhairge,
 Da easgair Loch M'Leanan, da ghearrghart Maigh nan eilean,
 Da eun bheag o Mhios a Chuil, da eagan Eas Mhic Muirne,
 Da eilid ghlan Ghlinne Smeoil, da bhuaibh o Achadh Maigh Moire,
 Da onchon luath o Loch Con, da fhiadh-chat o h-Uaimh Chruachain,
 Da chaora Sith Dhoibhlain ghil, da mhuc de mhucaibh M'Lir,
 Reith 'us caora chorcrach chas tugas leam o Innis,
 Tugas leam each agus làr de ghreidh mhaisich Mhanauain,
 Tarbh 'us bo dhàir o Dhruim Cain tugas leam o Mhuirn Mhuinchain,

Do chonni di chonnew ni wane di hir cormik orrum gi dane
 Gi neith zar chursin ym chenn tugis lwm is teym [Teym
 Er in dymseyth ull doyf gow lar ane ew
 Nor a baillwme a meyw zobbredir voyme ach skeillych
 Di choy in feaych woym o zess di bi wlya dom awles
 Di rukgis er in glenn da wan o orrir loch a lurgin
 Di quhoy mi lach fa layve nach chussit faywail
 Ter schroyow berwe brass gow aych inn zowlass
 Di zowis e er wrawit gin ger walaa heach hanye
 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht dosli fin o chormik
 Ne fooris zolk roya heg rwm nyg ve me boa
 Cha deyde ass mi chree chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon
 Lass ane nane beg lassane nane dolle a chass ymon
 Er gi tullych er gi ay cor fa lawe ag lassyn ane
 I chonwaille fyinn ag in layve er seiltin gin ead wawne
 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt er a gowe dinn fosslow zoywayl
 In dymseychow sin mir sin ner toylling fir in doythyn
 Tugis ead gow taura lwm gow mowr a vor hyle
 Doss gi zokkir a kin oppir ead in nyich sin
 Caythir a wee si walli er ix dorss fossgillyth
 Cormik hug zeyve in teacht mir zoy ym bea gi skei
 Mir chonni may za gwryth sin wrow arsing ill wrunyeh
 Legga brudlychyth gawe vin a guddichthyth greithane
 Huggi ay brow slatzall sollis doyf er chegit fre zorre
 Gi in dorris deyve downthyth ner way in soyve cond in . . .
 Ead sin is tee gi bronych miss a mwe gi anoyith
 Mi chree cove connis fa la er gi in dorris
 Ga mor nolk forris royth wonyth skeythow choolyth
 Ner leigis ane deyve a mach gi tra erre in in varrich
 Anmi ny hyrri skeiltyth a chorymryth keilta
 Ach a wag sin teyve ra teyve ne dor chormik za soyve
 Nor a leggi fin a mach di skeillidir gi skeiltytht
 Cha deacha deis na trear wo hawra zeive er in . . .
 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn merrolta cheme wass mi chinn
 Ni tre neachin fa darryth zoyve ni troyth sin di hymseychow.
 We skay zoym er mi clow credawm in crist is ow
 Mimirche ass in ew inn gar vewwm lwm ne weym . . .
 Gar wadda mi leymsi har in dawr lochra ni wayn,
 Is fadda in laym rugis ter xx kead try in dawr
 In sen fa lowwr mi leym waxis si viddircheyn
 Gin ach bar mi choss a geill mawl gith tosk er deym.
 Teym tosk.

Da chon de chonaibh na Fiann, do shir Cormaig orm gu dian,
 Gach ni dha 'r chuir sin a 'm cheann, tudas leam a 's teigheam,
 Air an tionsachadh uile domh gu lar aon mhaigh,
 'N uair a b'aill leam am maigheadh dh' obairidear uam gu sgaoilteach,
 Do chaidh am fiach uam o dheas, do bu bhlagh do 'm aimhleas,
 Do rugas air an Gleann da bhan, o oirthir Loch a Lurgain,
 Do chaidh mo lach fa laimh, nach usa faighail,
 Thar sruthaibh beirbh brais, gu Achainn dubh ghlais,
 Do ghabhas i air bhraghaid, gun gur mhaith leath theachd thugam,
 Tudas leam an lach gun achd, d' fhuasgladh Fhinn o Chormaig.
 Na fhuaras a dh' ole roimh thig rium am feadh a thamhas mi beò,
 Cha teid as mo chridhe chionn gun adhlaicear mi an talmhainn ;
 Leis an eun bheag leis an eun, 'dol a chas ioman,
 Air gach tulaich 'us gach feath, 'cur fa lamh aig leis an eun.
 E 'cumail Fionn aig an laimh, air saoitinn gun iad fhaighinn,
 'Us o'n dh' aontaich sin do thoirt air a chumha d' Fhionn fhuasgladh,
 An tionsachadh sin mar sin nior tuallainn fir an domhain.
 Tudas iad gu Teamhra leam gu maor a mhòr thalla.
 Domhsa gu docair a chionn, obair fad na h-oidhche sin,
 Caithir do bhi 's a bhaile air naoi dorsaibh fosgailteach ;
 Cormaig thug dhoibh an teach mar gheibheam bhi gu sgèth.
 Mar chunnaic mi g'an cur, s'a bhrugh fharsuinn uile bhreun,
 Leigeadh bruidleanachd garbh o'n a chuideachd grianach,
 Thug e brugh slatgheal soluis domh air caogad fri dhorus,
 Gach aon dorus diubh duinte nior bhi an saoi . . .
 Iad sin a 's tì gu brònach mis a muigh gu anaobhach ;
 Mo chridhe cumhadh connais fa leth air an dorus,
 Ge mòr an t-ole fhuaras roimhe o ua sgiathaibh chuallaidh
 Nior leigeas a h-aon diubh a mach gu tràth éiridh a mharaich.
 Ainm a chorra sgaoiltich " Corr imirce " Chaoilte,
 Ach am faicinn taobh ri taobh ni 'n d'fhuair Cormaig de shoman.
 'N uair a leigeadh Fionn a mach, do sgaoileadar gu sgaoilteach,
 Cha deachaidh dithis no triar, o Thamhra dhoibh air aon rian.
 Mo ruith féin agus rath Fhinn miorbhuil chitheam os mo chionn,
 Na tri nithean fa d'éirich dhomh, an treud sin do thionsachadh.
 Bu sgiath dhomh air mo chliù, creideam an Criosd, 'us thu,
 M'imirce as a mhagh, Fhinn, ge 'r bhitheam lom ni bhitheam fann,
 Ge 'r fada mo leumsa shear, an Tamhra laochruidh na Feinn,
 Is fad an leum thugas siar, fichead ceud troidh an Tamhra.
 An sin bu leobhar mo leum, am facas 's a mheidir-chein
 Gun ach bàr mo chois a geillt', mall gach tosg air an teigheam.
 Chaitheam.

Gun ainm Ughdair.

Id ta fane tullych so toye m^c veckowle is groy colk
 M'dadzail neyn in derk nach tug ra erk braeir borb
 Id ta fane tullych so dess m'vec goyne kness mir wlay
 Cha dor sai nach fa neith in gress noch char veine yth law
 Id ta fa tullych horryth ossgyr bi vath gol is gnee
 Clan morn gai math ni fir noch char chur sai sen im bree
 Id ta fa tullych so har gillyth bi van less nyth mnawe
 M'ronane dor weyth clar fane tallych soo har id ta
 Id ta fane tullych so foyne innor vyth von groik is grane
 Connan dyth zaf gyth murn fa tullych fume id ta.
 Id ta.

A ZORRI tryillmyt gow find ighilk ernacht sowch linn
 Zarre kinn zulle er in ree gyn gurmist aye gai keive cleith
 Is lesk lumsyth zwle anna onach clwnwn gr fan chenna
 Is nach feadmist a zeilt kenna v'morn vor znewe
 Kail lusse ne is allwm pen id durd conan mor gyn keale
 Marmy for mach gyth dunna in deilt zwle olt voe
 Suyth in trur var mon din nane onach lamyt di zin fen
 Abbir a zorre is lawr fayr sinni sin trom alle
 Marvesyth ossin mor m'fyn marve mai in tosgir nach teymmi
 Marve dyrre kilte kaye fayir sinni wle er in lawe
 Matht is aggwm ne veis anna cha dik linna movil er finn
 Tuttmy ulle sin alle cha dikge gowle dr gowrne
 Da byth inni byth le a nort dyth churmist finni za leacht
 Is ferr nyth brar gyn nelle a derssi rwt a zorre.
 A zorre.

A houdir so ———.

Laa zane deach Finn di zoill in nalwe is ner ymmit sloyg
 Sessir bann is sessir far Iyn zhil is anneir ucht zaall
 Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on keilt is ossain is oskir
 Conan meithl gom maal er myg agus mnan nin vi leith sen
 Mygin is ban einn bi zane is annir ucht zall mi wan feyn
 Gormlay aolli-is dow rosg neaof is neyn enneiss
 Nor a zoyf meska no mnan tugsiddir in gussi raa

Gun ainm Ughdair.

A ta fo 'n tulach so tuath, Mac mhic Cumhail a's cruaidh colg,
 Mac deudgheal nighinn an Deirg, nach tug r 'a fheirg briathar borb.
 A ta fo 'n tulach so deas, Mac mhic Cuinn, cneas mar bhlàth,
 Cha d' fhuair se neach fa ni, 'an greas nochair mhìn a làmh.
 A ta fo 'n tulach so shoir, Osgar bu mhaith goil 'us gnìomh,
 Clann Moirn ged is maith na fir, nochair chuir e sin am brìgh.
 A ta fo 'n tulach so shiar, gille bu mhiann leis na mnathaibh,
 Mac Ronain do fhuair a bhith clàra, fo 'n tulach so shiar a ta.
 A ta fo 'n tulach so fodham, am fear a bhi o 'n ghruaig is gràin,
 Conan do gabh gach muirn, fo'n tulach fodham a ta.

A ta.

A GHORAIDH, triallamaid gu Fionn a ghilleachd air nach subhach leinn,
 A dh'iarraidh cinn Ghuill air an rìgh gun cuirmaid e gu caomh clì.
 Is leisg leamsa dhol ann o nach cluinneam gur fa 'n cheann,
 Is nach faodmaid a dhiolt, ceann Mhic Moirn mhoir ghnìomh.
 Naile leatsa ni is aill leam féin a dubhairt Conan mòr gun chiall,
 Marbhaidh mi air magh gach duine an diolt Ghuill fholt bhuidhe féin.
 Suidhichidh an triùr armuin d'an Fheinn, o nach lamhamaid do Fhinn,
 Abair a Ghoraidh 'us labhair faighear sinn 's an tròm aile,
 Marbhais Ossian mòr M'Fhinn marbhaidh mi an t-Osgar nach tìoma,
 Marbhaidh Daoire Caoilte caidh, faighear sinn uile air an laimh.
 Maitheas agam ni bhitheas ann, cha tig leinn modhail air Fionn,
 Tuiteamaid uile 's an aile, cha tig Goll' gar cobharne.
 Da beò Fhinn bithidh le a neart do chuirmaid Fionn d'a leac,
 Is fìor na briathran gun fhoill a deirsa ruit, a Ghoraidh.

A Ghoraidh.

An t-ùghdair so —.

La dh' an deachaidh Fionn a dh' ol, an 'Almha 'us nìor iomadh sluaigh,
 Seisir bhan 'us seisir fhear inghin gheal 'us ainneir uchd-gheal,
 Fionn féin 'us Diarmad gun on Caoilte 'us Oisian 'us Osgar,
 Conan maol gu mall air magh, agus mnathan nan sé laoch sin,
 Maigheaneas bean Fhinn bu dein, 'us ainneir uchd-gheal mo bhean féin,
 Gormlaidh aoile is dubha rosg, Naomh 'us nighean Aonghuis.
 'N uair a ghabh misge na mnathan, tugsadar an cuis réidh,

Nach royf er in doythyn teg sessir ban in goyth inrylk
 A dowirt an nynnilt gyn on is Tulych carnich in doythyn
 Ga maath sewse is ymmith ban nach drynn fes ach re in ar
 Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen tanik in van dar rochtin
 Ein wrata wmpa gin alda agus e na iyn naygh
 Tanik neyn a wrata inn an vaenissi v'kowle
 Banichis din re gin non agis swis na arrygh
 Feafryth finn skail zyi din neyn lwchr lawzill
 A wan a wrat gin alda keid a rad ow is tein naygh
 As giss dym wrat gin alda ban ann ac na ennaygh
 Nocht chay naygh dein fame wrat ach ben in ir gyn ralocht
 Tawir ym brat dym wreith feyn do ter conane mor gyn chaele
 Go westmist im brear mir a twg na mnawe wo chanew
 Gawis ben chonnane ym brat is curris wmpa la rachta
 Gom bea sen an loyth locht dar lek rys wlle a gall ocht
 Mir a chonnik connan meil ym brat er cassyth fa teyf
 Tawris in chreissyth gin neaf agis marveis in neyn
 Gavis ben dermoit a zeil ym brat wo wrei chonnan meil
 Noch char farr a wassi zyi cassi ym brat fa keiyf
 Gawis ben oskyr na zey ym brad coo adda coyve ray
 Ga loyvir skayth a wrat inn noch char ally a hymlyn
 Gawis myghinis gi aal ym brad is di churri fa cann
 Di chass is di chwar mir sen ym brat gi loa fa clossew
 Tawir ym brata er m'raa dym wneissi is ne cwss clae
 Go vestmist in ness gon non tres elli da hymlit dewe
 Di warynsi brair riss agis ne brair eggiss
 Nach darnis di weiss ri far ach dol dutsi in neiss lenew
 Nochtis ben vek ree a teef curris umpi ym brat fer chei . . .
 A sayth eddir chass is lawe na gi ley er a lwdygnane
 Ane phoik doaris in braed o wak o zwyne darmit
 Di reissi ym brad owm laar mor wea see na hynnirrane
 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wnaa is me nein in derg zrana
 Noch cha dernis di locht ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
 Ber mo wallych is ymith woygin se der m'kowle gin boy
 A dagis fa mhaalych er mnawe na tyr huggin ane lay.
Lay.

COYA lwm ymich ochtyr chor tocht er my venmyn
 Cut da nymich cha chellwm gin gur wellwm gi calmi
 Oskir is keilt crowith is m'lowith fa moltyr
 Finn agis Dermi deadzale quogr leytych zar nochtyr

Nach robh air an domhain tì seisir bhan ann cho ionraic,
 A dubhairt an innilt gun on is tulach cearnach an domhain,
 Ge maith sibhse is iomadh bean nach d' rinn fios ach ri aon fhear.
 Goirid air bhi dhoibh mar sin thainig a bhean d' ar rochdain ;
 Aon bhrat uimpe gun alt agus e 'n a aon fheadh,
 Thainig nighean a bhrat fhinn am fianuis Mhic Cumhail,
 Beannaicheas do 'n rìgh gun on agus suidheas 'n a fhaireadh,
 Fedraicheas Fionn sgeul dhith, de 'n nighinn lùthor lamhghil,
 A bhean a bhrat gun alt ciod a rad tu as d' aon fheadh ?
 Is geas do 'm bhrat gun alt bean ann ach 'n a aon òigh
 Noch cha-n fhaigh dion fo 'm bhrat ach bean an fhir gun ro lochd.
 Tabhair am brat do 'm mhnaoi féin a deir Conan mòr gun chéill,
 Gun éisdeamaid am briathar mear, a thug na mnathan a chianaimh,
 Gabhas bean Chonain am brat, a chuireas uimpe le rachd,
 Gum b'e sin an luath lochd, 'n uair leig ris uile a geal uchd.
 Mar a chunnaic Conan maol, am brat air casadh f'a taobh,
 Gabhas a chraoiseach gu nimh, agus marbhas an nighean,
 Gabhas bean Dhiarmaid a ghaoil, am brat o mhnaoi Chonain mhaoil,
 Noch char fearr a bhasa dhith, casaidh am brat f'a ciabh.
 Gabhas bean Osgair 'n a déigh, am brat co fhada caomh réidh,
 Ge leobhar sgiath am brat fionn, noch char fholaich a h-imlinn,
 Gabhas Maigheanas gu h-aille, am brat 'us do chuireas f'a ceann,
 Do chas us do chuair mar sin, am brat gu luath f'a cluaisibh.
 Tabhair am brat ars' Mac Reith, do 'm mhnaoi-sa ni cuis cleith,
 Gu éisdeamaid a nis gun on, treis eile d'a h-iomlaid domh.
 Do bheirinnse briathar ris, agus ni briathar eigis,
 Nach dearnas de fhios ri fear, ach dol duitse an aois leinibh,
 Nochdas bean Mhic Reith a taobh, cuireas umpa am brat fionn,
 A soigh eadar chos 'us làmh, na gu leth air a luideinean,
 Aon phòg d' fhuaireas am braghad o Mhac O'Dhuine, Diarmad.
 Do ruitheas am brat o um làr mar bhi si 'n a h-aonaran.
 Tabhraibh mo bhrat domh a mhnathan, is mi nighean an Deirg ghraine,
 Noch cha dearnas de lochd, ach fios ri Fionn faobhar nochta.
 Beir mo mhallachd 'us imich uainn, is e deir Mac Cumhail gom buaidh,
 A d' fhagas f'a mhallachd air mnathaibh, na d' eiridhse thugainn aon la.
 Aon la.

CUIMHNE leam imeachd ochdar, a chuir tochd air mo mheanmuin,
 Cuid de'n imeachd cha cheileam, ged nach bheileam gu calma,
 Osgar 'us Caoilte crodha 'us Mac Lughaidh a mholtar,
 Fionn agus Diarmad deudgheal, cuigear laoch de'n n-ochdar.

Misse agis rynith is kerrill keyve in norrin gin lohti
 Chinnimyr er chreith banwe gir wea anmyn nochtyr
 Ymich orrin skaill darwe inni gi calm fane sottill,
 Daggimir downe vec cowle cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Zawrmir downe re albin bi chalme dwne a rochtin
 Hut reith lay m'kowlle, cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Er zorttymir zwle tagsin ymith cláss inta is corkir
 Finni a wade gi brow cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Huggymir cath sin neddall di fre tegwalle na porteiv
 Rugimir boye is cowe cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Hugimir caith ni frankgi o sann di fre gi doggir
 Zowimir geylle is cowe cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Hugimir cath ne spane a tantyn is a tochtyn
 Quhoie r my ray fane doyne cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Hugimir caith brettin bi zeglich ay is be doggir
 Hoggymir gayle doyne cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Warrimir Crom ni carne er fargi is ay er ottill
 Foyrrymir gi ter owille cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Na rey harnik ni clossich a phatrik ossil hochmyn
 Finni wayde er cowe cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
 Noewe a manmsyth phadrik is hard craue is sochyr
 O phakgyth missi id coithr cowin lwm ymith ochtyr.
 Cowin lwm.

NENOR a quhyme fa chyill, di woyn avr chenni cholin
 Woyn avr chinni cholin chon ca mo dorin sin doyn
 Zearemir my lenyth lerga is glen frethnich ni glawe nerg
 Is fer nach forrimir ann maddyth za damis cholin
 Dearemir glen dorch dow glen zarve zorrith is gl claehe
 Is fer nach dorrimir ann maddyth za danmist cholin
 Dearmir scheane zrwmmi clywe is finni wg leive na zei . . .
 Is fer nach dorrimir ann maddyth za danmist cholin
 Dearmir durlis war wail tawyr wry is down zawrane
 Is fer nach dorrimir ann maddyth za danmist cholin
 Dearmir glen okoythyth fa forrais awr ossill
 Is fer nach forrimir ann maddi za danmist cholin
 Dearmir finni wy maye tawyr wry is kintaylle
 Is fer nach dorrimir ann maddi za danmist cholin
 Dearmir erri wlli eddir chonnith is donni
 Is fer nach dorrimir ann maddi za danmist cholin

Mise agus Raoine 'us Caruil, caomh an fhoruinn gun lochda,
 Chinneamar air chrich Bhanbha, gur b'e ainmean an ochdar.
 Imeachd oirne, sgeul dearbh, fhine gu calm fo'n sotal,
 Do fhàgamar Dùn Mhic Cumhail, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Ghabhamar duinn ri Albainn, bu chalm duinn a rochdainn,
 Thuit rìgh le Mac Cumhail, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Air ghortamar dol a Shasunn, iomadh cleas ann 'us cosgradh,
 Fionn gum faigheadh gach brugh, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Thugamar cath 's an Eadailt, do bhreth teagbhoil 'n a portaibh,
 Rugamar buaidh 'us cumha, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Thugamar cath na Frainge o 's ann do bhreth gu docair,
 Ghabhamar geill 'us cumha, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Thugamar cath na Spainn, a taintean 'us a tachdaran,
 Chaidhear mo ré fa 'n domhain, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Thogamar cath Bhreatuin, b'eagalach e 'us bu dhocair,
 Thogamar geall daoine, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Bheireamar Crom nan carn air fairge 'us e air oiteal,
 Fhuaireamar gach tir umhal, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 'N a dheigh thainig na toisich, a Phadruig uasail thochedmhuin,
 Fionn gheibheadh air cumha, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Naomhaich m'anamasa a Phadruig, is airde cruth us sochair,
 O pheacaich mise a'd chomhar, cuimhne leam imeachd ochdar.
 Cuimhne leam.

NAOINEAR chaidheamaid fo cheangail do fhaighinn aobhar chinn chuilein,
 Fhaighinn aobhar chinn chuilein chon, ged is mo doruinn 's an domhain,
 Do shireamar Magh Leine leirge 'us Gleann freathnaich nan claidbeamh
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanmaid chuilean. [dearg,
 Do shireamar gleann dorcha dubh, gleann ghairbh choire 'us gleann cloiche;
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.
 Do shireamar Sithean Dhruime Cleibh, is Fionn Mhagh Leibh 'n a dheigh;
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.
 Do shireamar Durlas nam fear fial, Tabhar Bhreagh 'us Dun dhobhran;
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.
 Do shireamar Gleann a Cuaich fa forthais aobhar uasail,
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.
 Do shireamar Fionn mhagh mhaith, Tabhar Bhreagh 'us Ceanntaile;
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.
 Do shireamar Eire uile, eadar chon 'us duine;
 Is fìor nach d' fhuairamar ann madadh, de 'n deanamaid chuilean.

Gerrid downith mir sen sin feyn pupbill muntyr
 Gin wakcamir tre cath nach di clanni reith ni roylayth
 Cath catchennith de we ann is cath chonchennith na genn
 Cath drumanich in dey in ney donn er chawyr in drom b . . .
 In tley a soiltich gi hard er inni feyn in eingnyth zark
 In nochtyr ske cheyttyth chay er we in tley . . . gead
 In tleyg soylich gi chert er inni feyn fa gall a zlak
 Er layr skaye cheilt gyn wroyn weith in tly z in g.
 In tley a soylich gi heissil er inni feyn in nagnith eywre
 In noythtyr skae chrwin charre we tley ac mak chrunchan
 Leygis cheiltyth gallan gleith choylis e nalwin da roeroiwe
 Iss mygh lenyth nyn lanni in dawr is in down reillin
 Reggir e goolle m'morn faynith kenard cron woyn
 A zleyis felane m'fynni agis ni balwe a borrin
 Reggir e za mhak mawoe breik is m'elle o noye brek
 Scay bregth m'daythein dayn is keill croith in nern rai zeyr
 Reggir e keinkeith nith golg agis illin feywr zerg
 Is keill croith a croyth zrinni nach estith goyth iywrin
 Bi winni schenwrannyth sley agis mowr ni meillith
 Agis rann wrattich schroill ag erri a maddin zeith roeith
 Di hoykgimir dalwe zreynith brattich inni vor ni faynith
 Oyr chor sche tennal fa wor chanan cheintle rwe
 Di hoykgimir fulling doyrith brattich zwlle wor v'morn
 Menkith we gach troyle chroissich derryth agis tossyth foylith
 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyrri brattich rynth gin nymig sloyeg
 Sroill lay gonfee knaw is kenni, la leygis fwill gow fybrin
 Di hoykimir kynill chath brattich eillane darre
 Mak finni far flath ni waynith gilli lay gurre tromley
 Di hoykimir down neive brattich ossin na grri
 Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane is oarnay in deive elle
 Di hoykimir skoyb zawe brattich oskyr in warffee
 Re doll in gath na glace menkith zarre skopbe zawe
 Di hoykimir loith lynith brattich zarmit e zoenith awyissyth
 Noar heyth in neanith wea sche awzissyth oeyrith a mach
 Di hoykimir barne a reybgin brattich oskyr nar schanith
 Danyth coyharne m'gar zlynni la garwe kinni is kenwr
 Di hoykimir creiwe fowllith brattich clonni var v'lowich
 Noar a heych in nane a mach is sche wea er in dossyeh
 Di rimimir croith chath in dymehill inni oyrlach
 Ma dudtyeh finni farri eddi ni wane worchalmith
 Marwes ni catkenich linni agis di goyve ni chonchinnich
 Hutti ni drumanich wille in dymehall inn alwin
 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith in nynwr wrow za zownnith

Goirid duinne mar sin, sin féin, pobull, muinntir,
 Gu facamar tri cath gun achd de chlann Rìgh na Ruadhleath
 Cath catehann do bhi ann 'us cath choncheann 'n an ceann,
 Cath drumanach an deigh an fheigh, donn air chobhar an drom . . .
 An t-sleagh a soillseachadh gu h-ard, air Fionn féin an eangnaich ghaire,
 An uachdar sgeith chailltich chaidh air bhith an t-sleagh . . .
 An t-sleagh soillseach' gu ceart air Fionn féin fa geal a ghlac,
 Air lathair sgeith Chaoilte gun bhròn, bhith an t-sleagh dhearg an cath,
 An t-sleagh a soillseach' gu h-ìosal air Fionn féin an aigne mhir.
 An iochdar sgeith chruinn chàir bhi an t-sleagh aig mac Chruinchain.
 Leigeas Caoilte gallan glé; chualas e an Almhuin de rìreadh,
 'Us Magh Léine nan lann, an Tamhar 'us an Dun Reithlein,
 Fhreagair e Gall Mac Moirn, Fiann ceannard Cronbhuain,
 A ghleidheas Faolan Mac Fhinn, agus na Balbha a Borruinn.
 Fhreagair e da mhac Maibh bhric, 'us Mac Ealaidh an aghaidh bhric,
 Scaith breagh Mac Daithein deine, 'us Caol crodha an airm ro gheir.
 Fhreagair e Geangach nan colg agus Iolunn faobhair dheirg,
 'Us Caol crodha a chrutha ghrinn nach éisd guth ionbhuinn.
 Bu bhinn seanmhoireachd sleigh agus meabhar nam milidh,
 Agus ràn bhratach sròl ag eiridh am maduinn ghaoith reodhta.
 Do thogamar Dealbh ghréine, bratach Fhinn mhòir na Feinn,
 Or chuir se timchioll fa mhòr cana cinnealta ruadh.
 Do thogamar Fulang Duaraidh, bratach Ghuill mhòir Mhic Moirn,
 Minic bhi'n gach triall chraoisich, deireadh 'us toiseach falbh.
 Do thogamar am Mincheann òir, bratach Raoine gon iomadh sluagh,
 Sròl le 'n gonadh cnàmh 'us cinn, le leigeas fuil gu aobruinnean.
 Do thogamar Cineal chath, bratach Fhaolain daire,
 Mac Fhinn fear flath na Feinn, gille le 'n cuireadh trom shleagh.
 Do thogamar Dun Nimh, bratach Oisiain nan curaidh,
 Lamh dhearg, bratach Mhic Ronain, is oirnidh an taobh eile.
 Do thogamar Sguab ghàbhaidh, bratach Osgair am fear fioch,
 Rì dol an cath nan gleo minic a dh' éireadh Sguab ghàbhaidh.
 Do thogamar Liath loiuneach, bratach Dhiarmaid aigeanaich aibheasaich,
 'N uair a theich an aonach a mach, bhi se aibheasach oirdheire.
 Do thogamar Bearn Reubainn, bratach Osgair nar seanta,
 Dheanadh cosheirm mac gair ghlinne le garbh cinne is ceannbhrat.
 Do thogamar Craobh fhuileach bratach cloinn bhar Mhic Lughaidh;
 'N uair theich an Fheinn a mach, is e bhitheadh air an toiseach.
 Do rinneamar cruaidh chath, an timchioll Fhinn orfhlat,
 Ma dhuda Fhinn fhearail, oide na Feinn mòir-chalma.
 Marbhas na Caitheannich leinn, agus do ghabh na Coincheannaich,
 Thuit na Drumanaich uile an timchioll Fhinn Almhuin.
 Monadh beag fa deas dhuinn, am faighear brugh dha dhùn;

Is math forrimir ann maddith za danmist cholin
 Zearimir erre wlle eddir chonni agis donni
 Is noech cha dorremir er a feyg cheaddi ferr o zarve na nenor.
 Nenor a quhyme.

BINN gow duni in teyr in oyr binn a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyu,
 Bynn noaillane a nee a quhor bin in tonn a bwn da treoyr
 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow coyth oass cassyth conn
 Alyn in delryth a ne greane byn in near feddyl nyth lon
 Bynn gow illyr esse roye vass kynn coayne v'moyrnye mor
 Bynn gow coythaa oyss barrye doss alyn in tost a nee in coir
 Fynn mac cowil mayr fani sacht caa na eaynn gyth gynn
 In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn a garrye no zeye bye wynn.
 Bynn gow.

SKAILE oiknith er choyle cassil, gow carn wallir berrith mee
 Na clwnnith dwnni za glwnnith gi glwnnith m'gweill ee
 Makcowle di choill cossir er sliss alwin in nor weine
 Essin oss in gend ne choll finni in cessew doyr reiwe
 Ossin dein nichticht is dermit dey v'lowith leich nar zann
 Deiss nar leyr cooza coskir conan feyn is oskir ann
 Sloyne a zey leych zawsich di raye fin fer gyth eyth
 Faikgen mir sin er oill inn ca coyll leiwe is binni er beith
 Di raye conan yr we in nymirt eine choyll is binni hor feyn
 Math lawe in ir re heygh enrwnith fer sen gr chwnith er cheyll
 Foskgi zi chwlg in gaith nawit nach in gath ni choklit sa
 A loywe in genn is in gossith koill a bar le oskir aye
 Koill is mo ruggis zi ryin di rae deomit ni derk maal
 A rozraw gin ga boa zawssith coraa ban is ansith ann
 Sowd mi choilsa a v'murn er m'lowith ni narm glan
 Leym in gleyw mi chon gow cre fey ga churri in derri zawe
 Sowd in koill is koyle dowfsyth di rae fin fla in tloe
 In neym zeith bayne ley braddeiche raym finleich fa atteive oyr
 In tra weime gin eggill nin neksith ossin a durt fa zoe
 Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi saif rame cloiss clastin a chole.

Is maith fhuaireamar ann madadh dhe 'n deanamaid chuilean.

Dhireamar Eire uile eadar chon 'us duine.

Is noch a d' fhuaireamar air a feadh, ceud fear a dhearbh na naoinear.

Naoinear.

BINN guth duine an tir an òir, binn a ghlòir a chanaid na h-eoin,

Binn an nuallan a ni a chorr, binn an tonn am Bun da treoir.

Binn am fabhar a ni a ghaoth, binn guth cuach os Cas a choin,

Aluinn an dealradh a ni grian, binn a nithear feadail nan lon,

Binn guth iolair Easruaidh, os cionn cuain Mhic Muirne moir,

Binn guth cuach os bàr dos, aluinn an tosd a ni an corr,

Fionn Mac Cumhail m'athair, fa 'n seachd cath Fhiann gu grinn,

An uair a leigeas con ri fiadhmhuin, ag éiridh 'n a dheidh bu bhinn.

Binn guth.

SGEUL oignidh air cheòl caislidh, gu Carn Bhalair beiridh mi,

Nan cluinneadh duine de 'n cluinneadh, gun cluinneadh Mac Cumhail e,

Mac Cumhail do cheal còisir, air slios Almhuin an oir mhìn,

Esan os an ceann 'sa cheòl Fionn an còisir d' fhaighear riamh,

Oisian dian euchdach, 'us Diarmad, deagh Mhic Lughaidh laoch nior

Dithis na'r le'r cobhach cosgar, Conan féin 'us Osgar ann. [ghann,

Sloinn a dheagh laoch dhomhsa, do radh Fionn fìor gach eadh,

'Faicinn mar sin air òl Fhinn, cia an ceòl leibh is binne air bith ?

Do radh Conan air bhi an imirt, aon cheòl is binne a fhuair mi féin.

Maith lamh an fhir ri aghaidh cruinnich' fìor sin gun chuimhne air chéill.

Faosgadh a chuig an cath namhaid, neach an cath ni choigleadh se,

A luaidh an ceann 'us an cos, ceol a b' fhearr le Osgar aigh.

Ceòl is mo a rugas de roghainn, do ràdh Diarmad nan deare mall,

A ro ghràidh, gun ge beo dhomhsa, comhradh bhan is annsa ann.

Sud mo cheòls a Mhic Muirne, ars' Mac Lughaidh nan arm glan,

Leum an glèd mo chon gu cridhe feidh 'g an cur an deireadh dhoibh,

Sud an ceòl is ceòl dhomh féin do ràdh Fionn flath an t-slàigh,

An fheum ghaoith bhitheann le brataich, reim fionnlaoich fo a taobh òir.

An trath bhitheam gun eagal nan eigeas Oisian a dubhairt fadheoidh,

Mo Fheinn 'us i dhomhsa an tasgaidh, seimh le'm chluas claitinn a cheoil.

FLEYGH wor rinni lay finni innoiss dowl a halgin
 Fa hymmi dwn we ann deanow albin is errin
 Fearis m'morn mor din reane fa gall glor
 A waktow fleywi zar o hanyth tow weanow errin
 Di reggir sen finni wane fa math wle tor is tear
 Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar na gi fley ane reywe in nerrin
 Chongimir huggin won tonn leich mor ayrrichtich foltinn
 Gin ane dwn ag ach ay feyn fa math in toglach essane
 Mir hanyth shay in gen ni wane a dowrt in toglach fa keyve keyll
 Tarsyth lomsith noss inni is ber cayd leich id di hymchill
 Deych mek eichit morne mor ber let in dowss di henoyll
 Fer is ocht zet chlonn feyne ber is oskir di zane wane
 Ber deachnor di clannith smoill is feichit di clanni ronane
 Ber di clanni mwin let deachnor elli gin dermit
 Ber let dermit o dwnith bar ni swr is no schalge
 A feyn is kerrill id lwng deychnor di zanith is di zorrin
 Ber nenor do zillew let fa farda how ym bee aggit
 Agis twss fen a inni a v'awasse erm zrinni
 Ber C leich let er twnni di zna wntir inn v'kowle
 C skay gin m wi nor dinni m'kowle v'tranewor
 Berssi let in nossa inni in da chonni is ferri in nerrin
 Ber bran is skoillin let lowt di zorrin i gimicht
 Na beith fadcheis ort a inni di ray in toglach ard evin
 Tuggir fa woye id heith di we er ar sloye is soiche
 Glor anwit hare id chenn ogle out hanik chwggin
 Min fayin tow in weanoss inn di wea di chen gin chollin
 Di choraa ni churffe in swm a chonane meill ni beymin
 Is mest in sloye di wee ann id ta tow agrow anwin
 Errissyth clanni biskni ann erss conane in nani
 Gowis gi neach zeuwe erm leich tig ni feanith ass gi ane teiwe
 Marwar in sen mak di zinn feani gall a zassgi zrinn
 As mak a zillin m'morn fa math in gath chrwnwoynyth
 Errissyth arriss ann is daniss a wurrill
 Fearyth yn beinni cwt ag gowle di chonan in nani
 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn di ray gowle mor nim beymin
 War conan na mess a chinni na bonfeit ass in tinchin
 Ferris koill Dr eichid in glen er nach leyr rawe cheith in ferrin
 Ay gin fiss nyth feanith ag finn troyg in skail so halgin
 Faddi lommi a halgin trane nach wagga ma dunni zi nane
 Ead a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn is nith aewlt no dymchol
 Binvin lom ossin m'finni na hanich kenn nach deach zee
 Ter gi dwni gar royve ann di binvin leom finni wley.

Fley.

FLEADH mhor a rinneadh le Fionn, innis dhuit a Thailgein,
 Bu iomadh duine a bha ann, d' Fhianaibh Alba 'us Eirinn.
 Feoraicheas Mac Moirne mòr de 'n rioghain bu gheal glòir,
 Am faca tu fleadh ghara o thainig tu do Fhianaibh Eirinn ?
 Do fhreagair sin Fionn nam Fiann, bu mhaith uile soir 'us siar,
 Dubhairt gum faca fleadh bu gharra no gach fleadh Fheinn riamh an
 Chunnamar thugain o'n tonn laoch mor arachdach foltionn, [Eirinn.
 Gun aon duine aig ach e féin, bu mhaith an t-oglach esan.
 Mar thainig se an ceann nam Fiann a dubhairt an t-oglach bu chaomh
 Tarsa leamsa nis, Fhinn, 'us beir ceud laoch a'd thimchioll, [ciall,
 Deich mic fhichid Moirne moir, beir leat an tús do thionaill,
 Fear 'us ochd dhe'd chlann féin, beir us Osgar do dh' Fhiann Feinn,
 Beir deichnear de chlannaibh Smoil, us fichead de chlannaibh Ronain,
 Beir de chlann Mùdhain leat, deichnear eile gun Diarmad,
 Beir leat Diarmad o Duinn, b'fhear na suiridh 'us na seilg,
 E féin 'us Caoruill 'ad long deichnear de dhaoine 'us de dh' fhoruinn.
 Beir naoinear de ghillibh leat, a b'fheairde thu a bhi agad,
 Agus tusa féin a Fhinn, a mhic aibheasaich, airmghrinn,
 Beir ceud laoch leat air tonn de ghnàth mhuinntir Fhinn Mhic Cumhail,
 Ceud sgiath gon mionna 'n òir, d' Fhionn Mac Cumhaill mhic Threin-
 Beirse leat a nis, a Fhinn, an da chon is fearr 'an Eirinn, [mhoir,
 Beir Bran 'us Sgoilean leat, luaithe de dh' fhoruinn ag imeachd.
 Na bitheadh faitheas ort, a Fhinn, do radh an t-oglach ard aoibhinn,
 Tugar fo bhuaidh ad thì do bhi air ar sluaigh 'us soithichibh.
 Glòir anmhaith tharladh 'ad cheann, oglaich ud a thainig thugainn,
 Mum faigheann tu am fianuis Fhinn do bhitheadh do cheann gun choluinn,
 Do chomhradh ni chuiream an suim a Chonain mhaoil nam beuman,
 Is misd an sluagh do bhi ann, a ta tu aghara, anmhuinn,
 Eiribhse chlanna Baoisgne ann, ars' Conan an anaithne.
 Gabhas gach neach dhiubh arm laoch, thig na Fianna as gach aon taobh,
 Marbhar an sin mac do Fhionn, Fiann geal a ghlaca ghrinn,
 As mac de ghillibh Mic Moirne bu mhaith 'n cath Chruinnbhuaín,
 Eireas a Fhearghuis ann 'us deanas an iorghuill,
 Feoraich am bi a chuid aig Goll do Chonan an anaithne,
 Do bheirinnse a bhreith féin do Fhionn, do radh Goll mòr nam beuman,
 Bheir Conan 'n a mise a cheann na buinid as an t-eanchain. [fearainn,
 Fergus, Caol, deich thar fhichead an gleann, air nach léir riamh chi
 E gun fhios nam Fiann aig Fionn ; truagh an sgeul so a Thailgein.
 Fada leam a Thailgein threin, nach fhaic mi daoine de 'n Fheinn,
 Iad a sealg o ghleann gu gleann, 'us mac eilde 'nan timchioll ;
 B'ionmhuinn leam Oisian Mac Fhinn, na h-aon cheann a chaidh dheth ;
 Thar gach duine de 'n robh ann, do b'ionmhuinn leam Fionn an fhleidh.
 Fleadh.

TROYG lwm twllych ni faynith ag ni clerchew fa zeirse
 Is danyth lucht ni billak in nynit clannyth beisknyth
 Dayr missi raa croychin schell fada wroychow gi swgych
 Beg a hellis gi tarfin in talgin er di wullych
 Dayr meith skay is sley conn is gyir fad walle
 Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni fa chleyrchew is fa wachlew
 Da merra clanni morn ni wee fer nordsi seadtrach
 Di zoyve schew fer grabbil a lwcht ni baychill breik
 Da merra m'lowyth si vi curri chalma
 Swl fowkweis in twllych di wee fer cowlyth garryth
 Da merra clanni carda fir nachir chelggi bayssew
 Ne weith fer glwki fer bachlaa nynit ni bradtych
 Da merra clanni mayvin fer nach banvin in droddew
 Ni weith di wuntir a phatrik gi laydyr er ni chnoken
 Da merra clan in dew zerri da merra keilti croych
 Ne weith gayr chloogi is chleyrri ga nestich in raa croychin
 Da merra rynne roydda is keilcroy m'creyvin
 Ne weith di loywr la cheyll ir a laywis a bebll
 Is ni lwrge crwnni di ryn in swll doyne
 Di weith di lorga na brossna da bea osgir er layr
 Ir in trostane woye di ryn in swe swnda
 Math dut nach marrin connan fa manach dorn duta
 Da marrein swlzorm seir conan meil makave ni wane
 A chleyrre ga mor di zorda di wonin zut dorn gi dane
 Da marra m' o zoyni er ni lwrge crossi
 Di weith di lorga sue mest a bresta fa chaythra clooch
 Ir chlwgga mir helim da weith dering na woye
 Di weith di chlog na rabba woya fa edin a chaythre
 Ner zarga shmor a cheyth er gayth geith m'roynan
 Na be di chlog gi hannis ir a wanis a koyllan
 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthych ne agkwm m'kowl si woe
 Ne ekkym dearmit o doynw ne ekkym keilt m'cronan
 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth er in tullych so phatrik
 Ne ekkym m'lowth ne ekin in chwlych zrawcht
 Ne ekkim far loo raym heive ne ekkim oskir na . . .
 Ne ekkim in nymirt vor ne ekkim a choanirt cheyf
 Ne ekkim clanni smoyl ne ekkim golli mor ni gneyf
 Ne ekkim feillane fayill ne ekkim na zey in naye
 Ne ekkim ferris mi wrayir layr meyth layr woalta
 Ne ekkim dyrri doynicht o woymist koyl gi noyrre
 Ne ekkim fa kanyen nach beehow aggin er ayrrre
 Ne ekkim ane gar worrin di bi wor torrin a glar

TRUAGH leam tulach na Feinn, aig na cleirichibh fo dhaoirse,
'Us dana luchd nam billeag, an ionad clanna Baoisgne,
Do fhaighear mise a Rath Chruachain, seal fo do bhruachaibh gu sugach,
Is beag a shaoileas gun tarfainn an Tailgean air do mhullach.
Do fhaighear mo sgiath 'us sleagh, con 'us gadhair fa d' bhalla,
Ge'd tha an nochd cnoc na Feinn, fo chleirichibh 'us fo bhachlaibh.
Na 'm maireadh clanna Moirne, ni bhitheadh fear an ordsa seathardha,
Do gheibheadh sibh 'ur grabail, a luchd na bachuile brice.
Na 'm maireadh Mac Lughaidh, 's a sé cuiridh chalma,
Sol fhàgas an tulach, do bhi bhur culaidh gearr."
Na 'm maireadh clanna Ceairde, fir nach fir cheileadh basa,
Ni bhitheadh bhur cluig 's 'ur bachla, an ionad nam bratach.
Na 'm maireadh clanna Mudhain, fir nach b'anmhuinn an trodaibh,
Ni bhitheadh do mhuinntir a Phadruig, gu laidir 'n an cnocaibh. [adhach,
Na 'm maireadh clann an deagh Ghoraidh, na 'm maireadh Caoilte cru-
Ni bhitheadh gair chlog 'us chleireach, 'g an éisdeachd an Rath Chruachain.
Na 'm maireadh Raoinne ruadha, 'us Caol crodha mac Reabhain,
Ni bhitheadh do leabhar r'a cheile, fhir a leughas am Biobul.
Agus na luirge cruinne, do rinn an siubhail domhain,
Do bhitheadh do lorg 'n a bhrosna, na 'm bitheadh Osgar air làr.
Fhir an trostain bhuidhe, do rinn an suidh sonda,
Is maith dhuit nach marruinn Conan, fa bhuineadh dorn duit.
Na 'm maireadh an Sulghorm saor, Conan maol macamh nam Fiann,
A chleirich ge mòr do dh' ord, do bhuineann duit dorn gu dian.
Na 'm maireadh Mac O'Dhuinn, fhir na luirge croise,
Do bhitheadh do lorga smiste, briste fo charragh cloiche.
Fhir a chluig mar shaoilim, na 'm bitheadh Daoruing 'n a bheatha,
Do bhitheadh do chlog 'n a reubach, uaith fa eudan a charraigh.
An ior dhearg, a sheanair, da chitheadh air gath gaoith Mhic Ronain,
Ni bhitheadh do chlog gu h-ainnis, fhir a sheinneas an gòlan.
Ni fhaodam bhi gu subhach, ni fhaiceam Mac Cumhail 's a bheatha,
Ni fhaiceam Diarmad O'Duinn, ni fhaiceam Caoilte Mac Ronain ;
Ni h-ioghnadh mi bhi gu dubhach, air an tulach so, Phadruig,
Ni fhaiceam Mac Lughaidh, ni fhaiceam an coileach gràdhaichte ;
Ni fhaiceam Fear luath u'm thaobh, ni fhaiceam Osgar na Feinn ;
Ni fhaiceam an imirt mhòr ni fhaiceam a chonairt chaomh,
Ni fhaiceam clanna Smoil, ni fhaiceam Gall mòr 'an gniomh.
Ni fhaiceam Faolan fiall, ni fhaiceam 'n a dheigh an Fheinn,
Ni fhaiceam Fearghus mo bhràthair, le 'r mithich le 'r mholta,
Ni fhaiceam Daoire duanach, o'm faigheamaid ceòl gach uaire,
Ni fhaiceam Fatha Canan, nach bi thu againn air uaire.
Ni fhaiceam aicme dhe 'r foruinn da bu mhòr torrun air clàr,

Ne ekkim evinis na hoyl ne clwnim in koyl di wee
 Soll di curri mi mi hoo di fronfwn feyn or gi loyit
 Inssim zwt a phadrik da bi zayllwm hecht harsta
 Nach fayddwm a heillow a vacca may zeivinis agga
 Missi is cleyrre ni bortwis nocha droyinum ra chaal
 Ga ta mee nocht gi dowych, is troygh lwm tullych ni fayne.
 Troyg lwm.

DYTH wylelyss myschi zraynnyth hwnngis nayrri w'cowle
 Wee myr it tayme sin nagyn is bert nach fadyr a wlyng
 Dyth zhagis clwyght is couzar er chompan zaw neyss tayr
 Dyth zhagis mnan gin gillaa is dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
 Dyth zhagis murnd is meygzegr curme is greygzin is garae
 Dyth zhagis clwithi fylli is dyth willis myschi a zraynnaa
 Keltaa mor is m'lowith deyss er nach drwnge taayraa
 In feyth nayr roywaa rynnnaa dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
 Gold is oskyr is osseyne acma nach corriith partaa
 Dyth bynnwynne leo sen synnyth dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynna
 Fynn fane in agnaa raawoyr is woygh zaifmost failtaa
 Dyth zhagis murndnych hee is dyth wilelys mischi a zraynna
 Myr aweyss in noyf chaythi zoyschi ne hewyr zayrraa
 A coyad oywaa byggi dyth wilelis mischi a zraynnaa
 It doll ter wennew borrifaa is er wollyth forynnnych ban . . .
 Ne mor nach tursych synnaa dyth willelis myschi a zraynnaa
 It doll ter ess roych roinyth is beg nar obyr my wayle
 Faa rohwyrr geltti glinni di villiss missi a zraynnyth
 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar a tastil eyrrin ani
 Is trane di woyr sen sinni di williss mischi zrayn.
 Di williss missi.

LAY a royth in dundalgin cowchullin ni grow neynti
 O taid ni gur er a gon gin sloig wlli na ochyr
 Halli in noill erin nerre math si waggidir in nane wlli
 Keltith fekkich fowich feine eltych laye za leetiwe
 Gwr bei in nansych wllith mnan chogn clanni rowre
 In cor sen bi degkir reyve cur ris in naltin dawail
 In doychis lawee leich atte dr aythr chonleich
 Ni hoyynni giderring dalwe ser winn cholla in gallew
 Gawis in crann tawill glan cowchullin gi . . .

Ni fhaiceam aoibhneas na òl, ni cluinneam an ceòl do bhi,
 Sul do chuireadh mi am uaigh, do bhronnainn féin òr gu luath.
 Inniseam dhuit, a Phadruig, nam b' ailleam theachd tharsta,
 Nach faodam a fhileadh, na fhaca mi dh' aoibhneas aca.
 Mise 'us Cleirich nam portos, noch a tarruingeam ri chéile,
 Ge ta mi an nochd gu dubhach ; is truagh leam tulach na Feinn.
Truagh leam.

Do fhileas mise a Ghrainne, chunnacas an goire Mhic Cumhail,
 Bhi mar a taim 's an éigin is beart nach faodar fhulang.
 Do fhàcas cluiche 'us coghair air chompan ghabh nise tàire,
 Do fhacas mnathan gon gillibh, is do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Do fhacas muirn 'us meoghar, cuirm 'us greigh ghrinn 'us gàire,
 Do fhacas cluiche fìdhle, 'us do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Caoilte mor 'us Mac Lughaidh, dithis air nach d'rainig tàire,
 Air fìoch nior ro mhaith ruinne, do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Goll 'us Osgar 'us Oisian, aicme nach corra part,
 Do b'ionmhuinn leo sin sinne, do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Fionn féin an aigne ro mhir, is uaith a gheibheamaid faillte,
 Do fhacas muirneach e 'us do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Mar a bhitheas an naoi cathan, dhomhsa ni h-aobhar ghàire,
 A coimhead uaimhe bhige do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 A dol thar bheanntaibh borrafadh, 'us air mhullach fhormnach bhàn,
 Ni mor nach tuirseach sinne, do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 A triall tir eas ruaidh romhainn, is beag na'r obair mo fhàil,
 Fa ruathar geillt glinne, do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
 Bhitheam gu fad 'us gu h-aithghearr a tasdail Eirinn àine.
 Is treun do fhaighear sin sinne, do fhileas mise a Ghrainne.
Do fhileas mise.

LA a robh an Dundalgain, Cuchulain nan cruth deanta,
 O taid con cur air a ghean, gun sluagh uile 'n a fhochair ;
 O thall' an oil air an éiridh mach, gum facadar an Fheinn uile,
 Ceilltach feacach fuathach fa'n ealta luidh dha shleitibh ;
 Gur b'e an annsachd uile, mnathan Choige clanna Rughradh,
 An cuir sin bu dheacair riamh, cur ris an ealtan d'fhaigheail ;
 An dochas laimh laoich ; aiteadar athair Chonlaoich,
 Na h-eoin go Daoirinn dealbhach, saor bhinn Cholla an gallaibh ;
 Gabhas an crann tabhaill glan Cuchulain gu . . .

In lawe bi wath troir er mor ni hoyne ne gr . . .
 Ryntyr in neltych wo ner zarmit umpith ach awyr,
 Gawis awyr racht fane rynn dayveine ner chart a cheive
 Gelyr wee no errik sin ni kead oyne elli zayvir
 Lar dorchrith er teive a chnok la creif ni norchr nerrik
 In gen tryle hiegid gow caith za anee gin neigiss noynach
 Ni roe fer gin oe orri wei slawre or datrych
 Hug bancheill chongullin graw dinani di wllim
 Din charrait eintych aynee hanik a ymill ollanith
 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme a cu rith er chongullin
 Ni hoyne mir gylle deith gin skail na hyi umpith
 Da oyr no tre tilfer leis ni hoyne aldyth snor ammis
 Gir leme couf mir a chur iiii wrechir hor ni hannich
 In hurchir reyve royve sen zoll di zaltane gawffee
 Gin virn er wrane di wlyg ryef ach keym sin allane
 Re bleygin ni deach zea ach twrss nin nane seach
 Ne hay ymichtych nin nane is inleut ach in twrskail
 Mass fer in dathris a woygr nach darn in cow on chref
 Slat war zall di zrawhe mnaa laywith aig voye a
 myn fa reawrew beggane . . .
 feyne in tulg churr ay deis er gi . . .
 Hw a feyne agus garri teive er heive in nane tr za
 Gin darrith Finn di zarri er su zoith na arrith
 Or is twss do wee ann kinnis di warve sew cowl
 Di weyr si zwt mi wrarri er bee zwt orm za earre
 Gir heith mi laive laytich lomm chur in kead za in gowll
 For in caddrew zoiss sin a clanni morn mar zilli
 Is wulling is reawor zoif zess dew mathr a varwi
 Mass for in catdrew leat sin Inn vec cowill a halwin
 Leig in carri dr bwnskinni is tog in nallydis chatchin
 A dog mis zew lawe a clann morn is mor grane
 Fa toylling missi wlle for gir gow deith eine dwn
 Mass di zlassi tussi sin ymichtin er slycht haithr
 Bith lemenor sinni er linni mir weith ein eillytin chowale
 Gowal chor sinn in woyew cowle huc orn mor withwr
 Gowal di zoichir a mach sinn a greithew ni geith
 Chor dram zeine in nalbin inn is dram elle in dow lochlinn
 In tress dram si zreyg zilli beddit woe cheyl r . . .
 Wemir seableyn deyg a hagwss errin is ner wrag
 Ner weg in smach downith sinni gin er dew zagkin
 In kead lay choymir er teir zinse errin or weimin
 Warveir dein is ner wraik a ray xvi c dein lay
 Di warvis clanna morn dan leichew is . . .

'An laimh bu mhaith treoir air mor na h-eoin gur . . .
 Roinntear an ealta uatha, nior dhearmaid umpa ach Eimhear,
 Gabhas Eimhear rachd fa 'n roinn, deimhin nior cheart a chaoimh ;
 Gealladar bhith 'n a éiric sin, na ceud eoin eile dh' Eimhear,
 Le'r torchradh air taobh a chnuic le treibhe nan urchuir an éiric
 An ceann triall thigead gu caithir da ni gon eigis dhuanach,
 Ni robh fear gun e orra, bhi slabhraidh oir clatrach.
 Thug bancheile Chonchulain gràdh do 'n Fhiann de bheileam,
 Do 'n charaid aontach àine, a thainig a iomall Ullanaich.
 Agras Eimhear an fhuilt truime a cunradh air Chonchulain,
 Na h-eoin mar gheall dith gun sgeul 'n a h-aghaidh umpa ;
 Da uair no tri tillear leis na h-eoin ald 's nior amais,
 Gur leum cobh mar a chuir tri urchuir thar na h-eunaibh ;
 An t-urchuir riamh roimh sin dhol da dhaltan gabhaidh,
 Gun mhuirn air mhnathan de bhlagh, riamh ach caoine 's an allan ;
 Ré bliadhna ni deachaidh dha ach tuirse an Fheinn seach,
 Ni h-e imeachdaich nan Fheinn is ion leat ach an t-ursgeul ;
 Ma 's fìor an t-aithris a gheibhear nach tearuinn an Cu o'n chraoibh,
 Slat bhar-gheal de ghràdh mhnatha, le bhi a bhuaidh ach . . .
 min fa dheireadh beagan . . .
 féin an t-sealg, chuir e dithis air gach aon . . .
 Thu féin agus Garaidh, taobh air thaobh an Fheinn . . .
 Gun d'fharraid Fionn de Gharaidh, air suidhe dha 'n a aire ;
 O'n is tusa do bhi ann, Cionnus a mharbh sibh Cumhal ?
 Do bheire dhuit mo bhriathar, air bhi dhuit orm 'g a iarraidh,
 Gur h-i mo lamh shleiteach lom, chur an ceud ghat 'an Cumhal ;
 Fuar an caidreamh dhomhsa sin, a chlanna Moirne mar ghille,
 Is fulangas ro mhor dhomh, dh' fhios duibh m'athair a mharbhadh.
 Ma 's fuar an caidreamh leat sin, Fhinn Mhic Cumhail a h-Almhuin,
 Leig an caradradh buinsgion, 'us tog an alltas choitchin.
 An tog mise dhibh lamh, a chlanna Moirn is mòr grain,
 Fa tualaing mise uile, fuair gur cuidich aon duine.
 Mus do ghluais thusa sin, imeachdain air slighe d'athar,
 Bu leimeanar sinn air linne mur bhi aon ealadhain Chumhail ;
 Cumhal chuir sinn am buaidhibh, Cumhal thug oirne mor ruathar,
 Cumhal do dhiochuir a mach, sinn do chriochaibh nan coimheach,
 Chuir dream dhinn an Albain fhinn, us dream eile 'an dubh Lochlainn,
 An treas dream 's a Ghreig ghile, bithead o chéile air ioman.
 Bhitheamar se bliadhna deug a h-eugmhais Eirinn 'us nior bhreug,
 Nior bheag an smachd duinn, sinn gun fhear diubh fhaicinn,
 An ceud la chaidheamar air tir dh' Innis Eirinn o'n bhitheamar,
 Mharbhar dinn 'us nior bhreug, ré se deug ceud ri aon la ;
 Do mharbhas clanna Moirn de 'n laochaibh . . .

Cha roif eine dwn zew sen nach cow caydi di v . . .
 Gonith caslane da galnew clanni morn mor vanmnith
 In ginni feyn bi leylich ann a weaniss far nerrin
 Er a lawsi olach ni wane cha nakgis horri no har
 Eine neith hug pask er mi hwle ach fagsin a choskir
 Hug say teim fame chree re fagsin ni slintee
 Huggimir nein teyg a crithew mowin mor zerg
 A royth gasge in r bassid zown owin a warvi
 Gyn deyve er in twlli hawle ymbi woa dwnni clann chwle
 Ronimir reith nach royve maule guss in ty in roif cowl
 Huggimir gwn zothin gr fr in gorp chwall zor sleywe
 Gir gar ruggi missi ann in nor a warve she cwall
 Ne gneive roym scho ma haa dielmissi orr wa mer lay.
 Lay za roymir.

A houdir so Duncha mor voe lawenacht.

Mark dwnna a cayle a zoo agis ga vil schrow di zanna
 Agus na ead gawal loa is nach ool wea no hawe
 Agis nach synni corri na port is nach gawe gin locht leye
 Agis nach skurre di chrwt veynni is nach synni mir is meynni
 As marg nach skur da dryng drang agis di rann di ray
 Agis na cluntyr a chrwt is nach tuggis a zayn
 As marg na toyr toye da chael is nach cumi a feyn slan
 As marg a ver trass gi trog ar a vess na rig a lawe
 Da be mi vean annsyth vess neach foygin a zrab go hard
 Di zoofin a cranni fa vonni ga bea neach er a cur merg.
 Mark.

A houdir so gilliecris talzyr.

Bennycht di hylych a threnoite a ree pharris port nyn layk
 Di hylych ner zann dit zoe how fan di zalve vlli ead
 Is dutti di chommi seil nawzoe di zroy derk er da nyn sow
 Ir a vennyeh port is pobbil malyeh di lwcht coggi cwlli
 A ta chonurt curst chwllan danew wlk er clannow reich
 Gyn glwnnum ayr ni gonn gunnith is lane gi glenni dolli zeive
 A lucht cogge er clanni awzoe o nach fadr vea nane dost
 Na geltow a chew ra chael ferten ree nyn grein a gosk
 A lucht cogge er clan awzoe di fre lucifer nyn lube

Nochar robh aon duine dhiubh sin nach cumha ceud . . .
 Gonadh caslain do ghalnaibh, clanna Moirne mòr mheanmnach
 An cinneadh féin bu shleiteach ann am fianuis fhear an Eirinn.
 Air do laimhse, olaich na Feinn, cha-n fhacas shoir no shiar,
 Aon ni thug pasg air mo shuil, ach a faicinn a chosgraidh ;
 Thug se tioma fa 'm chridhe ri faicsinn na slionachaidh,
 Thugamar an aon tigh an crìochaibh Mumhain mur dhearga ;
 A ro ghaisge an fhir b' usaide dhuinn fhaighinn a mharbhadh,
 Gun diubh air an tulaich thall, am bu bheo daoine chlann Chumhail ;
 Rinneamar ruith nach robh mall, gus an tigh 's an robh Cumhal,
 Thugamar guin dhomhain gach fear, an corp Chumhail dh' ar sleaghaibh ;
 Ger ga 'r rugadh mise ann, an uair a mharbhadh Cumhal,
 Na gnìomharan so ma tha, diolamsa orra, bhamar là.
 La dh' a robhamar.

Is e ùghdair so Dunchadh mòr o Leamhanach.

Mairg duine a chaill a ghuth, agus 'g a bheil sriuth r'a dheanamh,
 Agus nach fhaod gabhail luath, is nach oil bhi 'n a thàmh,
 Agus nach seinn cor no port agus nach gabh gun lochd laoidh,
 Agus nach sguir de chruit bhinn, 'us nach seinn mar is miann,
 Is mairg nach sguir dhe dring drang, agus de rann do ràdh,
 Agus nach cluinntear a chruit, 'us nach tuigear a dhàn,
 Is mairg nach toir toigh d'a chàil, 'us nach cinn e féin slàn,
 Is mairg a bheir treis gu truagh air a mheas nach ruig a làmh, [h-àrd,
 Na 'm bitheadh mo mhiann anns a mheas nach fhaighinn a ghrabadh gu
 Do ghearrainn an crann fa 'bhun, ge bith neach air an cuiream fearg.
 Mairg.

Is e ùghdair so Gillechrìosd Tàillear.

Beannaich do theaghlach a Thrianaid, a Rìgh Pharraiss port nan leug,
 Do theaghlach nìor dhean de'd dhubh, thu féin do dhealbh uile iad,
 Is duit do chumadh siol Adhaimh, de ghruaidh dearg air dath nan sùgh,
 Fhir a bheannaich port 'us pobull, malluich do luchd-cogaidh cùil.
 A ta conairt cursta chuilean, 'deanamh uile air clannaibh rìgh,
 Gun cluinneam fabhar nan con guineach, is làn gach gleann dùile dhiubh.
 A luchd cogaidh air clannaibh Adhaimh, o nach faodar bhi 'n an tosd,
 'N an geall a chaidh ri chéile, feartan Rìgh na grinne a chosg.
 Luchd-cogaidh air clann Adhaimh, de frith Lucifeir nan lùb,

Na leg foiss na dein dyn drong soo losk a re nyth solsi sowd
 Er deess eich chappil clawych nor is lane dyn choynnyth chwlle
 Werrið wpe in nucht nyth selga leggi brucht a melga moe
 Mallich nyth selga is a worloye deess eich keithryth is chrwe
 Di chur drwme ra foyd ni foiche skeiltir kinni a zassre zoe
 A ta gassre vaddi vasslaie er layr inche ald art
 Lane truddyr ead treg a threnoit curseir ead a venoit valk
 Ga zemmi crakkin chon alta agin wm clarsi is wm chrute
 Cha terga clakin foyr fallwe aggin on chonni aalle wlk
 Yr crisd dan sneicht seachin o loch chabbir gow ryn frewith
 Loyth a gonnill da gorpe knawe orchis olk a raith rweith
 Gon ga nerrik sen er scherchew di vak robert nyn royk tee
 A lach venour ni glenni gust is lenonr kenn curst er claa
 A vil o vinni zulbin zrenta di vaddrew sooss gu shrow tolv
 Fissi er selgow sissi a soig derk ayr o christ ulli orve
 Gi glwnnym is me in nynvr nissa meilchon skeilli nyn skonni
 Marg ma nea balle ni bokneach gon dea gallyr tutmych trommi
 Scawych connyth elsi is aggait er lucht varve nyn grey glass
 Mak dey lai chre noy nawelych gyth sneach a choyn anvyth ass
 Loska gi sywe hay scheith chellin a oone stewart nyn stead braafe
 Mas ber woym gir shreyth schranvoor a choyn zranith zranwor uigh
 Er zarri oyone steadzil stewart cha learroith cabbir gyn chenn
 Is ead er chollew cass corrych a choynnyth zlassi vongi hoenni.
 Bennyeh di hylych.

A houdir so gilliecallum m'yn olle.

Ne heyvynis gin clyne donil ne coric veith nane naguss
 In cland dyth bar sin gronevyth gir zeve gych done catew
 Clann is ser zor zawe in rowe angnew is awziss
 Clann zar woil ne terin in rowe creud is crawee
 Clann chunlych chalmyth chroyth clann byth loyth in namm throd
 Clann byth venyth in mesk beo is byth chalmyth in gogyth
 Clann byth lenour orryth di oar anyth is ayrewe
 Clann nar chattyth er egliss clann lor veggil in ganyth
 Gythy ane albin oyn clann in croye zawe best
 Gane royve tress gyth ter sawik eil er zasg
 Clann bi vow is bi vir clann bi zrennis bi raith
 Clann di barsingyth crei di bar fydin is feil
 Mek rei nar hoyla in ner in royve dyntyth is trome
 Fir alda olsai one nour in royve brontych is boke
 Clann di bar feine is fasgyth clann di bar gasg lawe

Na leig fois, na dean do 'n droing so, loisg a Rìgh na soillse sùd.
 Air dhithis eich chapuill clamhach, 'n uair is làn de 'n chuainibh chùil,
 Bheirid uaipe an uchd na seilg, leigeadh brùchd am meilge muigh.
 Malluich na seilg 'us a mhortlath, dithis eich ciar 's a chruth,
 Do chur druim ri foid na faiche, sgaoiltear cinn a ghasraidh dhuibh.
 A ta gasradh mhadadh mhaslach, air lathair Innse Ald ard,
 Lan trudair iad, treig a Thrìanaid, cuirear iad a bhinnid bhalg.
 Ge iomadh craicionn chon alda, againn um chlarsaich 'us um chruit,
 Cha teirc claigionn fuar falamh, againn o'n chon alda uile.
 Athair Chriosd dean snaigheadh seachuinn o Lochabair gu Raon Fraoich,
 Luath an conuil do'n corp cnàmh, Oich ! is olc a radh ribh.
 Gun gu'n éiric sin air saorchu, do Mhac Robaird nan gruaig tigh,
 O Loch Mhenachoir nan gleann gusda, is lionmhor ceann curst air clì.
 A bheil o Bheinne Ghulbain ghrianta, de mhadraidh suas gu sruth Toilbh,
 Fios air sealgaibh sios a soigh, dearc faighear o Chriosd uile oirbh.
 Gu chluinneam 'us mi an Inbhirnise, miolchoin a sgaoileadh nan sgonn,
 Mairg mu'n iadh boile nam boganach, gun d'iadh galar tuitmeach trom.
 Sgiamhach con uailse a's agad, air luchd-marbhaidh nan greidh glas,
 Mac Dé l'a chridhe naomh neamhaidh, gu snaigh a chuain ainbheach as.
 Loisg gach saobhaidh tha 'n Sith Chailein, a Eoin Stiubhart nan steud breagh,
 Mas beir uam gu'r sreith srannmhor, a chuain dhreunach ghreannar ribh.
 Air Gharaidh Eoin steudghil Stiubhart, cha léir dhomh cabar gun cheann,
 'Us iad air choillibh cas corrach, a chonairt ghlas mhuinge th 'ann.
 Beannaich do theaghlach.

A h-Ughdair so Gillecallum Mac an Ollaimh.

Ni h-aoibhneas gun chlann Domhnuil, ni comhrag bhi 'n an eugmhais,
 A chlann do b' fhearr 's a chruinne, gur dhiubh gach duine ceud,
 Clann is saoire de 'r gheibh, an robh eangnath agus aghais,
 Clann do 'r mhoil na tìrean an robh creidimh 'us cràbhadh.
 Clann chunbhalach chalm chrodha, clann bu luaithe an am throd,
 Clann bu mhine am measg bheotha, 'us bu chalma a chog,
 Clann bu lionmhor orra, do fhuair aithne 'us aireamh,
 Clann nar chathaich air eaglais, clann le 'r am b'eagal an càineadh,
 Gach aon an Albainn uaine, a chlann is cruaidh ghabh baisde.
 Dh' an robh treas gach tìre, seabhag fhial air ghaisge,
 Clann bu mho 'us bu mhear, clann bu ghrinn 'us bu réidh,
 Clann do 'm b'fharsuinn cridhe, do b'fhearr foighidin 's féile,
 Mic rìgh nior thoill an aor an robh diontachd a's troma,
 Fir allda uailse o'n uair, an robh bronntachd 'us bochda,
 Clann do 'm b'fhearr fion 'us fasnach, clann do 'm b'fhearr gaisge laimh,

Olk lome gyrrit ernyth in ve lar sneyve in snaitht
 Ner bait nyth drochir voyr na ni fir lowore lage
 Re dol in nanit volc fir nach croye nyth cragi
 Clann gin nouor gin naikgor nar zove ach eddoil chogge
 Gar vonnyth den olsai is gar vonyth boddi
 Mark vor ruggi in nyin mark a zyil rane gaddrew
 Gyn nyne clann mir clann donil ser clann byth chorit agna
 Gyn arew er yth urdil gyn concta er in dossew
 Gyn creich gyn tuss gyn derra er anyth ag in olsewe
 In dossych clynnyth donil de vee folim ga faynyth
 Is di wi nane derryth fein is anyth is nar
 Er vrone is er hursa dyth reyggis twgss is folym
 Gyth inne orcht reggis ne heyvenis gin chlynn donil
 Bi trane geith in torrin, fan acmaa chrionda corit,
 Ga taid in dew fa zevis, ne hevynis gin chlynn donil
 Na sloye vor is in grinne, ym murn si myr si wonyth
 Ne gorith vi na vaguss, ne hevynis gin clynn donil
 Makane lave na wymmyth dor seryth er gych dorin
 Ga ta ai zone delis ne hevynis gin chlynn donil.

Ne hevynis.

OCHAGANE is sai so in kenn di we er connil ny gormlane
 In kenn za doaryth ein nwlly, di bossil ay is di binvin
 Ochagane is sai so in towill di we in kenn connil knessi
 In towle ma nea in narvryth di beale ee is boskirrych
 Ochagane is a so in bail er nach doar filli fanskail
 Bail tani is derkga na nwlle blass mallith er bail connil
 Ochagane is a so in lawe we er connil mak skanlainn
 Lawe firre bi chroeith in nymzwn lawe chonnil mi cheadinvn
 Ochagane is a so in teive riss in seinmist ir sliss ser
 Is sa maddi oo mwlli gow moil o laei ooyr er a heive
 Ochagane is e so a chass nach teycha rooe leich za awivyf
 Cass firri bi chroith in gaiew cass vec skanlane ska
 Oych is sa in raa vee an connil gith traath mwcht
 In nocht harrych nyth skail is sai balle nyn dear is ni noch
 Ochagane.

A houdir so sayane chnoiddurt.

A chinn dermit a echarbre ga loyr harc agis toyill
 Chay wor loymmi maid di zokgir ga teith i groith reith coyt

Olc leam giorrad earnaidh, a bhith le 'r sniomhadh an snàth,
 Nior b'iad na droch fhir mhiodhar, no na fir liomhara laga,
 Ri dol ann an ionadaibh olc, fir nach cruaidhe a chraig.
 Clann gun uabhar, gun eucoir, 'n uair gheibh iad eudail chogaidh,
 G'ar bhuineadh daoine uailse, agus 'g ar bhuineadh bodaich,
 Mairg o 'r rug an dion mairg a dheilich r' an caidrimh,
 Gun aon chlann mar chlann Domhnuil, saor chlann bu chomhrad aigne.
 Gun aireamh air an urdail, gun chuntadh air an duaisibh,
 Gun chrìoch, gun tùs, gun deireadh, air eineach aig an uailsibh.
 An toiseach chlann Domhnuil, do bhi foghlum 'ga àithneadh,
 Agus do bhi 'n an deireadh, fion 'us eineach 'us nàire.
 Air bhròn 'us air thursa, do ruigeas tuigse 'us foghlum,
 Gach fhineadh orra ruigeas, ni h-aoibhneas gun chlann Domhnuil.
 Bu treun gaoth an torrunn, fa 'n aicme chrìonda chomhrad,
 Ge taid an diugh fo dhimeas, ni h-aoibhneas gun chlann Domhnuil.
 Na sloigh mhòr 'us an greann, am muirn, am meaghar s' am foghainteachd,
 Ni còire bhi 'n an eugmhais, ni h-aoibhneas gun chlann Domhnuil.
 Macan laimh a mhuime d'fhuair saoradh air gach doruinn,
 Ge ta e dhuinne dileas, ni h-aoibhneas gun chlann Domhnuil.
 Ni h-aoibhneas.

OCHAGAN! is e so an ceann, do bhi air Conull nan gormlann,
 An ceann dha 'n d'fhuaradh an iul, a b'uasail e 'us a b'ionmhuinn,
 Ochagan! is e so an t-suil do bhi an ceann Chonuill chneasda,
 An t-suil mu'n iadh an fhabhrad, do b'fhialaidh i 's a b'osgarach.
 Ochagan! is e so am beul air nach d'fhuair filidh fannsgèul,
 Beul tana a's deirge na 'n ubhal, blas meala air beul Chonuill,
 Ochagan! is e so an lamh, bha air Conull Mac Scannlain,
 Lamh fir bu chruaidh an iomghuin, lamh Chonuill mo cheud ionmhuinn.
 Ochagan! is e so an taobh, ris an sineamaid ar slìos saor,
 Is e madadh o Muile gu maol o luidh Eoin air a thaobh.
 Ochagan! is i so a chos nach teicheadh roimh laoi ch dha bhitheadh,
 Cas fir bu chruaidh an cathaibh, cas Mhic Scannlain sgiathach,
 Oich! is e an rath bha an Conull gach tràth an bhi moch
 An nochd theirig mo sgeul is e baile nan deur 'us nan och.
 Ochagan.

A h-Ughdair so Seathan Chnoideart.

A chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair, g'a leor airc agus tuaghal,
 Cha mhòr leam meud do dhocair, ge ta e cruaidh ri chuadh.

Cha troyg lwmmi fad zroyk zrannicht, no geith glennich
 Chay troyg lom gae id chaylow a chinn dermit echarbre
 Mark a smein a veyym brayd nach bee nawa di chardis
 Ocht is mark nar heilli teachta a chinn dermit echarbre
 Di willi letti reith eillith far ymirt eine is argit
 Ga tey in drillis wr eyrnich a chinn dermit echarbre
 Reith eilli nin gorn coythoill na chur honor er chartin
 Mark a chreachta a chness neafzall a chinn dermit echarbre
 Invin loym a wass werri na zoythle oyr no argit
 Is lar wansich fley is feyth a chinn dermit echarbre
 Ea rom er reith nyn nestill in teith faskis la . . .
 Duarrticht fest o feanon a chinn dermit echarbre.
 A chinn dermit.

Auctor hujus Gormlyee nee lyne.

Dwrsin wr er hwcht a neill dursin down in ir toyth er hoye
 Gin terf in nolsyth na neif oss marf reith toyskyrte toye
 Drwme re seill ewin in nae mir a zonee a zae wee
 Wye er lyneff go leyr o clyne naill tayfrith in ter
 Daik mee m'ewlenane keif waa me ag mirogane mor
 Di beyvin mo hell ag neell gall mo naeve go ner ag oill
 Da zeywyn fleygh agus feine di verre crye di gi clar
 Ma ta seyh in naeild neiwe keit nach beeow neif ag neell
 Nocha naga fer mir neell di bi zale ae ach a zlownyth
 Fa math a waysith si naewe tass a cheyve is glass a howle
 Dass freich er in warga vor teik in zeith sin nart da nar
 Di chrommi in neyl er a zlown logis gin seur erri gin naell
 Ni warris sonis na schee ne skurris a zeith za glor
 Gin nassith er chroymg na er chreif o wass re on wothirn wor
 Tre wass v'key in neell inde fa dolle dreyrn riss in dronig
 Re gai beith coyth agis cwrn di heill chwyne is toyle teynn
 Da essi is follew gi rath is trome mo chrye za chrow
 Beith no zey gin deith ymbraach tayvir gin ta mir a dow.
 Dwrsin.

Gormlee nee Lyne.

Ber a vanne lett di choss tokg in ness di heyve naill
 Is rawor churris di chree er in tee la leyvfin feynn
 Ro adde a teith a vanne har a cur cree er naill nar

Cha truagh leam fo do ghruaidh ghreannaich, na gaoithe gleannaich,
 Cha truagh leam 'gad cheangladh, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
 Mairg an smuain a bha am braghad, nach bu naimhdeas do chairdeas,
 Och is mairg 'n uair shaoileadh teachd, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
 Do mhilleadh leat Rìgh Ile, fear imirt fhion 'us airgid,
 Dha ta an trillis ùr earnach, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
 Rìgh Ile nan corn cuachail, a chuireas onoir air chairdean,
 Mairg a chreuchd a chneas neamhgheal, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
 Ionmhuinn leam a bhos mhear nach doichleadh òr no argiod,
 'Us le'r b'annsa fleadh 'us fiadhach, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
 Iarram air Rìgh nan Abstol an ti a phaisgeas le a fheartaibh,
 D'a fhurtachd am feasd o phianaibh, a chinn Diarmaid O'Charbair.
A chinn Diarmaid.

Auctor hujus Gormlaidh nic Fhlainn.

Dursan ùir air uchd an Neill, dursan doimhne fhir tuaith air 'uaigh
 Gun tairbhe an uailse na niamh, o's marbh rìgh tuaisgearta tuaith.
 Druim ri saoghal aoibhin an aigh, mar a ghonadh dha a bhi,
 Bhi air a shloinneadh gu léir o Chloinn Neill ta fri an tìr.
 Dh' fhàg mi Mac Cuilenain caomh do bha mi aig Muireagain mòr,
 Do b'aoibhin mo shaoghal aig Niall, geal mo niamh gun eur ag òl.
 Do gheibhinn fleagh agus fion, do bheireadh credh do gach cléir,
 Ma tha se an dail n-aoin, ciod nach bitheadh neamh aig Niall ?
 Noch a n'fhac mi fear mar Niall, do bu gheal e ach a ghlùn,
 Fa maith a mhaise 's a niamh, taise a chiabh 'us glas a shùil.
 Dh' fhàs fraoch air an fhairge mhoir, tig a ghaoth 's a neart de 'n ear,
 Do chrom an Niall air a ghlùn leigeas gun sgar air gun eala ;
 Ni bheireas sonas no sìth, ni sguireas a ghaoth dhe a gloir,
 Gun easbhuidh air chronag no air chraoibh, o bhàs rìgh o'n mhuirn mhòr ;
 Troimh bhàs Mhic Aoidh O'Neill an dé, fa duilich dream ris an droing,
 Rìgh ge b'e cuach agus cuirn, do shiol Chuinn is tuaghal teann ;
 D'a easbhuidh is falamh gach rath, is trom mo chridhe d'a chruth,
 Bhi 'n a dheigh gun dìth am bràth, an t-aobhar gu tathamar dubh.
Dursan.

Gormlaidh nic Fhlainn.

Beir, a mhanaich, leat do chos, tog a nis de thaobh an Nèill,
 Is ro mhor a chuireas do chré air an tì le 'n luidhinn féin ;
 Ro fhada a ta a mhanaich shiar a'cur cré air Niall an àir,

Go kayn voyt a charre zonn na bonny di wonni re lay
 Na dowin gi daein in noye oich a chleyrre troye di hoisg
 Toygga di neyll zlowndow zall ber a wanne lat di choss
 M'eneyll in noyr inn ne dyn zoyn a we fa chriss
 Faykgir a lechta is a ert ber a wanne lat di choss
 Is mee gormlay chummis ryne nee lyne chroith . . .
 Na beith tessew er a lecht ber a wanne lett di choss.

Ber.

CREATHTITH sin a vakkeive vor ga bee sloye ler harli how
 Ga ta tow gi tursich tinni is doe linni di weith fa clowth
 X c long a greyg ni gayill is gin di weith ach trear sae
 Di zayssi zoyve naew tarm is lea ymmirwe nassi ymboe
 In sloyg sin gin nymit sleyg ne ymboe far weithe eicth.
 Warwidir di hessir ser hugit id heive ymit caich
 Zid turtich er neiw di zonni gwysyth ort agis gwe feynn
 Er murrith waythr ni bocht mi pheddir lat is mo chre
 Creathtih.

A houdir so so feylim m' dowle.

Ne math swille sin donich ga bee chongvis in ter
 Ne math meith clowth a chenich ne math fammyth mnaei begb
 Ne math screyve gin oylwme ne math coyryn gi gortyth
 Ne math erle gin wearle ne math marrych na voddych
 Ne math espic gin varrin ne math aneive er hanor
 Ne math saggirt er laithwlli ne math parsons gith derrell
 Ne math longfort gin nimirt ne math innilt gi roith lessga
 Ne math earlow gin termin ne math tempill gin relik
 Ne math ben gin weith narrich ne far clarsich gin tead
 Ne math coggith gin chalmyth ne math gawle phort gin warrich
 Ne math meydin gith kantich ne math deyvrir ir aneich
 Ne math caslane gin iyr ne math darmit chon teach
 Ne math gin wrrwm daithyr ne math lawirt ne meshga
 Ne math skaane gin yvir ne math cleynith ni bree
 Ne math cardis nin newill did vak a reithin rath our
 Ga zoyrsee seill aw ne math zawsin a chroichyth
 Ne math leyor gin twsgsyth ne math dwnni gin charit
 Ne math fillith gin yvir ne math eilecloth gin tallyth

Gu caoin uait a chara dhuinn, na buineadh do bhuinn ri làr ;
 Na duin gu dion an uaigh och ! a chleirich truagh do thoisg,
 Tog de Niall ghlundubh gheal, beir, a mhanaich, leat do chos ;
 Mac O'Neill an oir fhinn, ni de'm dheoin e bhi fo chrìos,
 Fàgair a leachd 'us a fheart, beir a mhanaich leat do chos ;
 Is mi Gormlaidh chumas rainn, nic Fhlainn chruaidh o Dhùn rois
 Na bi ad sheasamh air a leachd, beir a mhanaich, leat do chos.

Beir a mhanaich.

CREUCHDADH sin, a mhaca mhoir, ge bith sluagh le'r tharladh thu,
 Ge ta tu gu tuirseach tinn, is toil leinn do bhi fo chliù ;
 Deich ceud long a Greig nan Gaidheal, is gun do bhi ach triar saor,
 Do ghabhas dhoibh neimh d' arm, 'us le iomarbhaidh an fhad 's am beò ;
 An sluagh sin gon iomadh sleagh, ni am beò fear bhi eachda,
 Mharbhadar do sheisir saor, thug iad a 'd thaobh iomadh cath ;
 Dh' ad fhurtachd air nimh do ghuinidh, guidheas ort agus guidh féin,
 Air Muire mathair nam bochd, mo phaidear leat agus mo chreud.

Creuchdadh.

Is e ùghdair so Pheilim Mac Dhughaill.

Ni maith siubhal 's an domhnaich ; ge bith chumas an t-saor.
 Ni maith michliu a chinnidh ; ni maith feamachd mnatha beith.
 Ni maith sgrìobhadh gun fhoghluim ; ni maith caoruinn gu goirt.
 Ni maith Iarla gun bheurla ; ni maith maraich 'na bhodach.
 Ni maith easpuig gun bharun ; ni maith ainimh air sheanair.
 Ni maith sagairt air leth shùla ; ni maith parson gu dearoil.
 Ni maith longphort gun imirt ; ni maith innilt gu ro leisg.
 Ni maith earfhlaith gun tearmunn ; ni maith teampull gun reilig.
 Ni maith bean gun bhi naireach ; no fear clarsaich gun teud.
 Ni maith cogadh gun chalmachd ; ni maith gabhail phort gun mharaich.
 Ni maith maighdean gu cainteach ; ni maith doibhreas fhir ainfheich.
 Ni maith caslan gun oighre ; ni maith dearmad chon teach.
 Ni maith gun urram d'athair ; ni maith labhairt na misge.
 Ni maith sgian gun fhaobhar ; ni maith clàonadh na breth.
 Ni maith cairdeas nan diabhul ; do 'd mhac a rioghain rath oir,
 Ge dh' fhoir se siol Adhainn, ni maith dhasan a chroiche.
 Ni maith leughair gun tuigse ; ni maith duine gun charaid.
 Ni maith filidh gun aobhar ; ni maith aoilchludh gun talla.

Ne math eadyth gin owkkith ne math sowkgryth gin garrith
 Ne math meizneive aworrith ne math poissith gin nanyth
 Ne math corroyn gin warrith ne math traive sin neich
 Ne math eyggiss gin chawis ne math craw gin nenich.
 Ne math.

Dī quhoye missi robert feyn di vanistir in ney nwnni
 Agis neir leagow mee is steach o nach royth mo venni fer rum.

FOYACH lam anit a treyl foach lam clar er ym beith ben
 Foyach lam dobbroyn is doith neill foyach lam balle mor gin zann
 Foyach lam droch wen ag far math foyach lam flath er ym be groyne
 Foyach lam doech annin is he der foyach lam donyth ser gyn stoyne
 Foyach lam a choggi na heith nach a leggir a neith mane seacht
 Foyach lam kannort garwe chroy foyach lam sloge nach dany cacht
 Foyach lam beith faddi ri port foyach lam weith gi holg fane weig
 Foyach lam ben eaddor is ee drow foyach lam con nach marw in feygh
 Lesk lam dol in nerrin schear o nach marrin brane na fonn
 Foyach lam brantrych gin wea marri foyach lam far is agne tromm
 Foyach lam caillicht is olk naill agis a tangyth gi bar loith
 Ne ea dwm a chorri in geyll gith neith in duggis feyn foath.
 Foath.

Gerroyd erle.

Marga a leymis herryth a each tuggi gi nach less in naaill
 Gin dimeich mi chwddi orm feyn ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Mi wallich a mesgi nyth banni ga di weym schalli no in daill
 Mer rew hay gin cheyle ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 A zayg a zeyrris gi moch ne weith scheith gin locht no dale
 Da ganfeit ne by leyr ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Farre lay heine wneith weiss gin rath far nach math in dossith nawe
 Na kead lollich a neith geym ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 A wennith a neith in testyth dowf a zestis re gow is re glaiw
 Mar gi bi na clossew keyr ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Carit sche ferk er a fer keichlai genn riss gith dawe

Ni maith eaidh gun fhucadh ; ni maith sùgradh gun ghàire.
 Ni maith mighniomh aghmhòra ; ni maith pòsadh gun àithne ;
 Ni maith coroin gun bhàr ; ni maith treabhadh 's an oidheche.
 Ni maith eigeas gun chaombas ; ni maith crabhadh gun aithne.
 Ni maith.

Do chaidh mise Robart féin, do mhainisdear an dé a nunn,
 Agus nior leigeadh mi a steach, o nach robh mo bhean marrium.

FUATHACH leam bhi annaid a triall ; fuathach leam clar air am bi bean ;
 Fuathach leam dohròn 'us dubhneul ; fuathach leam baile mòr gun ghean ;
 Fuathach leam droch bhean aig fear maith ; fuathach leam flath air am bi
 gruaim ;
 Fuathach leam deoch anmhuinn 'us e daor ; fuathach leam duine saor gun
 Fuathach leam a chogadh 'n a shìth ; nach leig a ni mu 'n seach ; [stuaime ;
 Fuathach ceannard garbh cruaidh ; fuathach leam sluagh nach dean cath ;
 Fuathach leam bhi fad ri port ; fuathach leam bhi gu h-olc mu 'n bhiadh ;
 Fuathach leam bean eudmhor 'us i drùth ; fuathach leam cù nach marbh
 Leasg leam dol an Eirinn siar, o nach marrainn Brian nam fonn ; [am fiadh ;
 Fuathach leam bantrach gun bhi mear ; fuathach leam fear 'us 'aighe trom ;
 Fuathach leam cailleach is olc neul, agus a teangaidh gu beur luath ;
 Ni fhaodam a chur an ceill, gach ni dha 'n tugas féin fuath.
 Fuathach.

Gearailt Iarla.

Mairg a leumas thar a each, tuigeadh gach neach leis an aill,
 Gun d'imich mo chuid orm féin, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Mo mhallachd am measg nam ban, ge do bhitheam seall 'n an dàil,
 M' fhearaibh tha gun chéile, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 A gheug a dh' eireas gu moch, ni bhi sìth gun lochd n'a dàil,
 Da canfaid ni bu léir, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh. [nàmh,
 Fear le h-aon mhnai bhitheas gun rath, fear gun mhaith an toiseach
 Na ceud lullaich a ni geum, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 A bhean a ni an t-éisdeachd domh, a dh' éisdeas ri guth 'us ri glaoth,
 Mar gum bitheadh 'n a cluasibh céir, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Cuiridh si fearg air a fear, caochladh gean ris gach daimh,

Curreseith nedrumi a keyme ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Da wakgit sche schillith a sowllith di zillanyth or won. . . .
 Ne zanic sche richt ach leym ne ell feym be riss na mnawe
 Da wakkeith maedin or oyge za in durri poyk gith saive
 Da ymbeith bayl deith weith er clar ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Powysyth won altir is woyn cheill a laif in taggirt zrinn zrae
 Dolle gi holgith is a mayn ne ell feym be riss nyth mnawe
 Ne elli feym be riss nyth mnawe is eydde a glayf is a verg
 Gi neach nach curri syn a geyll ne heddir nach d feyn is mark.
Marg.

Auctor hujus Andro tosschych.

Scoyd neyn dnnche a hayd eine scoyd is mow pleyd sloypg
 Scoyd ag dae is a wreeith scoyd ni geith a harbill roy
 Heill ni toythyn mi vea balve is ni tre hoyvir gin ran woyme.

Auctor hujus im bard m'yn-teir.

Cred eith in long soo er loch inchsyth na veadis a haithbrynsyth
 Cred hug in long er in loch is nach feadi ni fwnni a follych
 Eaffre de bail lamm ka lar leggi in leythin
 Er in locht fa lane fergith gith muth fa dail deveit
 In garve zeith varri benni no in synteith serve schrowth zlen
 Zoydith in cherwe won claddyh er in choyne zarve zoysidych
 Ogleich chonnik in charve er in schrowth oyhor ag garve
 Keddey a heynyth na hynsyth na feyryth za forrinsyth
 Senn long gin nearni gin derri ner iddir sinni a sawilt
 Neyn lwng eith zi laythir lane gou twnni ni haythir imlane
 Bwr di zi skythew deilloik dowth o correw seiss na slissew
 Tarni gin oyyme gai foyme er a woythchin ard inhor
 Cred ee in lowht oyd sin lwg zoe ga torrin eddir honnew
 An lwcht gin cheddrew gin cheyll baantrych in naknyth awree
 Boein wrosgilyth wrewnych lot wr donnyth dechewnych
 Scherryth connissych keikrych gyn nith donnith droch zentych
 Droch long is laywryth fa linni coissryth cley nanyth cotchin
 Flesk in goara gin choomn meskyth oyranith eddrwme
 Coissryth tone zarve nin dolle tee ma za liss locha hynsith
 Di boyl lit sin lwngi gi leyr er zrwme oyree in nagwaill
 Ben waith ne lawyith sin lwng lyit a heagin aggin
 Beith ni mnawen is melsith er a vurri fest gin chaich ga in gowr

Cuiridh si an eudruime a ceum, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Da faiceadh si sileadh an sùla, do ghillean ùr o'n . . .
 Ni dheanadh si ruith ach leum, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Da faiceadh maighdean ùr òg, dha'n toireadh pòg gu sèimh,
 Da am bi beul do bhi air clàr, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Pòsadh o'n altair 'us o'n chill, á laimh an t-sagairt ghrinn ghràidh,
 A dol gu h-olc 'us a mèin, ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh.
 Ni bheil feum bhi ris na mnathaibh, is iad an glaoth 'us an fhearg,
 Gach neach nach cuir sin an céill, ni h-eudar nach da féin is mairg.
 Mairg.

Is e ùghdair so Anndradh Toiseach.

Sgoid nighinn Dunchaidh a Thaid, aon sgoid is mo pleid sluaigh,
 Sgoid aig Daibhidh 'us a mhnaoi, sgoid na gaoith á h-earball ruaidh.
 Shaoil na tuathan mi bhi balbh, 'us na trì aobhar gun ràn uam.

Is e ùghdair so am bard Mac an t saoir.

Creud i an long so air Loch Innse, na dh' fheudas a aithris,
 Creud thug an long air an loch, nach faod na fuinn a folach.
 Fèdrach do b'aill leam, cia le 'r leigeadh an lion,
 Air an loch fa làn feirge, gach mugha fa dàil do bhi.
 An garbh ghaoth bhar beinne, no na sianta searbh sruth ghlinne,
 Gheibhteadh a chairbh o'n chladach, air a chuan gharbh ghuaiseidheach.
 Oglach, a chunnaic a chairbh, air an t-sruth aghmhora gharbh,
 Ciod e a h-ioghnadh 'n a innseadh na fhuairleadh d 'a foirinnse ?
 Seann long gun iarna gun deireadh, nior idir sin a samhailt,
 An aon long de leathar làn, gu tuinn ni thathar iomlan.
 Buirde de sgiathaibh deileig dubh, o coiribh sios 'n a sliosaibh,
 Tairgne gun fheum 'g a faitheam, air a fuath chinn ard eanchair.
 Creud i an luchd oighe 's an long dhubh, 'g a tarring eadar thonnaibh,
 An luchd gun chaidrimh gun chiall, bantraich an aigne aibhrigh,
 Buidhean bhrosgalach bhruidhneach, lod ùr dona deuchainneach,
 Sior chonasach, ciocrach, guineach, dona, droch-dheantach ;
 Droch lorg 'us labhradh fa leinn, coisridh cleamhanach coitchin,
 Fleasg an comhradh gun chom, misgeach, oranach, eudrom ;
 Coisridh ton-gharbh nan dollaidh, ta ma dha shlios Loch Innse,
 Do buaileadh leatsa an long gu léir, air dhruim odhar an eugbhail ;
 Bean mhaith ni lamhadh 's an luing, liuthad a h-éigin againn,
 Bithidh na mnathan is miosa air a mhuir, feasd gun each 'g an cobhar.

Royegir in long as in locht er in saill schrowth zarve swlich
 Geith in lanvin ni lwg gow senn row nyth sanenych
 Faik myn er in schrow seithnyth in long zonnicht zroithzenych
 Si lane di wantrych ni baid sin taaill gin salmmi gin saale chread.
 Creaddyth.

TORRISKALLE tylich zownnolle grass lag wo ni dimmon tread
 Innin din wroid sin is din waddyth keithkr gow foill wradde ead.

A houdir so oone m'murreich.

Nawyth zoe in dane da in dwgi cach sowd
 Na lig a vekzey mee si feane in dew
 Beg a heyle in skol mi zayn a zoll fowm
 A dayn tarle rinn is schea zi weill meith
 Is moo wulle dim zeith riss fa thre na ee
 A tegwaill doo zowf di weith clooch no skay
 Air wen in dayn deim is mor meith is merg
 Kness mir chow er tonn glak chor is . . .
 Bail er dath nyn sowe trog mo chrow er schare
 Od chotlysyth in ryir troyg a zea mo chorr
 Di we sche far rowm er lwm kin gar royve
 Gin ee ann o loo di choy er wroin doyth
 Tin neach feicht coole russ is trom ri raye
 Coyk fleska nin sneim it ta in namm ni mna
 Troyg gin eie fame wree er ni bree o cha . . .
 Da wyginsyth feyne gi rar hor in daw
 Slygh chonchwllin charn each teyg in teach bane
 Skayth corkrych kin zayk fai meith head er chath
 Schewle eeche v'erger ga mor sin ra raye
 Owch is mo fa rer mo zeith riss in dane.

Duncha m'a pharsone.

Alex^r in di threig tw in zroyme na in vead schew a cur roeyve er layr,
 In dan schewe in blynn gin zey na ym beith scheve mir schen gi brach
 Cheith nein doaris di zen o teith tow gi schen laeth
 Maiss er zroyme veiss in rath is mor hoayr how zi wath o zea.

Ruagar an long as an loch air an t-sàil sruth gharbh siubhlach,
 Gaoth an leanmhuinn na luinge, gu seann rubh nan Seananach.
 Fàgaidh mi air an t-sruth seana, an long ghuineach dhroch-dheantach,
 'S a làn de bhantraich nam beud, 's an t-sàil gun salma gun sal chreud.
 Creud.

TUAIRISGEUL teaghlaich Dhunollaimh, gràs lag o na d'iomann treud ;
 Ionann do 'n bhrùid sin 'us do 'n mhadadh, ciocrach gu feoil bhradaidh iad.

Is e ùghdair so Eoin Mac Mhuirich.

Nimheach dhomh an dàn, da an tuig each sud,
 Na leig a Mhic Dhé, mi 's a phéin an diugh.
 Beag a shaoil an sgoil, mo dhàn a dhol fo bhinn
 An dàn tarladh ruinn, is si do mhill mi,
 Is mo a bheil de 'm ghaoth, ris fa thri na i,
 A teughbail dubh dhomh, do bhi cloch 'na sgeith.
 Air bhean an dàin tiom, is mor m'fhioch 'us m'fhearg,
 Cneas mar chobhar tonn, glac chorr is deirge.
 Beul air dath nan sùgh, tug mo chruth air soirthe,
 O'd chodlada an raor, truagh a Dhé mo chor.
 Do bhi si far rium, air leam gun gàire robh,
 Gun i ann o lò, do chaidh air bhròn domh.
 Duibh na fitheach a cul, ruis is trom a ràdh,
 Coig fleasg 'n an snaim, a ta an ainm na mnath.
 Truagh gun i fo 'm bhreith, air a breith o chach,
 Da fhaighinnse féin, gu ri'r fhuair an daimh.
 Sleagh Chonchulain charna, each Taoigh an eich bhain,
 Sgiath chorcrach gun ghàig, fa maith h-iad air chath,
 Siubhal eich Mhic Eire, ge mor sin ri ràdh,
 Och is mo fa réir, mo ghaoth ris an dàn.

Duncha Mac Phearsoin.

Alastair, an do threig thu a ghruaim, no am faod sibh a cur uaith air làr,
 An d'fhan sibh am bliadhna gun Dhia, no 'm bi sibh mar sin gu bràth,
 Chaoidh ni 'n d'fhuaireas do ghean, o ta tu gu sean liath, [o Dhia.
 Ma 's ann air gruaim a bhitheas an rath, is mòr a fhuair thu a mhaith

CAITHRIR weith er oye in ir er fert allx^r oye ree
 Di chansit brayr reith gin wreyk osskanni ni flath finzreyk
 Dowirt in kaid er zeyve di wemirin ney fane reith
 Sloye in doythlin troyeg in dayll gay id taa in dew na anythrane
 Di weith in ney dey reith in donane dwanne na warkkeich er tallwon truma
 Ga zea in tallow id ta in newe na warkkeich er a wonsin
 Id dowirt in tress owdir glik weith ym beith in ney ag m^rphillip
 In newe ag nocha nell a heacht troeith zin talwon
 Alex^r murnych mor alexandir hesgeith ergit is oyr
 In newe erss in carrew far id ta in toyr gi hasgaissey
 Mak phillip phelm oss crannew in ree oss ni readlainew
 In toyr oss ni sheadew slane in meill moyr ossin braddane
 In loyvin oss charrew gin blyi in nirwoye ossin nane laithe
 Sleyw scheioyne oss gi sleywe slayne oss gi schrow schrow oyrrelane
 In laik loyor oss ni cloichew in wurri oss minroythew
 Sownirrich in warrith gin none ayne erri oss errow tallwon
 Ayne err oss errew tallwon acht reith neyve is neyve hallwone
 Reith teynni nin draid is nin dork kenni nin gaid agus nin garrith
 Choyraa nin nowdir a beir er deacht er oye in nard reith
 Ne chosswill ra beith zlar baimn er chansidir in caithrir.

Caithrir.

A howdir soo ooyne m^rmurreich.

Fir albin is ne cayd a wayne mir marrin m^rgregar
 Kay leine di chorreich a chossgir maiss olli er allestir.

Finlay ym bard royg say howird soo.

Gyllyth gith seith zin each ooze gylli di weithis issi
 Fo hee woyichis si chossni gi neith loyis missi
 Urrwme a loythga ga cossew gow roythir a wreiss
 Notythseith neynyth a tressi si cheillith ga soiwe
 Ne oonyn sayd da caythwe re yig a reiyth
 Ne ym braik torriskall in eachsin stead loyildach gast
 In dow seywin is ray is coswil na iyr in lay macha
 Ga zarrik ym maid sie gossnew ne hor eaid na ir nathna
 Mir bi kithly geith di knokew roith ni seith in dachis
 Mor cayd lor awsyth a swil hed mir hawsyth seachew
 Each in nee serrith ri sayid a gneiweith is granta

CEATHRAR bhi air uaigh an fhir, air feart Alastair uaibhrich,
 Do chansaid briathra gun bhréig, os cionn an fhlattha Fionnghréige.
 Dubhairt an ceud fhear dhiubh, do bhitheamar an dé fa 'n rìgh,
 Sluagh an domhain, truagh an dàil, ge a ta an diugh 'na aonaràn.
 Do bhi an dé rìgh an domhain duinn, 'n a mharcach air talmhainn truine,
 Gur e an talamh a ta an diugh, 'n a mharcach air a mhunsan.
 A dubhairt an treas ughdair glic, bhi am bith an dé aig Mac Philip,
 An diugh aige noch a 'n 'eil, ach seachd troidh dhe 'n talmhainn.
 Alastair muirneach mòr, Alastair thasgadh airgiod 'us òr,
 An diugh ars' an ceathramh fear, a ta an t-òr 'g a thasgadhsa.
 Mac Philip a phailm os chrannaibh, an ré os na reultanaibh,
 An t-òr os na seudaibh slàn, am mial mor os na bradanaibh.
 An leoghan os chairbhe gun bhlagh, am fireun os na h'eunlaith,
 Sliabh Shioin os gach sliabh slàn, os gach sruth sruth Iordain.
 An leug liomharra os na clachaibh, a mhuir os na mìnsruthaibh,
 Sonmharach am fear gun on, aon fhear os fearaibh talmhainn.
 Aon fhear os fearaibh talmhainn ach rìgh neimh is neo thalmhaidh,
 Rìgh tinne nan treud 's nan tore, ceann nan ceud 's nan garaidh.
 Còmhradh nan ughdair a b 'fhior, air teachd air h-uaigh an airdrigh,
 Ni cosmhuil ri baothghloir bhan, a'r chansadar an ceathrar.

Ceathrar.

Is e ùghdair so Eoin Mac Mhuirich.

Fir Albain 'us ni iad a mhàin, mar marrainn Mac Grigoir,
 Cia lion do chorruich a chosgair, maise uile air Alastair.

Fionnradh am bard ruadh is e thubhairt so.

Gaidhealach gach sith dhe 'n each odhar, gaidheal do bhitheas ise,
 Fa h-i a bhuadhaicheas 's a chosnadh, gach ni a luaidheas mise,
 Urram a luaithe dh' a cosaibh, gu ruathar a bhris.
 Nodasach neimhneach a treise, 's a chill ge soitheamh,
 Na h-eoin siad do chathadh ri aghaidh a ruith.
 Ni breug tuairisgeul an eich sin, steud luailteach gasd,
 An Dubh-seimhlin is rithe is cosmhuil, na aidhre an Lamacha.
 Co ionraic am meud 's an cosnadh, ni fhuair iad r'a 'r n-eachne,
 Mar bhi caochladh gaoithe de chnocaibh, ruith 'n a sith an t-each so.
 Mòr ceud le'r annsa a siubhal, theid mar amhas seachaibh,
 Each a ni searrdha ri saighid, a gnìomhara is grannta,

Leggis bann dossli a reith sin roythwyr maraithis
 Ga fad in neachle rompyth ner anneith ym merkyth
 Ga beg a wollich in neachsin a commis re altew
 Coy zess a boy sa sowil in groyth syn laythith
 Eggill in neych er gi donyth tegwe in gress chath
 Ym weacht ym weayin in gomisk is each bray in teachsin
 Grainyth er a vor each gi vasgill in genn chor wratty
 Ver in stoyg ullingyth hogryth urrwme sloyg za in merkyth
 Hed one chorri di weith er hossi in mor each meine masklych
 Berre boye reith agis choskir ga teith in nor eskir
 Gow hassge oorchrissi wlew mor crith er faiche
 Gow beithga cronni layvin crowich meine drumelayn dattyth
 Each fa horriskail an neichsin di cholyth ma agga
 Ca royeve sessi reyeve fa chommis ne vestyth in layth macha
 M'gregor kennord in neichsin trane na zlan phort philli
 Tigfeit one vanve gai wollith in nalbin ga hirri
 Fer churris argnyth er zallew is arbsi ra zylyth.

Finlay royg in bard.

Fad id tam gin woyg awghall doyth is meicht
 Hanith teim hawyth as in ner zleicht
 Is say connir a hayvin darre slat wir
 Gow flath rane ni gaywill fer nar ayr lwth swill
 Gow m'gregar denyth is kenn din nyth skollew
 Na bea neweine fallew dleeir zom a wollith
 Gow fer is trane coorri in dossyth gith sawre
 Ni in sawth za wee be a nawch gith hawle
 Ner heyrissaid ummyth gregorre na gadew
 Bayh a chail ym vogryth gra traa ossni tradow
 Oone is kenn din traitsen ri hoor creach a zawell
 Heyris feynyth cooyll bail re bail syth chawar
 Nor a chee tylych arnezar v'gregar ym ballicht
 Slee veine na chorrych ne berri rew in nalicht
 Noor chinnidir a choyrk ga zerim in greith nawit
 Is riss fene di heiwic in rycth gail is wrawit
 Di waissew v'cregar toor chaach er a chowlaw
 Gin dyill re denew is gith meyr na zownych
 Nor zagwm mi woyg ym ess er lar trot
 Me ginsith mi wwkw sai is milsith la mydda
 Ga zolk in locha wir mi zeillonis insith
 Gin claa lani ni longsith say er lay caith is milsyth

Leigeas bann d'uailsibh a ruith, 's an ruathar mar rachas,
 Ge fad an eachlaidh roimpe, nior aineimh a marcach,
 Ge beag a mholadh an t-each sin, a coimeas ri ealtaibh.
 Co dheas a buaidh 's a siubhal, an cruaidh 's an làthaich,
 Eagal an eich air gach duine, tigeadh an greas catha.
 Am feachd, am fiadhain, an coimeasg, is each breagh an t-each sin,
 Greann air a mhor each sin, 'ga mhasguill an ceann chorr bhrataich.
 Bheir an stuagh fhulaingeach thograch, urram sluaigh dh'a marcach,
 Theid o 'n choire do bhi air thoiseach, am mor each mìn masgalach.
 Beiridh luaidh ruith 'us chosgair, ge ta an uair fheasgair,
 Gu thaisgeadh or-chrios ullamh, mor chrith air faiche.
 Gu biodhgath, cruinn, leamhainn, crodhach, mìn, druim leathan, daite,
 Each fa thuairisgeul an eich sin, do chuala mi aca,
 Cia robh seis riamh fa choimeas, ni bheisd an Lamacha.
 Mac Grigoir ceannard an eich sin, treun a ghlain phort filidh,
 Tigead o 'n Bhanbha 'g a mholadh, an Albain 'g a shireadh.
 Fear chuireas airgneadh air Ghallaibh, 'us earbsadh ri 'Ghaidhealaibh.

Fionnladh ruadh am bard.

Fad a taim gun bhuaidh, 'fhaigheal domh is mithich,
 Thainig time thàmhach, as an aoradh dhligheach,
 Is e conair a theighinn, d' iarraidh slait mhir,
 Gu fiath treun nan Gaidheal, far nar fhaighear luchd suail.
 Gu Mac Grigoir dion, is ceann air na sgoilbith,
 Ni bhi neomhìn falamh, dlighear dhomh a mholadh.
 Gu fear is treun còir, an toiseach gach samhradh,
 Ni an samhach dha bhi, bithidh an amhaich gach h-amhuil.
 'N uair theireas iad uime, Grigoir nan ceuda,
 Bithidh a chail am fogradh, gu tràth os na treudaibh,
 Eoin is ceann do 'n treud sin, rìgh fhuair creach a ghabhail,
 Theireas féin ceol, beul ri beul 's a chamhar.
 'N uair a chi teaghlach armgheur, Mhic Grigoir am Bealach,
 Slighe mhin 'n a choire, ni b'eire riu an eallach.
 'N uair chinneadar a chomhrag 'g a ghairm an cridhe namhaid,
 Is ris féin do theigheadh, an riochd goile 'us bhràghaid.
 De mhaisibh Mhic Grigoir, tothair chath r' a chulthaobh,
 Gun diol ri daoibh, 'us gach meodhar 'n a dhùna,
 'N uair dh' fhàgam mo bhuaidh, am éis air làr trod,
 Mi ag innseadh mo mhùc 's e is millse le 'm oide.
 Ge h-ole an loch mhir mo dheileanas innseadh,
 Gon cliath làn loingsich 's e air la cath is millse.

Cwne gym beym roythit v'gregar gin naga
 Re yig gi troti a dail sayd fadda fadda
 Allissaid ossill ympeich my weadda
 A wen ni geyve bogga ga wanni a clar fadda.

Fadda.

A houdir soo duncha m'challin in riddiri math.

Kay din phleydda is ken oe o zi testa in dey zwni
 Ta na deorri er ess in ir in phleydda gin tror ra fagsin
 Ta na delicht ga zolk linn in pleyd er naik zi lochlyn
 Is bayd sin er layr gith liss in pleyd er essey oliss
 Ma hest ne choil mee layt lochlin er lay
 O chrowich dea ni denith is cove ee ear genyth
 E gin wayr gin ayr in pleydd vocht er anffeine
 Er nayk v'wretne vind a cetsin creyd nach keifinn
 Noch cho nel dwn er doythyn do ne in pleyd a voerythchin
 Er naik lochlin is layff linn olk in skailsen in nerrin
 Ka zearis sporrane vegga ka zearis no suaydda
 Ka zearis droch woyyn gin dalf o testa lochlin layfherf
 Ka zearis broik dowe ka zearis ni bowklin
 Ka zearis breydda brawyd ka er kenn pleyd is fannayda
 Ka zearis essit da wroiga ka zearis skayth feichok
 Ka zearis ey za chriss ka neith leaf gi inliss
 Ka zearis sen adda peillith ka zearis lowr leyin
 Ka zearis deitta gow mowch ka er ym beith eyttow armycht
 Ka zearis botin is spur ka zearis froygin aithchur
 Ka zearis meskan is men ka zearis schesgane schoggill
 Ka zearis spayn in sporrane ka in neith sollar gin nayr
 O hest lochlin leywyth ka ness ir neyvyr zayr
 Ka zearis leynte ban oyga er ess lochlin na senvroigga
 Da eaksen is troyg in dail ka la nerrir in coarane
 Ka zoyddis doss a zillith ka nach abir ferrine
 Ka is leaf tryle a baada ka zearis no sencharda
 Ka zearis cark le hoeow ka zearis leim keilwoe
 Ka zearis corlycht in kerk in dey in dorlycht argit
 Ka zearis prenyth gin chenn ka is fer layfin gomis cotchinn
 Gin iyr er lochlin da ess dolli na eak re fassness
 Ka zearis dowane is droif ka zearis dorssi dosklyth
 Ka zearis binit gin wreith ka lay sirrir gith inneith
 Ka nach doyr peyn di vocht ka zearis neith er ternocht
 Ka zreisses gi groy oyd cheich ka weiss gi-croy um v'neith

Cuimhnich gun bitheam romhad, Mhic Grigòir gun agadh,
 Ri aghaidh gach trod an dail siad fada, fada.
 Ealasaid uasail iompaich mo mheuda,
 A bhean nan ciabh boga, dh' am buin an clàr fada.
 Fada.

Is e ùghdair so Dunchadh Mac Chailein, an Ridir maith.

Co de 'n bhleid is ceann uidh, o do theasdadh an deagh dhuine,
 Tha na deòir air éis an fhir, a bhleid gun treoir ri fhàgsainn.
 Tha 'n a dileachd gu h-olc leinn, a bhleid air eugadh do Lachlainn,
 'Us beud sin air làr gach lios, a bhleid air easbhuidh èdlais.
 Ma theasd ni chuala mi, leithid Lachlainn air leth,
 O chruthaich Dia na daoine, is cumha e air cinneadh,
 E gun mhàthair, gun athair, a bhleid bho chd air anmhuinn,
 Air n-eug Mhic Bhreatnaidh bhinn, a chreuchdsan creud nach caoininn.
 Noch-a-n 'eil duine air domhain, do ni a bhleid a mhuirichinn,
 Air n-eug Lachlainn is leughadh leinn, olc an sgeul sin an Eirinn.
 Co dh' iarras sporan bheag, co dh' iarras no snàthad ?
 Co dh' iarras droch bhonn gun dealbh, o theasd Lachlainn laimh sheirbh ?
 Co dh' iarras bròg dhubh, co dh' iarras na bucailean ?
 Co dh' iarras bréid bràghaid, co air ceann bleid is fanaide ?
 Co dh' iarras asaichte de bhroig, co dh' iarras sgiath pheacoic ?
 Co dh' iarras aedh dh' a chrìos, co ni leibh gach ainleas ?
 Co dh' iarras seann ada peillidh, co dh' iarras leabhar leighin ?
 Co dh' iarras diota gu moch, co air am bith eideadh armach ?
 Co dh' iarras botan 'us spuir, co dh' iarras fraoghan aithghearr ?
 Co dh' iarras measgan 'us min, co dh' iarras seasgan seogaill ?
 Co dh' iarras spain an sporran, co a ni solar gun naire ?
 O theasd Lachlainn laochach, co nis ar n-aobhar ghair ?
 Co dh' iarras leinntè bhan òga, air éis Lachlainn na seanbhroige ?
 Da eugsan is truagh an dàil, co le 'n iarrar an cuaran ?
 Co ghoideas dos a ghille, co nach abair firinn ?
 Co is leimh triall am bata, co dh' iarras na seana chairde ?
 Co dh' iarras cearc le h-uibhibh co dh' iarras linn choileach ?
 Co dh' iarras corlach na circe, an deigh an dorlach airgid ?
 Co dh' iarras prin gun cheann co is fear leughainn coimeas coitchinn ?
 Gun oighre air Lachlainn da éis, duilich a eug r' a fhaistneachd.
 Co dh' iarras dubhan 'us droimh, co dh' iarras dorsa d'fhosgladh ?
 Co dh' iarras binnid gun bhruidh, co le 'n sirear gach aon ni ?
 Co nach toir peighinn do bho chd, co dh' iarras ni air tàrnachd ?
 Co ghreasas gu cruaidh oide cìche, co bhitheas gu cruaidh um mhac nuaidh ?

Ka zearis olin is ymmi chon a hee dess lochlin
 Ka zearis collaryth banni ka lay mayne sollor sayllych
 Ka zearis er mnaew oyga con vega agis nessoga
 Ka zearis furssin oyd keich ka la in drussir gi marve neith
 Ka zearis loist go wroit ka zearis truis tolwocht
 Ka weiss gi tein is ay slayn ka zearis ymmi er vrochane
 Dekrych lwn no eak in ir gin a iyr za essin
 Deggil na pleyda zwll deyga issnach feadis ka neith coyvoyt
 Ne zwme nine in ir danew a zenyth in doythin
 Rann gith nach a chur na kann mallach din ner nach currin
 Ma hest lachlin lay lon is swych a weiss gi downith
 Da eak is bocith gi beith is ne cooyth gr eincheith.
 Ka din.

Gormlay neyn lyne in ven watht.

Ohegane myth zallir feyn ohegane mi skarre reimi skaywe
 In nocht is delis mo ladda o nach merrin m'eneall
 Ohegane gin vak derwaill ohegane mo zail da ess
 Noch char waill gayr naiss boylli fass erri zae essew
 Ohegane re banich math gwss in nocht ner zani di chr . . .
 Testoo vanmyn ess echaith ne abbrum ach oeh is oych.
 Oche.

A houdir so duncha m'caybba.

A vec dowle toyr accane di loyt leich in lanvackane
 Hay mi zarve accane fer mon zalwe waccane wor wreith
 Is ferri hik di chensi chew we riss na zoyss a vackeyve
 Duncha carrych ga zerm zea is anm zoo a barryth boe
 A dhuncha ni gor gassge cwneich anm do cheadwesti
 A v'allen na twlle feyn tayweym noch char hoor allein
 Wo tay schee in neiss in nenyth na hell yvyr ard wlyith
 Gawe in cayd hoyr twss na ross woss tow eaddoill gi hawis
 Davin gir a tow reiss fer zaywal ni gerve cheiss
 Mir harve trodda agis tachir is darwe di hoggir a gayach
 Is tow tastalych croychane i schelga sley fin vroychane
 Di clow onchon ga inche is tow duncha durrinssi
 Is tow chaskgeiss di nawe is to zergis di zallawe
 Is tow zoiris vor skeiths sin is tow reiss doynwnis aggin
 Is sea fer da bi zussi a rinn di leyt camussi

Co dh' iarras oluinn 'us ìm, thun a thì d' éis Lachlainn ?
 Co dh' iarras colaireach bhan, co le 'm miann solar salach ?
 Co dh' iarras air mnathaibh oga, con bheaga 'us neasagaibh ?
 Co dh' iarras fursainn oide cìche, co le 'n trusar gach marbh ni ?
 Co dh' iarras loisgt gu bhroit, co dh' iarras tràis tolbhochd !
 Co bhitheas gu tinn 'us e slàn, co dh' iarras ìm air a bhrochan ?
 Deacaire dhomh no eug, an fhir gun oighre bhi dha éisean,
 D'eagal na bleid dhol eug, 'us nach faighideas co ni a coimhead.
 Na dichuimhnichibh am fear, deanaibh, a dhaoine an domhain,
 Rann gach neach a chur 'n a ceann mallachd do 'n fhear nach curainn,
 Ma theasd Lachlainn a la luain, is subhach a bhitheas gach duine,
 Da eug is bochda gu bith, 'us ni cumhar aon a chi.

Co de 'n bhleid.

Gormlaidh nighean Fhlainn, a bhean mhaith.

Ochagan mo ghalar féin, ochagan mo sgaradh ri' m sgéimh,
 An nochd is dilis mo shlad, o nach marrainn Mac O'Néill,
 Ochagan gun Mhac Diarbhaill, ochagan mo dhàil da éis,
 Nochar fhéile Guaire an às, buaile fàs Eire da easbhuidh,
 Ochagan rìgh Bhanbha maith, gus an nochd nior ghann do chruth,
 O theasdadh m'anam 's a chath, ni abram ach och, agus och.

Och.

Is e ùghdair so Dunchadh Mac Caibe.

A Mhic Dhughail a d'ùr achdmhuinn, do luath laoch a chlammmhacan,
 Tha mo dhearbhadhainn fìor mu 'n dhealbh mhacan mhoir bhrìgh,
 Is fearr thig do cheannsa chaomh, bhi ris na dhomhsa a mhacaimh,
 Dunchadh carrach 'g a ghairm da, is ainm dha a b'fhearr buaidh.
 A Dhunchaidh nan corr gaisge, cuimhnich ainm do cheud bhaisde,
 A Mhic Allain na toill féin, toibheum noch char fhuair an linn,
 O ta se nis an aithne na h-uile aobhar ard bhlagh,
 Gu bhi an ceud fhuair tùs an arois, o 's tu eudail gu thathas.
 Deimhin gur a tu rìs, fear ghabhail nan garbh chis,
 Mar tharbh trod agus tàchair, is dearbh do thogar an cathach.
 Is tu tasdaileach Chruachain, a sealg sleidh fo' bruachan,
 Do chliù onchoin 'g a innseadh, is tu Dunchadh Diurinnse.
 Is tu choisgeas do namh, is tu dheargas do dha lamh,
 Is tu dh' fhoireas o'r sgios sinn, is tu rìs d'aoibhneas againn.
 Is se fear do 'm b' usa, a rinn do luaidh cho musa,

Di neym eddir leich mir sin din dreggin cheive von chonnil
 Is tayd agga di woeir kerd eili na coyllfir
 Gasga agis ennych errin gin nasga nyn lowveyrnne
 Gith inlycht zleis mak reich id tayd ag gin neyneyve
 A zloyr zall zlan riss ga rec lor di zarri in dy wee
 A cheim gi wul a terri keiss lat ass gi inwalli
 Rygh orricht ag gneith zlyn id tyicht ym chreif chosgir.

A vec.

Auctor hujus Ane m'eoín m'caychirn.

Daarych schayn er seil gwnn ne haarych in nochin
 In dye oyne deive a zol seith no zoye noch cha dantir
 In sayn fa rowidir reyv finnich chwnn ner chleacht dewygh
 In dey oyne gi arr er gowle da zoye ner an gin ympow
 Da waass di reyggi in ter m'ir noyne wo allen
 Mor ir schayn er gowl di chorri ner layn downyth na gi dear . . .
 In corsen lar olkyth zinn bass oyne is troyg in torrinyrn
 Hanik braath o zwnn din chorri fa chung chaach di quhyddir
 Seil quhollych zoyss gow hayk oyne nar er adir gi introyr
 Faggis layn da heil wo henni in sayn ne in deive a zaith
 Owr mrone a beith mir sen clynn dowle di zeith in ir
 Quhy barni nin sayn re schell sarwe in skail ri skeillych
 A hechtich hug in skail huggin a zea di zroich zaal
 Ni skailla di lawrit leive mawrit ner chayl in glwssin
 Seir zail mi zar tree clawlt di von deim ryn mo ryirk
 In dey oyne ne anvin a zulli cha naym doyr ra danew
 Turri er in nane sin noe bass v'dowll downolle
 Anna zye fa chrow chwnn ner zelli cnow ra croonith
 Sein vorba brissi no weig menich choyn ga cheynich
 Er arda in trachta er ayk oyne ner ayd altaa won nayr
 Loygh er evynis noch cha nail in dye ayne ymzane
 Ni sloygth ga braa di wroon gin loyght er crych na er cor
 Id der riss in raythid cayth id teacht wo toye gi intraa
 Lay turre an nocchin nwll did chewe a var benchir
 In neik monnor od tolt bog log aggwm na ynnit
 Bei er hert fa zerryth doyf skaywolych mo zerk a zowe
 Ne eddit mnae dolli zith woo toye la trwm in tursi
 Toggew fert din wanyth wan layd lake cheille croychin
 Gar gir annychi orch di waas a laa laytronum
 Finich did cove ga in gar dowe in cre ni codly
 A chlyne dowle gow ayk oyne ne zaynith nach fir naw zoye

Do nitheam eadar laoiach mar sin, do 'n dreagon chaomh o'n Chonuill,
 A taid aige de bhuidh air, ceaird eile na chuillbhr.
 Gaisge agus eincach Eirinn, ga 'n nasgadh 'n a luath bheuman,
 Gach innleachd ghleidheas mac Rìgh, a ta iad aig gun aineimh.
 A ghloir gheal ghlan ris 'g a reic, le 'r do éirich an deagh mhac.
 O chitheam gu bheil a toirt cìs, leat as gach aon bhaile,
 Rìgh aireach aig gnìomh ghrinn, a teachd um chraoibh chosgair.
 A mhic.

Is e ùghdair so, Eoin Mac Eoghain Mhic Eachairn.

Deurach sian air siol Chuinn, ni eireach an dochainn,
 In deigh Eoin doibh a dhol, sìth 'n a uaigh noch cha deantar,
 An sian fa robhadar riamh, fine Chuinn nior chleachd dimhiodh,
 In deigh Eoin gach fear air gul, da uaigh nior ann gun iompaidh.
 Da 'bhàs do thruagh an tìr, Mac fhir a ghin o Allan.
 Mòr ar sian air gul do chor, nior lion duine nach gu deurach,
 An cor sin le'r olc dhuinn, bàs Eoin is truagh an torunn.
 Thainig brath o Dhùn do 'n chor, fa chuing chàch do chaidhdear,
 Saoghal caochlaideach dhomhsa gu h-eug Eoin, nior eireadar gu aintreòir.
 Fagas làn do shìol o shean, an sian na an doibh a dhochainn,
 Aobhar 'm broin a bhi mar sin, clann Dughail do dhith an fhir.
 Chaidh barn nan sian ré seal, searbh an sgeul ri sgeulachadh,
 A theachdair a thug an sgeul, thugain a Dhé do dhroch dhàil.
 Na sgeul do labhairt leibh, m'amhra nior chaill an cluasan,
 Saordhail mo gheire troimh chléibh uile, do bhuin diom roinn mo fhradarc.
 An deigh Eoin ni anmhuinn a ghul, cha-n fhaigheam deoir ri dheanamh,
 Tuireadh air an Fhian 's an uaigh, bàs Mhic Dhughail Dhunollaimh.
 Ann a aghaidh fa chruth Chuinn, nior ghile eno ri cruinne,
 'S aon bhorb bhriseadh no bhith, mèin a chuain 'ga chaoineadh.
 Air ard an traigh air eug Eoin, nior fhaighead alt o'n athair,
 Luaidh air aoibhneas noch cha-n 'aill, 'n deigh Eoin iomghain.
 Na sloigh 'g am breith de bhròn, gun luaidh air creach no air còr,
 A deir ris an rathad caidh, a teachd o d' uaigh gus an traigh,
 Le tuireadh an dochainn null, do'd chumhadh a b'fhear banchaire.
 An tig m'onoir o'd fholt bog, lochd agam 'n a ionad,
 Bhi air 'fheart fa dheurach domh, sgiamhalach mo dhearc a ghabh.
 Ni fhaotaid mnathan dol dhè, o d' uaigh le truime an tuirse,
 Togaibh feart do 'n Fhian bhàn, leud laga chille Chruachain.
 Gu 'r gur aithnichte e orra, do bhàs a leth leatroma,
 Fine do'd chumba go an gàir, dubh an cré ni codalaid.
 A chloinn Dughail gu eug Eoin, ni dheanadh neach fear namh dhoibh,

Hanik di waass ir wllich sevif nach chass a chensyth
 Er oye oyne ne annit mnaw a dorta dear ge inlay
 Kelle ban garri tra zoych troit er maye gin varrin
 Ni henyth zoy turse throm in dey oyne di zallith orrw
 Nein deig lay nach lane cre in skail far taa ir tursine
 Cwmmi lwm ca loo sin creid a zantyth za lesk lwmme
 Da wass nach cha sokkir sinn degkir in gayss ner churrinn
 Ym hessew tha melgwn er gin lay er ley e zaffere
 Hug cre lwm na za laa sinn a lae er olwyth
 Cha darne reyve roye sen doy zein gow dowle e zaffre
 Is yvir broyn gin ay ann is doy mee o nach merrin
 Dess a chollyth nyth goyth noyr mir hay in ter troyg in tyrmor
 Tra er durri noch cha nil syi in dwn sin dowche
 Lane marr techt har tulchew er naik oyne is da choyththrow
 Oanych er in narga ne ull er ard choyn fa gonvell
 Di chow owch reith raach chwnn si creich so clynni dowle
 Blaa gal id zey er dowch bee ra heyg gin achroyeh
 Eiss chwill ym clae zowill a egsi si ollonych
 Lookir er teacht er oye oyne echtir waeth da nanoy
 Fadda in neyntoo neilla di chaith ga cwss tayweym
 Nach spess deiv in noye zollyth dess oyne in neyntoo
 Terk a hurri acmay chwnn wone lay nach mar m'dowlle
 Breith in neyl noch cha null screive eyl na nessow
 Onnor in neyl ne wae er testall di v'marae
 Is beg a bail dawel deit di raye a honnor vayach
 Na gi dacha drwm er zrwm voym za chenn clynni dowl
 Re troyr ooyne ne zyil doyth in dyie oyne aythir
 Gi lyi dea di zalwa neyf doyr in gligge in noid illeith
 Voo eachree noch cha woyn baach za deache waach is ymza . . .
 In dey in trur troyg in tolk mi chre ne for furtycht
 Troyg na noyge gi chass di cheim di wass ii oyne is all . . .
 Allex^r nach gavin gess in tra man deggir herris
 Toycht er stoyg woynych bryi di royl oych mi nenin
 Ni beit ga earre er dul dyr oyne gow hirrill
 A beit er ter ni trodda ne beith naec fa noo adda.

Auctor hujus finlay m'ynnab.

Doynirre nyn strakkirre da bi zail leif a screyve
 Foyris din ni faggirre ne za weadir a leinyth
 Ga zemmi ni ha deinnyth er teith milli ni toyth
 Cha nayir na chomein in reid sin doyn boach

Thainig do bhàs fhir mhullaich seimh, noch chàs a cheannsachaidh.
Air uaigh Eoin ni ainnidh mnathan, a dortadh dheur gach aon la,
Càil bhan ag eiridh tràth dhoibh, troidh air mhagh gun bharran.
Ni h-ioghnadh dhoibh tuirse throm, an deigh Eoin do gheal urram,
Ni 'n tig la nach lion cridhe, an sgeul fa ta ar tuirsene.
Coma leam ge leo sin, creud a dheanadh do leisg leam,
D'a bhàs noch a socair sinn, deacair an càs 'na 'r chuireann.
A'm sheasamh tha melgthamh air, gun luaidh air laoidh a ghabhar,
Thug cridhe dhomh 'n a dha leth, sinn a luaidh air fhalbhaich.
Cha d'rinneadh riamh roimh sin, doighe dhuinn dhol d'a fharraid,
Is aobhar bròin gun e ann, is doighe mi o nach marraimn.
D'èis e chodladh na uaigh fhuair, mar tha an tir, truagh an toirm,
Traigheadh air deoir noch cha-n eil, saoth an Dùin 's an duthaich.
Làn mara 'teachd thar tulchaibh, air n-eug Eoin 's da choghairibh,
Onfhadh air an fhaireg ni bheil, air ard chuan fa Chonnuill.
Do chumha och ! rìgh rathaich Chuinn, 's a chrioich so chloinn Dughaill,
Blath gal a'd dheigh air dùthaich, birhidh ri h-éigh gon eugchruas.
Aois chiuil um cliath Dhughaill, a eigse 's a ollamhan ;
Leachd air teachd air uaigh Eoin, eachdair a bhi de 'n aindeoin.
Fad an iontadh Neill, do chaidh gach cuis toibheim,
Nach spéis doibh an uaigh, dhol d'éis Eoin an iontadh.
Teirc a fhuairleadh aicme Chuinn, o'n la nach mair Mac Dhughaill,
Brìgh an fhiodhuill noch a n'eil, scriobhadh fhilidh 'n a easbhuidh.
Onoir an fhileadh ni bhi, air teasdail do Mhac Mairidh,
Is beag am beul daimheil d'i, do radh a h-onoir bhuadhach.
Na gun deachaidh druim air dhruim, uam dha cheann chloinn Dughaill,
Ri treoir Eoin ni fhaghail domh, an deigh Eoin 'athair.
Gu gleidheadh Dia do dhealbh niamh, do fhuair innleachd an oide Ilich,
O eachraidh noch a bhitheann buaidh, dha deachaidh uath 'us imeachd.
An deigh an triur truagh an t-ole, mo chridhe ni fhuair furtachd,
Truagh nan oige go chàs do chitheam, de bhàs da Eoin 'us Alastair.
Alastair nach gabhann geis an trath mu 'n tigear thairis,
D'uchd air stuagh bhuaine brìgh do thruaill och ! mo nimhe.
Ni bhith 'g a iarraidh air dul d' oighre Eoin gu iorghuil,
A bhith air tir na troda, ni bhith nach fa'n uaigh fhada.

Is e ùghdair so Fionnladh Mac an Aba.

Duanair nan strangair, da b'aill leibh a sgrìobhadh,
Fhuairreas de na fàgair, ni dhe faodar a lionadh.
Ge iomadh na tha daoine air ti millidh nan tuath,
Cha-n fhaighear 'n a choman an rud 's an duan buadhach.

Di wassew nin lorganych gan gir beith voach ach meile
 In teigh gow be in goyalsi cho rik eayd ay gi heythe
 A ta ossil anossil agki na chotti killi
 Is ta wessew wea ray ayskey ga zeyg cha chlwni sinni
 Quho we me ga slonissy cha null aggwmm za schenchas
 Ach a be si choneskar agis no kon na lenvyn
 A zowle a chompayne v'oyne nyn lann leyve
 Ga will wle ni lorganych dane in doynirre screyve
 Screyve gi fessyth fer oylych in schanchis is a gaer
 Na ber doyni er weith heillyth ga leyve go m'challan
 Cwne feyn in comyn so a zregar mir a choyle
 Gi will aggwn orridsi di chwt a chur sin doynirre
 Na bee ansin doyn so di haggirt na zi hoyctyth
 Ga vil ne na coythrsi nach currir ay sin doynirre.
Doynirre.

A hujus Effric neyn corgitill.

A fadrin a zusk mi zair invin mar a weith ort
 Invin cree faltyth faill gane royf reyve guss a nocht
 Da eag is tursych a tam in lawe may bittee gi noyr
 Nach clunnwm a bee in glee agis nach vaggum ee woyme
 Mi creisi is tinn id taa o teic creich in lay zowin
 Zerrid a zest ra zlor ra haggillow in noge wr
 Bail ayssith di beive glori zaynti zoo si gi ter
 Loyvin mwle ni mour gall sawik eillith ni myg meine
 Far bi zar moyvir er zane o nach deach dayve gin deill
 Toissych dyghanich sork shawe ag a wayt mane v'reyth
 Dawe a teach o zown noyr is dawe one voyn ga olt fay
 Menik hanik ead fa hest ne menkyth na less in rar
 Saywik schanglane sleyve geill far a chur a kenn re clar
 Dreggin loyvis nin lerg gal ayg ag sannis nin schrawe sayth
 A haguss ein donnyth wane amenir a tame za ess
 Gin chlwich gin chorrان kein gin awych gin yghe i geill
 Gin dwnni ris tig mi wane er sleicht nin neaall o neal oog
 Gin wurn gi weyr ag mnawe gin evinis in dane ym zoog
 Mar hay geyaw in nweine wein down swenyth di chonne gin choill
 Fayth longwrt ni war fayl aychwall ni neall in nawle
 Cus ir loythirryth mane seach gwss a bemid a teach mawle
 Is nach fulgwm in ness mi nor aggin woyme er gi ard
 Ma wrissis a v'awee er baggit nin tre chnoo
 Fa fer a zawis ir geyle di vonis in trane bi woo

De fhiosaibh nan lorganach gun gur bu bhuadhach ach mìle,
 An tigh gu bith an comhdhailse, cha ruig iad e go shith,
 A ta uasal, anuasal age 'n a chota cille,
 'Us ta 'fhiosa bhi ré acasa ge dh'eadh cha chluinn sinne,
 Cha bhi mi 'g an sloinneadhsa, cha-n 'eil agam de sheanchas,
 Ach a bhi 's a choinfheasgair, agus na con 'n an leanmhuinn.
 A Dhughaill, a chompain, Mhic Eoin nan lann liobhta,
 Ga bheil uile na lorganaich, dean an duanaire a sgrìobhadh.
 Sgrìobh gu fiosach fìor eolach, an seanchas 'us an gartha,
 Na beir duan air bhith shaoghalach 'g a leughadh gu Mac Chailein.
 Cuimhnich féin an comunn so, a Ghrigoir mar a chuala,
 Gu bheil agam ortasa do chuid a chur 's an duanair.
 Na bitheadh anns an duan so de shagairt no de thuathach,
 'G a bheil ni 'n an comhairse nach cuirear e 's an duanair.
 Duanair.

Ughdair so Eafraic nic Corcadail.

A phaidrein a dhuig mo ghàir, ionmhuinn mar a bhi ort,
 Ionmhuinn cridhe failteach fial, ga 'n robh rianh gus an nochd,
 D'a eug is tuirseach a taim, an lamh mu 'm bithte gach uair,
 Nach cluinneam e bhi an clì, agus nach facaim e uam ;
 Mo chridhse is tinn a ta, o tig creach an la dhuinn,
 Goirid a dh' éisd r'a ghlòir, ri focalaibh an òige uir ;
 Beul aitheasach da 'm bu sheimh glòir, dh' aithnichteadh a ghuth 's
 Leomhan Mhuile nam mùr geala, seabhag Ile nam magh mìne ; [gach tìr,
 Fear a b'fhearr meodhar air dhaoine, o nach deachaidh daimh gun diol,
 Toiseach deagh eanach suairc seimh, aig am faighteadh meìn mhic rìgh ;
 Daimh a teachd o Dhunanoir, 'us daimh o'n Bhoinn g'a fholt fèidh,
 Minic thainig iad fa theist, ni mince na leis an réir ;
 Seabhag seanglan Sliabh Ghaidheal, fear a chur a cheann ri cléir,
 Dreagon Leodhais nan learg geal, agh aig sanas nan sreamh seimh ;
 A h-eugmhais aoin duine mhàin, a'm aonar a taim dha éis,
 Gun chluich gun chanran caoin, gun àbhachd gun aoibh aig féill ;
 Gun duine ris an tig mo mhiann, air sliochd nan Nial o Nial òg,
 Gun mhuirn gu bhithear aig mnaibh, gun aoibhneas an daoine um ghòig,
 Mar tha gaoithe an ùine mhìn, Dun Suibhne do chunnaic gun cheòl,
 Feuch longphort nam fear fial, aicheamhail nan Nial a nall.
 Cuis ar luathghara mu seach, gus am bithmid an teach mall,
 'Us no fuilgeam nis, mo nuar, againn uainne air gach aird ;
 Ma bhriseas, a Mhic Adhaimh, air bagaid nan trì chnò,
 Fa fear a ghabhas ar gaoil, do bhuineas an trian bu mhò ;

Knoo wullich a moggill feyn vonith di clyne neill gi noa
 Is trig rynith nyth ver fail gow labbi ni neal in noyssa
 In rygh fa derrig dewe say hug gin mi wreith in skayll
 Di skar rwm mi la chwng rown a fadrin zugs mi zar
 Is bristith my cree ym keith agis beith no gin dee mayg
 Er ess in nawryth zoe wr a phadrin a zug my zar
 Mur wayir mummy in reith gin rowf gym zein er gi sayd
 Is i mak a chrowich gi dowle a phadrin a zug my zar.
 Fadrin.

A howdir so Dowgall m'ille zlass.

Reicht zassge yricht ooyne is astrych za zoyn a zreyve
 Nee nach illi nawrycht di chaych foyr in ny rych a saych reych
 M'gregar ni greissi gar toissich is trane er gi ter
 Eddir hoyr is creach zawle is doe a wee gi mawle meine
 Eine rynn zaske zeyil greygga less nor meitht mayd clow
 Fer is ferr aygh is eicht in lawa ter slicht in row
 Shawik dayd zall nin dre zlann lass in leygr gaal gi gnaw
 Law is croith in gaaew kinith flaa is coryth zin tlicht reith
 Er v'fadrik ni groygh derk nor assis ferg in nor aycht
 Ni halych a ver no deygh nocha slane in loy caycht
 Oyh vol challim nin derk corri ni skarri ra zor gin deith
 Gilli dawych sothrych sang in law is ferri um gich neith
 Acmich zregar tymchil oyne ne mir caylta in voal si wein
 Drong wraych er nach leyr locht is grayth gort mir a hee
 Clanni zregar in dramm nach trayth in namm nach bedis ray ra reith
 Gyll ga fullichtych na fir ne churri schead sin ym bree
 Ne mow loo geyl no gyll ni ser ir oo choynn in reith
 Acmi zregar ni golga croy o worb sloye ne in gawe sneyve
 Branane forna ni var faylla yr zregar nyn schrane oyr
 Olk zi dwne er in dane creach messit zi neach heyd na toyr
 Flath zlinni leivin nin lann skayth wreour nach gann re clayr
 Law mir oskir si gich cath is da is cosswill in flath feyn
 Urrwm enicht da zroy zerg a hoyr gin chelg mir is coyr
 Er zaill einenych zi gich nach er heilllgyth each is oyr
 M'gregar in tylich zrinn ne henich linn na chwrt clayr
 Ne el commis da uecht galle ach in fer ga royve in nane
 Ag sen tri freccythchi finn braith a gilli ne vayccit reyve
 Law bi wath irrill in gress di binwin less fullich feyg
 Cosslow a weine sa woywe riss in reith ga royve in nane
 Re hawg v'gregar nin greach ver rawg gi nach a wane

Cno mhullaich a mhoguil féin bhuineadh do chloinn Nèil gun fhuath,
 Is tric a roinn na fir fiala, gu leabaidh nan Nial a nuas ;
 An rìgh fa deireadh diubh, 's e thug gun mo bhrìgh an sgail,
 Do sgar rium mo leth chungu ruin, a phaidrein a dhuisc mo ghàir,
 Is briste mo chridhe a'm chioch 'us bithidh no gun dìth m'agh,
 Air éis an amlra dhubh ùr, a phaidrein a dhuisc mo ghàir ;
 Mhuire, mhàthair, muime an rìgh, gu robh 'gam dhion air gach saighid,
 'Us a mac a chruthaich gach dùile. A phaidrein a dhuisc mo ghàir.
 A phaidrein.

Is e ùghdair so Dughall Mac Ghille ghlais.

Rìgh ghaisge eireachd Eoin, is asdaireach do dhuan a dhroing,
 Ni nach bheil an amlra do chàch, fhuair an fhioradh an sàithe rìgh.
 Mac Grigoir nan greas geur, toiseach is treine air gach tìr,
 Eadar òr 'us creach a Ghall, is dòigh a bhi gu mall mìn ; [chliù,
 Aon roghainn ghaisge Ghaidheil Ghreige, leis nior meathaich meud a
 Fear is fearr agh 'us iochd, an laimh an tìr sliochd nan rìghe.
 Seabhag deud gheal nan trì ghleann, leis an leughar goil gach gnìomh,
 Lamh is crodha an cathaibh cinnidh, flath a's còir dhe 'n t-sliochd rìgh,
 Air Mac Phadruig nan gruaidh dearg, 'n uair athfhasas fearg an uair
 Na h-alaich a bheir 'n a dheigh noch a slàn an luadh cath ; [eachd,
 Ogha Mhaol Chaluim nan deare corr, ni sgaradh ri òr gun dìth,
 Gille daimheach, sothrach, seang, an lamh a 's fearr um gach nì ;
 Aicme Ghrigoir timchioll Eoin, ni mar chaillte a bhuille s'a mhèin,
 Droing bhreagh air nach leughar lochd, is gnath gort mar a thì ;
 Clann Ghrigoir an dream nach treig, an àm nach bitheas réidh ri rìgh,
 Gaidheil ge fulachdach na fir, ni chuireadh siad sin am br'gh ;
 Ni mo leo Gaidheil no Goill, na saoir fhir o chuain an rìgh ;
 Aicme Ghrigoir nan colg cruaidh, o bhorb shluagh ni'n gabh sniomh.
 Braineam foirne nam fear fiala, oighre Ghrigoir nan srian òr,
 Olc do dhuine air an dean creach, miosad do neach theid 'nan toir ;
 Flath Ghlinne Liobhainn nan lann, sgiath bhrìghmhor nach gann ri cléir,
 Lamh mar Osgar anns gach cath, is da is cosmhuil am flath féin ;
 Urram eanaich d'a ghruaidh dheirg, a fhuair gun cheilg mar is coir,
 Air ghabhail 'einich do gach neach, air thiolacadh each 'us òir ;
 Mac Grigoir an teaghlaich ghrinn, ni h-iognadh leinn 'n a chùirt eliar,
 Ni bheil coimeas d'a uchd geal, ach am fear dhe 'n robh an Fhiann ;
 Aigesan trì freiceadan fionn, braigh a ghille ni facadh riamh,
 Lamh bu mhaith iorghuil an greas, do b'ionmhuinn leis fuileach fiadh ;
 Cosmhuil a mhèin's a mhodh, ris an rìgh 'g a robh an Fhiann,
 Ri h-agh Mhic Grigoir nan creach, bheir roghadh gach neach am miann ;

Math is cowe a rosg gorm re m'cowle nin gorn far
 Innin in nour fa din aggis in rownyth deil clayr
 Innin in surri sin selga rew is cowe kerd ni wane
 Id ta in rath er slicht in row is math in clow is a geyl
 Enych is augnow is icht di cayvlyth er in slicht reyve
 Fein is keyr agis milli a mayne sin la shelgow feygh
 Finnyth oyne is gast gneyve eadda mir vackow re ni . . .
 Aggis oyne mir in fin faye no chenn er gi dawe a . . .
 Ga zurrik low flayis finn di cathyth ra linn na vane
 Is er v'fadrik id ta in rath haryth schea gi matha . . .
 M'gregar nin dochir tann kann sochir kawle agis clayr
 Teyve sang er ym braith ben o zlann shraa ni ver fayle
 Corrit zowne braa la oyne is nee ga zoyn di neith
 A teillygyth each is oyr fayn scheach mir is coir i reith
 Rey neive murr oe dlee mir is doe me zein
 Mi wraa si cathir gin chelt a wull aythir v'in re.
 Reith.

KELLICH zonith er ossil ga di choye schee re feith
 Maggr mor a ze lonith weith garre zol lar reith
 Estew zeym dar maggarich a heil boddich is serreith
 Is a leive kennort baggantich less a beith lane vath meithtin
 Fullul me clyne dowle boein is dowell corri
 Ga tayd gi garga gast ne astith zane foynicht
 Coythiltich me m'challane ver oyr gi rath rar clarrew
 Cred fa im bein gi mwcknich ta mi zowch in nerli
 Ta mi zowchess in nearli da ear o me clan donil
 Innoo me clyne a layane wearri ne caith corrik
 M'a ffeith cholfissay cha bea foryr mi loynti
 Is m'neil a barray glan ossill a chwt slontich
 M'onee tanik fame chwnith agis m'soenith faimyth
 Clyne loyt is clyne rynilt ne kinn ignith von danic
 Cattanich agis toissich ga taid zoissith na gardew
 Camronaich is clyne zregar ni firsen a braid albin
 Stewartich gai farssing eaid skeillit fane chrown chaw . . .
 Sen skail kintich cassloyth is dew id ta senvaithir maithir
 In bofuddir is in braid albin ta mi chardin gi lenor
 Fir choyvil a teach ym chonew beaid sin mi loynnith
 Clann lachlyn is clyne lymyn clyne nail ri foylwm zasg
 Cardin doissi clyne tawssi er wwn is wrai zlassei

Maith is cumha a rosg gorm, ri Mac Cumhail nan corn fial,
 Ionann an òr fa dhuinn, agus an rùn diolaidh cliar ;
 Ionann an suiridh 's an sealg, riu 'us Cu ceaird nam Fiann,
 A ta an rath air sliochd nan righe, is maith an cliù 'us an ciall ;
 Eineach 'us eangnath 'us iochd, do cheangladh air an sliochd rìgh,
 Fion 'us céir, agus mel, am miann sin le sealga fhiadh ;
 Fine Eoin is gasda gnìomh, iad mar mhacaibh rìgh na Feinn,
 Agus Eoin mar am Fionn féin, 'n a cheann air gach daimh a . . . ;
 Ge dhùrachd leo flaitheas Feinn, do chathaich ri linn na Feinn,
 Is air Mhac Phadruig a ta an rath, shàruich se gu maith . . . ;
 Mac Grigoir nan dochair a t'ann, ceann sochair ceall 'us cliar,
 Taobh seang air am breith bean, o Ghleannsrath nam fear fial ;
 Comhrad dhuinn breith le Eoin, is ni g'a dhèid do ni,
 A tiodhlacadh each 'us òr, fa 'n seach mar is còir do rìgh ;
 Rìgh neimh, Mhuire oigh, dlighe mar is doigh mo dhion,
 Mo bhreith 's a chaithir gun cheilt, 's a bheil Athair Mhic an Rìgh.
 Rìgh.

CAIL dhuine air uasal, ge'd chaidh se ri feibh,
 Magaireadh mòr do dhiolainich, bhi 'g iarraidh dhol làr rìgh ;
 Eisdibh dhomh de 'r magairich, a shil bhodach 'us saoire,
 'Us a liuthad ceannard bagainteach, leis am bu làn bha m'aoin ;
 Fuileal mi' chlann Dughaill, buidhean is daimheile còir,
 Ge taid gu garg gasda, ni asda a dheanainn foghainn.
 Comhaltach mi do Mhac Chailein, bheir òr gu réidh ri'r cliaraibh,
 Creud fa am bithinn gu muenach, ta mo dhuthaich an Iarlaidh.
 Tha mo dhuchas an Iarlaidh, do iar uam clann Domhnuil,
 Iodhnaidh mi clann Ghilleathain, bheireadh an cath comhrag.
 Mac a Phi Cholosaich cha bu foirfhear mo shloinnnte,
 'Us Mac Neill a Baraidh, glan uasal a chuid sloinnidh.
 Mac a Ni thainig fa 'm chuimhne, agus Mac Suibhne feudmhach,
 Clann Leoid 'us clann Raghnaidh, ni cinn fheadhna o'n d'thainig.
 Catanaich 'us Toisich, gu ta iad dhomhsa 'n an cairdibh,
 Camronaich 'us clann Ghrigoir, na fir sin a Breid Albainn.
 Steuardaich ge farsuing iad, sgaoilte feadh a chruinne chearnach,
 Sean sgeul cinnteach cas luath, is diubh ta seanmhathair m'athair.
 Am Bochuidir 's am Breid Albainn ta mo chairdean gu lionmhor,
 Fir chaomhal 'teachd am choinnidh, b'iad sin mo shloinneadh.
 Clann Lachlain 'us clann Laomainn, clann an àill ri foghlum ghaisge,
 Cairdean domhsa clann Tamhsa, air mhonadh 'us bhràigh glasa ;

Na fir veg vaggantich veiss er strath ni ter
 Ty lwm m'cowle zraggin si carrit doth m'ewr
 Gillane tanik a mwllith ben o choynith lwngyryraa
 Cha di chortich in crwnith dunnith nach tugi . . .
 A charri dangin delis maa is far re meil dwynth
 Si chalsi a fwoe in farsen far mor . . .

Kellich.

A houdir in barrone ewin m'comie.

Fadda zawf a loithsoo almirrich lwmmi my lan techt
 Wearrin di loayith leyissith woyme da bi lwnn ni tantith
 Tayn bach colgin caithrow trom tayn bo tart is boo fleyiss
 Di wearrin is in tarrith trom da bi lwm in loyth lexis
 Gregh is aithre vanyane clayve is corne v'kowle
 Doytdichy man allane wearoin is gath bolk chongwllin
 Oar ewwir is errymone is a wea aggwim im choyrriith
 Crwt curchoyll a chellith brone skayth reith ni gollnor
 Long lymyn nar lwmmi leith si bee aggwim er gladdi
 Di wearinse a hwlli cheith soll weyme mir so ra fadda
 Fadda lwm gin Allex^r m'yn tosscheach a hechta
 Foddich schee in gallir so nach beith mir so re fad.

Fadda.

Er sleycht geil o zurt greyk ne el purt er in goe vait
 Gan degow nach berda lat sleych geil di churre harrit
 Stoe erre in nye gawle nach cha doye erre udwalli
 Fyve er claif ranna gath coyr a gaif gi heyf
 Ri gallew a derrum rwe sol zawiddir ir sowe
 Na lekmit ir dowe deyn danmit ard chogga anmein
 Ar aithris geil vano cathris er ir nayirnee
 Di quhoyl mai gin royf sen oyr egin innis incin
 Fa smacht ac finna fowrith rath le bil borowef
 Salla di zallew mir sen a geik keiss as in dowe
 Di zerna er eggil gych kin mor a ta teggow orrine
 Gin danyk low terlynn mor veyn dan math derre
 Ar marro ballir onaet bi sawle zoyn a laet
 Ka ness er ayris in nir a zorfis geil er zallew
 Rer linna mor a rin low tey a kin o angow

Na fir bhigh bhagantich, bhitheas air srath na tire,
 Taghaileam Mac Dhughaill Chraignis, caraid domh Mac Iomhair ;
 Gilleam a thainig a Muile bean o chuain longfhaire réidh,
 Cha do chuartaich an cruinne, duine nach tugadh si breith.
 A charaid daingean dileas, maith is fearr ri Maol Domhnuaich,
 'Sa chàilsa a fhuair am fear sin, fear . . .
 Càil.

Is e ùghdair so am Baron Eoghan Mac Comaidh.

Fada dhomh a luidh so, allamharach leam mo shlainte,
 Bheirinn do luach leighis uam, nam bu leam na tainte ;
 Tain bo colgfhionn ceathraimh trom, tain bo tart 'us bo fleadhais,
 Do bheirinn 'us an tarbh trom, da bu leam an luach leighis.
 Greigh 'us aidhre Mhananain, claidheamh 'us corn Mhic Cumhail,
 Dudaiche Manallain bheirinn, 'us gath-bolg Chonchulain.
 Oir, Eimhear, 'us Eireamoin, 'us e bhi agam a choir,
 Cruit Churcheoil a cheileadh bron, sglath rìgh nan Gollnoir.
 Long Laomain nar lom lith, 'us i bhi agam air cladaich,
 Do bheirinnse a h-uile a chi, sol bhitheam mar so ré fada.
 Fadda leam gun Alasdair, Mac an Toisich a theachda,
 Dh' fhuadach' an galar so, nach bi mar so ré fada.
 Fada.

Air sliochd Ghaidheal o ghurt Gréig, ni bheil purt air an gabh iad,
 Gun teagamh nach beart leat, sliochd Ghaidheal a chur tharad,
 Is tu an éiridh an aghaidh Ghall, nocha doigh éiridh udmhall.
 Faigheadh ar claidheamh roinn gath, cuiribh na gathan gu thaobh,
 Ri Gallaibh a deirim ribh, sol gheibheadar ar sùgh,
 Na leigeamaid ar dùthaich dinn, deanamaid ard chogadh anmhin,
 Air aithris Gaidheil Bhanbha, caithris air ar n-athairne,
 Do chualamaid gun robh sin, uaireigin Innis Ainghin,
 Fo smachd aig fine Fomhoraich, rath le bheil boromhe.
 Seall do Ghallaibh mar sin, ag iochdadh cìs as an dùthaich,
 Do dhearnadh air eagail gach cinne, mor a ta teagamh oirnne.
 Gun tainig luth tarlaidhinn, mòr feum do'n mhaith d' éiridh,
 Ar marbh balair oinid, bu samhail dhuinn a leithid,
 Cia nis air aithris an fhir, a dh' fhoireas Gaidheil air Ghallaibh ?
 Rì'r linn mòr a rinn, luchd tì a chinnidh o eangaibh,

Annit doif da bi zail less donna zeadddeith ta aythris
 Low er fey no banno cowe der a hynolle
 Illespie na zette zar is tow in low fa zerre
 A erle orreir zeil bey id currey a coysmeye
 Cuwre hurrogirre nor sin ner er zeillew o zurt zvyth . . .
 Cur ser herre ardwir ni gyle nach bea er albin achryn
 Chur low nar log trote lay chlaive gin chen ch . . .
 Er fa smacht geill greyg ner beith cleacht . . .
 Ne fraif o willit a faiss deye ead mor a vorshass
 Is nach fagir gawle boe zit tess na gilsyth anna ra flath . . .
 Losk a bantrych nach math man losk in glan vecna anfeinne
 Is losk a dee dow is cosk zein in nangow
 Bog le husk in lochre sen in dei losk zan dassew
 Na dan deo chroy o boa gawle a vo vokinte anvin
 Cwne feyn a zroe mir hoe gyn vill orrin ag gallew
 An smacht rad linn agus pled nor chinna gawle smath
 Cwnych callen ayr feyn cwneicht gillespik ansen
 Cwnych duncha na nye in far conchur cardnel
 Cwnych callen elly ann cwneich gillespik arrin
 Is callen no keud mor a zle ler zawe gail in za . . .
 Cwne nach dugit ni fyr wle er oyvne di zallew
 Cai mowe fa dugga tussi owla voit in dullesoo
 O nach marre ach fwil ayr di zeillew ym zurt ym zaif
 Leggir le cheil na fir is chur hekgil fen er noydean
 Saye er zallew nane draa feynna beit zusk v'callen
 Derri coggi a olt mhir hor ne math in cotle rath mhor.
Mor.

A houdir so duncha m'dhulle voil.

Aythris raive rown oona makfadrik nar chred callwym
 Na weym ga inni ner anna mane a kinne di charsin
 Terka aythris inni anna zolsew geil nin glan zaale
 Focht ni fraive ga ville zi lucht leava nyn lowr
 Barrol deliss deive is doth fey ard eskar oorcht
 In nulle rygh a goyve choyr in nyr zreve zreggar
 Meith rai rad ross glass est oonna rad henchass
 Rewe zi rave ta mest reygh sayve serhest
 Padrik hayir annit dwt milchollum ayir phadrik
 Makaynedoe nar zow braye dlwe a churre sa chraddarre
 Oone elle ayr oone doe m'gregar v'oone awyr
 Ca trear farrycht fa feilla trear teawrycht ne throm cler

Aithnichte duibh da b'aill leis, duine a dh' fhaodta aithris,
 Lùth air feadh na Banbha, cùmha daor a thional,
 Ghillespuig a gheid gheir, is tu an lùth fa dh' éireadh,
 A Iarla Oirthir Ghaidheal bith, a'd churaidh a chosnaidh.
 Curaidh thuirigear 'n uair 's an eur, air Ghaidhealaibh o ghurt Gréige,
 Curaidh saor ardmhir nan Gaidheal, noch bi air Albainn achruinn,
 Chur lùth 'n ar luchd troda, le claidheamh gun cion chuid,
 Air fath smachd Gaidheil Greige, 'n uair bu chleachdadh . . .
 Na freumha o bheil iad a fàs, diogh iad, mòr a bhorrachas,
 'Us nach fàgar Gall beo de d' éis, na geillse ann ri flaitheas ;
 Loisg am bantraich nach maith méin, loisg an clannmhacne an sin,
 'Us loisg an tighean dubh, 'us coisg dhuinn an eangnath ;
 Bog le h-uisge an laochraidh sin, an deigh losgadh dh'an deisibh,
 Na dean deochruaidh o beo Ghall, o bhogainte anmhuinn.
 Cuimhnich féin a ghruaidh mar shùgh, gun bheil oirne aig Gallaibh,
 An smachd ri'd linn agus pleid, 'n uair chinnich gabhail smachd.
 Cuimhnich Cailean d'athair féin, cuimhnich Gillespuig 'athair-san,
 Cuimhnich Dunchadh an àigh, am fear conchobhar cairdeal,
 Cuimhnich Cailean eile ann, cuimhnich Gillespuig araon,
 Agus Cailean a cheud mhòr a ghlé le'r ghabh geill an gh . . .
 Cuimhnich nach tugaid na fir, uladh air uamhainn do Ghallaibh,
 Cia mo fa tugadh tusa, uile uait an t-uladh so.
 O nach maireann ach fuidheall athar, do Ghaidheal o ghurt um ghabhaidh,
 Leigear le chéile na fir, 'us cuir eagail feadh ar naimhdean,
 Saghadh air Ghallaibh nan tràth féin, bi a'd dhuig a Mhic Chailein,
 D'eirich cogadh, a fhuilt mar òr, ni maith an codal ro mhòr.

Mor.

Is e ùghdair so Dunchadh Mac Dhughail Mhaoil.

Aithris fhreumh rùna Eoin Mhic Phadruig, no'r creud cheileam,
 Na bhitheann 'g a fhine nior fhanna, mu'm a chinnidh do char sinn,
 Teirc ri aithris fhine fhanna dh' uailsibh Gaidheal nan glan dhàil,
 Fochd na freumh gu bheil, do luchd leughaidh nan leabhar.
 Barail dileas doibh 'us domh, feadh ard an fheasgair orra,
 An fhuil rìgh an caomh, chur an fhior dhream Ghrigoir ;
 Mi réidh ri d'àros glas, eisd Eoin ri'd sheanchas,
 Riamh de fhreumh tamaid, rìgh seimh saor-theist.
 Padruig athair, aithne dhuit, Maolcholuim athair Phadruig,
 Mac Eoin duibh na 'r dhubh bràigh, dligheach a chuire 's a chreadradh,
 Eoin eile athair Eoin duibh, Mhic Grigoir, Mhic Eoin aghmhoir,
 Ta triar feara fa feile, triar teamhaireach mu thromchleir,

Ayr in one sen oil nach milchollum nar cheil onyth
 M'conzhe v'nor veg reym onchonna er nach deg taweim
 Duncha el aythir sen m'gillelan oreilli
 Da her lat nor zour re dave m'ey our o urquhay
 Connane ni gorre gawe aythir ey urquhay
 O alpen in gargven glan ardre nyn balg veym breeor
 Soo cathramh toaris is tug ummit a iyr phadrik
 Cwnych cartweil faid chaive drom o alpen iyr dwile
 Far er eichit is tow zee one dow nach doe crei
 Di chart hanchis is sai sen gow ferriss m'erk awyr
 Id kinne nach crein ri foor sai lein di zave corron
 Da eichit agis trur reyg dleyr in nuile sin ardreve
 Tree toar tre dessirroe in dey vilchallum kennmor
 Da choggyr chorrone a cheine o vilchollum gow alpen
 O halpen soss is sai vess xiiii fir gow ferris
 Di chart hanchis issi sen gow ferris m'erk awyr
 Kai lein di hanchiss mir sen reve gow ferris is fedir
 Immigh feinnoil fai twlle tais nach awrreymor nor arviss
 Di bi skeith skol dan skealloe gi reyg vil fa terrawg
 Fwlli artir fo terla fanna macht di chodych di chuslin
 Fwlli choynna fwlli choonna fad kness da hoyinna hothrin nin neg
 Fwlli ghrantach maid zroy mir ulle fulle neil neveille nertur
 Gargweine a geym si gi gress da reym ardre in naythris.
Aythris.

A houdir soo m'eachag.

Dymmych me zin zeith a deess o nach leggin in steach eoyn
 Is ee er ni wraa mach er toytht doyth go m'cloyd
 Mak soonayd nyn soill gal a bi zail less teach er choyn
 Chan nasta zeith a deess oyne m'wllam nin naach loyth
 Ni chotlwm eich no layth nach weggym o trayid so toycht
 Long heithwl in twil zil long in ir la bristir royik
 Ag so in torriskil hwg caith er m'wllam oo clar skeith
 Gil denych deadzal dess far nach ayrryth nach ma neith
 In toychtow lay oynyth faa oyne eiryth v'cloyd in rosg . . .
 Cossloo in angnow sin nert re tylych morrith a vore chreith
 Fer feiltych nach folchin soyd torriskail oyne nyn narm . . .
 Fer heid sin tachchir er twss fer layr churryth a elw
 M'wllam za dalter meyg v'soynoid er sleicht in reich
 A glwnym heacht a toyth di wea myth zroyin er dol deim.

Athair an Eoin sin oileanaich, Maolcholuim na 'r cheil a nì,
 Mac Dhunchaidh mhuiginir bhig reim, onchoin air nach tig toibheum.
 Dunchadh eile athair-san Mac Gillfhaolain oirchill,
 Do shaor leat 'n uair dh' fhoir ri daimh, Mac Aoidh ùr o Urchaidh.
 Ceanan nan corr gatha, athair Aoidh Urchaidh,
 O Alpain a gharg mhèin ghlan, ardrigh nam balg bheum brioghmhor.
 So an ceathramh tuaraisg a's tug, umad a oighre Phadruig,
 Cuimhnich ceart bheil fa'd chaomh, dream o Alpain oighre Dhughaill,
 Fear air fhichead is tu fhéin, Eoin dubh nach dubh cré,
 Do cheart sheanchas is e sin, gu Fearghus Mac Eirc aghmhoir.
 A'd chinneadh nach crìon ri fodhair, sé linn do ghabh coron,
 Da fhichead agus triur rìgh, dlighear an fhuil 's an ardfhreumh,
 Tri tuathruidh, tri deasruidh, an deigh Mhaolcholuim Chinnmhoir,
 Da choigear choron a chinnidh, o Mhaolcholum gu Alpain,
 O Alpain suas is e bhitheas, ceithir deug fir gu Ferghus,
 Do cheart sheanchas is e sin, gu Fearghus Mac Eirc aghmhoir.
 Cia lion de sheanchas mar sin, riamh gu Ferghus faighidir,
 Iomadh fine oll fa d'fhuil tathas, nach àireamar n'uair àirmheas,
 Do bu sgìth sgoil d' an sgeulaibh, gach rìgh a bheil fa d'ùr fhreumh.
 Fuil Artuir fa d' urla fann, maith do chuid 'do chuislean ;
 Fuil Chuain, fuil Chuinn fa'd chneas, da shuthain sothrain n'fhine,
 Fuil Ghrantach ma'd ghruaidh mar ubhal, fuil Neil nimheil neart-mhoir,
 Garg mhìn a ceum 's a gach greas, de reim ard rìgh an aithris.
Aithris.

Is e ùghdair so Mac Eachaig.

Diombach mi dhe 'n ghaoith a deas, o nach leiginn a steach Eoin,
 'Us e air a bhreith mach air tuath domh gu Mac Leoid ;
 Mac Sheonaid nan seol geala, a b'aill leis teachd air chuan,
 Cha-n éisd a ghaoth a deas, Eoin Mac Uilleaim nan each luath.
 Ni chodaileam oidche no la, nach fhaiceam o thraigh so tuath,
 Long shiubhail an t-siuil ghìl, long an fhir le'm bristear ruaig.
 Aig so an tuairisgeul thug càch, air Mac Uilleaim o Clàr Sgìth,
 Gille dian, deud-gheal, deas, fear nach euradh neach mu nì.
 An t-ochdamh la uainn fa Eoin, oighre Mhic Leoid an ruisg . . .
 Coslach an eangnath, 's an neart, ri teaghlach mòr a mhoir chridhe
 Fear faoilteach nach folchainn sud, tuairisgeul Eoin nan arm . . .
 Fear theid 's an tàchair air tùs, fear le'r chuireadh cliù . . .
 Mac Uilleaim dha 'n daltair mi, Mac Sheonaid air sliochd an rìgh,
 A chluinntinn a theachd a tuath, do bhitheadh mo ghruaim air dol diom.

A houdir soo m'gillindak in fardan.

Boye hearn er hoissichew itta voo huss in gyny
 Ayrewich zin ni okarrewich gych in ar a braa fisshe
 Kead tearn in terre so duncha beg fa mor agne
 Di zag mir chwt delippa ag clynna zreggar in gassga
 Dunca mor za meillezow aythir vennyeh vilchollum
 Sennor oone eynley ner zyil cwnrith nar chowil
 Gregar deymhak duncha mak woo oone di bea iyr
 Far awzissych one chontyth o locht heyve hollis tolv
 Oonna dow in gal geilta m'ayrrewych oonna v'gregar
 Salgre zawe dreyth twss gi coggi zi reythal
 Mylcollum ga zei chowal annit oona dess a athyr
 Dessgirt glinni gal urquhai maseith di chaith ma caga
 Itta toisseich noymitin di clinni zregar oo zallew
 Ga vil trey tearn boye graw sealga is boe gasga
 In nimissir chooni chad chath di choala mi vaksawle
 Finn ne zaif o zar lanew m'kowle nyn grat calm
 Sealga errin si heyantis ag m'kule nyth guilley
 Evy ni zoe no ternis er crechow clanni guil
 Dey ra leyn dane lekfe o charre gow carn vallire
 Royth zawf ne sessre veith ag no iye
 O hawzone gow belten bonyth gi teith za eanew
 In talga fa soyve sawke agga in nynnym in neye
 Immyg keiss nach arfee ag finna no ag far a harffee
 Eachw errin darm er vakewle no iye
 Igh vorridir zeyntew fa vroichew gi a boinna
 Ag sen ne vil dennirgow voilchollum ag makmwrn
 Ne zernni finn feane sealga gyn sirreich a kedda
 Sealga albin gin eafre ag milcollum si chreacht
 Cunwallich ni coahalg a ni gregar is garg dennyth
 Ner venkiche con croarga gow longwrt clynni beskue
 Leine trotdych di hoissichew erre less in lo caicht
 Fir eydda er oyr leyow ga lucht tiy sin tachraa
 Kennoss fynna is feyhonis chotkin is clwe zai kin
 Er barn zasga zley zarvis m'gregar graigh ni vill
 Immyg na chwrt coleyth selm cowdyth is colk ten
 Ooyr derk er in dornhew erm loyvin lochawe
 Coyherm eddir clarsichow done in leicht nane lawow
 A lucht tyi wo hayblissw dwl fa zowir gyr
 Mak gregar boss bar chorkkir m'derwail boye a zallew
 Ane charre nyth calmytht a lawe lar ranik gych raa boye

Is e ùghdair so Mac Gilliondaig am Fear dàn.

Buaidh thighearn air thoisichibh, a ta o thùs an cinne,
Airidheach de na h-oig fhearaibh, gach aon fhear a breith fios,
Ceud tighearn na tir-sa, Dunchadh beag fa mòr aigne,
Do dh' fhàg mar a chuid dilib, aig clann Ghrigoir an gaisge.
Dunchadh mòr de mhileadhaibh, athair beannaichte Mhaolcholuim,
Seanair Eoin aonfhlaith nior gheill, cunradh 'n uair a chunbhail.
Grigoir deagh-mhac Dhunchaidh, mac o Eoin do b'e oighre,
Fear aibheasach o'n chontath, o Loch thaobh sholuis Tulaich.
Eoin dubh an goil geillte, mac aireadhach Eoin mhic Grigoir,
Sealgair dhamh dhreachach, tùs gach cogadh do fhrìtheal.
Maolcholum go dheagh chunbhal, aithnichte Eoin d'éis a athar,
Deisceart glinne geal Urchaidh, maiseach do chaidh m 'a cachta,
A ta toiseach an uibhireachd, do chloinne Ghrigoir o Ghallaibh,
'Ga bheil tri tighearn bed, gràdh sealga, 'us bed ghaisge.
An aimsir Chuinn cheud chatha, do chuala mi a mhac samhail,
Fionn ni ghabh o gheur lannaibh, Mac Cumhail nan grath calm.
Sealg Eirinn 's a thighearnas aig Mac Cumhail 'n a coillibh
Aoibh dha no tighearnas, air crìochaibh clanna Ghuill.
D'fhiodh r'a linn da 'n leigeadh, o Charaidh gu Carn Bhalair,
Roimhe ghabh na seisir, bha aig 'n a fhiodha.
O shamhainn gu bealltainn, bhuineadh gach tì d'a Fhianaibh,
An t-sealga fa soimheamh samhadh, aig an inbhe an fhiodha.
Iomadh cis nach airmhear, aig Fionn no aig fear a àirmhidh,
Fiacha Eirinn da roinn, air Mhac Cumhail 'n a fhiodh.
Fiodh mhoir ridir dh' Fhiantaibh, air bruachaibh gach buinne,
Aig sin ni bheil dìongairean, Mhaolcholuim aig Mac Muirne.
Ni dheanadh Fionn féin sealg, gun sireadh a cheada,
Sealg Albainn gun fharraid aig Maolcholum 's a chreacha.
Cunbhalach 'n an coshealg Mac Grigoir is garg daoine,
Nior mhince coin cro-dhearg, gu longphort cloinne Bhaoisgne.
Linn trodach de thoisichibh, éiridh leis an la catha,
Fir iad air oirleachaibh, 'g a luchd tì 'san tàchair.
Ceannas fion 'us fùdhtais, coitchinn is cliù dh'a chinneadh,
Air barn ghaisge ghlé dhearbhas, Mac Grigoir gràdh ni bheil.
Iomadh 'n a chuirte coluath, saolaim cuideachd a 's colg teann,
Or dearg air an dornairibh, airm leoghain Loch Abh.
Co sheirm eadar clàrsaichibh, na daoine an léich 'n an lamhaibh,
A luchd tì o thaibhlisibh a dol far gheibhear gadhar.
Mac Grigoir bos bàrr choreuir, Mac Diarbhuil buaidh a Ghallaibh,
Aon chara na calmachd a lamh, le'r ràinig gach rath buaidh.

Boy feil re fillyth a ne v'clymont cossne
 Di vaddee a clw kinnaze er heiliga a laif louye
 Mare mwm ollone teyve menzail is math comma
 Ni clar ga commol corgra groy na sowa.

Boye hearn.

A houdir so ym bard roygh finlay.

Hest ein doyll ni geyll skaile is coyr a chomeith
 Way ra der lot chaalle is crossimeil tork maale gin waas
 A hewrin hanik er dwss ussit a skayle ymbuss
 Mir haa wea reiss er ball in gae zreiss in deoyll
 Di naskidder er fa rinn nor a zaig say teach eyffrin
 Toycht din downe chadni er assi is cowle ra readli farris
 Nayr hanik in tork dow bimmy dayvin ga chwnryth
 Gerwe moeyr gi bestyth gir hein gow hanwe oyl eddyth
 Er eggill a weith gin nee rinnith zi v'royre
 A ckuycht gi honnarych ann an ryecht chonna in neiffirin
 Is coyr in nagryth hay in deewe ag allane er in deolew
 Gar bee faa reit orrith er leym no heim etrycht
 Is meith skurri ryth warwne hennwythick weicharne
 Vek royre on wour a mach foyr nee gin low gin lawyeh
 Fa chathram a chur in sinne dlewm conyth re collwm
 O see cathram ter ulle allane weil wyonurre
 Di rinn tussi is ne he wanenych creach y is relig ooran
 Is tow zochin gi borbe ann coychill nyn nord is nyn neiffirin
 Is tow woyr olk inchezawle is tow vok a keiss si termyn
 Is tow is geltee noss a mach la lentir foss di hossyeh
 Ach ein wille er a law clec di wrayr a v'royree
 Ne closs di zlo o sin machi si cross wee zid wallichyth
 Math in deiss faa in will di lane dowsen foyss is dalwyth
 Woo cheyd tossyeh di chogge a wrane clossich in abbe
 Creach ellyth nach royth sin lygh er fenane in glen gar
 Wallich di neive fertyth feyne di weill zalytth a allane
 Id taa mir gith neiwe elli a deilt a orwrryeh
 Chur dowich la chwiss feyn in cowyeh in guwss allane
 Di her zowich is di loyg di wonit deit a chraw hoygh
 Leggit derri di wurn eddir selli is sowyrnni
 Ne henyth a wee a banenych faddyth o bin chroich allane
 Na looyewe er layr in ir quhoy ga wayr is ga fwyer
 Meith in ness skurri zid ter a v'royre anmein
 Ellein nach gress in gress cathrame tesgin is orchess.

Hest.

Buaidh feile ri filidhibh, a ni Mac Laomuinn a chosnadh,
 Do mhadaidh a chliù ceann-aigh, air thiolacadh a lamh luath.
 Mairidh muime ollamhan, mingheal is maith com,
 Na cliar 'g a comoladh, corcera a gruaidh no sùgh.

Buaidh thighearn.

Is e ùghdair so am bard ruadh Fionnladh.

Theasd aon diabhl nan Gaidheal, sgeul is coir a chuimhneach,
 Bha ri daor lot chille is chroise, maol torc mall gun mheas ;
 A ifrionn thainig air tùs, usaide an sgeul iombus,
 Mar tha bhi ris air ball, an gathaibh ghreas an diabhail.
 Do nasgaidear air faraon 'n uair a dh' fhàg se teach ifrinn,
 Teachd do 'n dùn cheudna air ais, 'us cùl ri reulta Pharrais.
 'N uair a thainig an torc dubh, b'iomadh deamhain 'ga chur,
 Garbh meoghar gach béisd, gur h-aon guth sheanmh uile iad ;
 Air eagail a bhi gun ni, roinneadh do Mhac Ruaraidh,
 A chuid gu h-onoireach ann, an riochd chon ann an ifrionn.
 Is coir an agradh tha an diugh, aig Allan air na diabhlaibh,
 Ge 'r bith fa ruig orra, ar leam ni thiom eadrochd,
 Is mithich sgur ri foirionn, sheanmhadhach mhiochaireanach,
 Mhic Ruaraidh o'n mhuir a mach, fhuaire ni gun lùth gun lamhach.
 Fa chaithream a chur an suim, dligheam coinnidh ri Calum,
 O 's e caithream an tìr uile, Allan mhaol a mhionoir,
 Do rinn tusa 'us ni h-e mhàin, creach I 'us reilig Orain,
 Is tu dhochainn gu borb ann, cochull nan ord 'us nan aifrionn ;
 Is tu mhòr olc Innse Ghall, is tu bhoichd a cìs 's a tearmun,
 Is tu is geilte nòs a mach, le leantar fòs do thoiseach,
 Ach aon bheil air a laimh chli, do bhrathair a Mhic Ruaraidh,
 Ni clos do ghleò o sin a mach, 's a chrois bhi 'g ad mhallachadh,
 Maith an dithis fa an bheil do lan, dubh sin fòs is dealbh,
 O cheud thoiseach do chogaidh, a bhreun chlosaich an Aba,
 Creach eile nach robh 's an lagh, air Finan an Gleann Garaidh.
 Mhallaich do nimh fhearta féin, do mhaol dhealbh, a Allan,
 A ta mar gach nimh eile, a diolt a oirbhireach ;
 Chuir dùthaich le chuis féin, an cuthach an gnais Allain.
 Do shaor dhuthaich 'us do shluagh, do bhuineadh duit a chràdh thuath,
 Leigeadh deireadh do mhuirn, eadar Seile, agus Subhairn.
 Ni h-ioghnadh a bhi buininn, fada o binn chroiche, Allan,
 Na luaidhe air lathair an fhir, chaidh 'g a mhathair 'us ga phiuthair,
 Mithich a nis sguir dhe d'aoire, a Mhic Ruaraidh ainmhine,
 Oilean nach greasann greas, caithream d'éisgein is oircheas.

Theasd.

HOARIS mak mir in taayr mach er flatheuw ir neolyes
 A areoll a eyg si agna is me ga chaddrew in looyss
 Fess is agna flaa oyra raath la in deantir
 Der lat in mak soo foyr mee gir a bea in royree cadna
 Is innyn in dy chooyll is monor za olt faymyth
 Is innin woltyr in gaew torkild is ayir ayrrewich
 Da deggew ra linn torkild ni hay lokgi din tromm zawe
 Di ne za bert is boyn aythris zor v'colman
 Immi carde er a moltyr torkill in awra chreive
 Er low is er lawyth curre a tacht gow dull in c . . .
 Is der me za halle dess ane si eolyss
 Nach danik fer a eiss is farre no re so looyss
 Da bi less a charga worwe schayd is sorve hor sal
 Di wronna ni v'corkill da rochin ter a inna
 Ag m'royere ne mercholl da ym beit in sann cholg sneith
 No schayd elli a ber foynow di wronna so re ennycht
 Skea cheenzaik no schayd orryk far aiss formit ni wulle
 Wssless ym brwnnych no elli ollew in sirri
 Da ym bea in lea mor mathi zaithew no in dark drwtych
 Ner wunyth farda clachlin gin weith fa eachree dwltych
 Da bi less in dow seillin m'leoda da in nythrin clarri
 Less ni haksow in teachsin ga ba a racha da harre
 Ta ag torkill ogeanych nach myghich namm choltke
 Cosga gych terri zi hylych di loyg menyeh gow cokgi
 Ne warri no eiss cachullin na torkill dwlling tentaa
 Lawe is callma si is clista fer wreisse gi a bernna
 Gar zinvin m'v^c corkill ne wollin ay er ansicht
 Far is tress in noyr awza ewthir zraw zin wratycht
 Ne elle ni re no flaa di wadda rath za goalla
 Ne v'callen katreine boss weilli arla doilch . . .
 Inynn earla erzeill in neywen is farri hoaris
 Horrimyr ben ir neille di zayk wor zreive zast
 Ne v'callen crowich oykwla cowle mir in cornan cass.
Hoaris.

A houdir so gillecalum m'yn noollew.

Hanic yvyr mi hurss cha lamm quhoy in wlygin soo
 Ne tugsi zi nach nacht tug mi hurss hecht mir hanic
 Gai bee neach nach tuggi sin hecht coythlane dim chow
 Ni lwtsi faich om chomm turssi na creachew royowm

FHUAIREAS mac mar an t-athair; mach thar flathaibh ar n-eòlais,
 A airill 'aghaidh 'us aigne, 'us mi 'g a chaidrimh an Leodhas;
 Fios agus aigne flath, uair rathach le an deantar,
 Deirim leat am mac so fhuair mi, gur a b'è an Ruaraidh ceudna.
 Is ionann an da chùl, is onoir athar dh' a 'fholt fainneach,
 Is ionann a mholtar an cathaibh, Toreuil 'us 'athair airidheach.
 De'n tigeadh ri linn Thoreuil, ni e lochda do'n trom dhaimh,
 Do ni dha beart 'us buaidhean, aithris a fhuair Mac Colmain.
 Iomadh ceaird air a mholtar, Toreuil an amhra chraoibh,
 Air lùth 'us air làmhach, cuiridh a thaic gu dol an cathaibh.
 A deir mi dh' a thaobh, d'éis aithne 's a eòlas,
 Nach tainig fear d'a aois is fearr, no rìgh so Leodhais.
 Do bu leis a chairge mhordha, seud a's soirbhe a fhuair sàil,
 De bhronnadh Mac Mhic Thoreuil, da rochdainn tir a fhineadh,
 Aig Mac Ruaraidh nam mircheol, do 'm bitheadh an seann cholg snaigh-
 'N a seud eile a b'fhior fuanadh, do bhronnadh se rìgh Eanaich. [each,
 Sgiath cheannghaig 'n a seud oirdheire, fear is farumaich nimheil,
 Usa leis am bronnadh, no a bheil ullamh an sireadh.
 Da am bith an leth mòr maith, dh' eachaibh 'n an dearg druidhteach,
 Nior bhuineadh fear a chleachdainn, gun bhith fo eachraidh diultach.
 Do bu leis an Dubh Seibhlin, Mac Leoid do 'n iarrann cliara,
 Leis na th' aigse an t-each sin, ge b'è a rachadh d' a iarraidh.
 Tha aig Toreuil òganaich, nach meathaich an àm chogaidh,
 Casgadh gach tir dh' a theaghlach, de shluagh miannach gu cogadh.
 Ni b'fhèarr 'n a aois Cuchullain, na Toreuil d'fhulang teanntachd,
 Lamh is calma 's is clisde, fear a bhriseas gach a bearna.
 Ge 'r ionmhuinn Mac Mhic Thoreuil, nior mholainn e air annsachd,
 Fear is treise an uair agha, iuchar ghràidh do 'n bhantrachd.
 Ni bheil mac rìgh no flath, do b'fhaide rath do chualas,
 Ge minic leinn an rochdainn, is fearr no Toreuil a fhuaireas.
 Ni Mhic Chailein, Caitriona, bos mhil earlamh dualchas,
 Inghin Iarla Earaghaidheal, an aon bhean is fearr a fhuaireas.
 Fhuaireamar bean ar n-ìle, de gheug mhor dhream ghasda,
 Ni Mhic Chailein chraobhach ògail, cùl mar an coirnean cas.
 Fhuaireas.

Is e ùghdair so Gilliecalum Mac an Ollaimh.

Thainig aobhar mo thuirse, cha leam chaidh a bhliadhna so,
 Ni tuigse do neach nach tuig, mo thuirse theachd mar thainig,
 Cia b'è neach nach tuigeadh sin, theachd comhlan do 'm chumha,
 Na lotsa feuch o'm chom, tuirse na creuchda ro gheibheam.

Is hevin lamm ga degkir royf tegwaill er chort ni co . . .
 It ta ym brone gym crayg fa claa is mor mi zrayg zin . . .
 Ha mi crei na za la cha neynith aa weith breista
 Ha mi chorp gin noyill gin nwl mir woct gin troyr ch . . .
 Cha neynith kow za mayd orrw in ney v'merraid
 A beith cwnich er waath yn ir cha nwlmist flaath zaks . . .
 Is trwni zwnith na zwl anwon na zey sin seill
 Mi craw is toyr er zwl ass in law foaris wo Eithnis
 Ga dagkir lamm dellew riss m'oone a choarra will . .
 Is messi ay gyn willi ass gin way tilli gow heinis
 Ga fadda weithm woa mow is mi luch toayllis ym zei
 Di bi zanith mi rayth rinn kenich cha nearrih orr . . .
 Cha neynith magnith di waith re faggin tearn elli
 Mi lane gin mi wreith gi tromm o ta mi re gin anw . . .
 Di crawg mi cre za essi skaill is furris a assness
 Cha nelli fwlich er mi wrone di wlygh cwrith mi . . .
 Mor mi wrone is ne henith doith cha twrssi ta . . .
 Zargin mi creith gi lomm gin sleith in albin aggwn
 Nessi oss egin doif tryill mi wee ag caith f . . .
 Ra luithsi di banith zwl a hinsoo ald a alb . . .
 Ga di rylum is degkir lwm ga ta mir eahw orrw
 Mi rown di zlowe a mew cowle reim zowe ym zeyge
 Is sai neit fa derri zoif er lamne cha vec in tyvir
 Gin mi zeil a heacht er ass eill er a lechtisi enis
 Is trwm na ayg sin a low tanic za amsir
 A cnoo chre si craw cwrp gin slee ag caich ga zeilt
 Ner hellis dwnni er doithin a wayd a raith er chensichyth
 Gyr falli orn agis ort malli lar horn a hygirt
 O sai zonedir a zwl troyg nach awl di waamir
 A v'mur wasszall vinn gin dwn tasgin aggin
 In nean neach ra ygre zill na gar gin doll na zeyge
 Noch rayey is feddi no sin din waid vag di wontyr
 Luch catdrew a chowle gamm er nanich chach a gomun
 A nagni di choye er assi troye gi caddrew ass taguss
 Da bi zekgir commis rwm is di we om hearn aggwm
 Catdrew coychoill is tawf agni roywor gin an lawe
 Nor hed caith za dy noyll is sea mi chwt da nonor
 Weith fa wrone gin dein a mew ag goyll mi zeill di chowe
 Tym anvin gin dol ter ayss cha nanin cōwe ass magwss
 . ach aggi din chowe mee is palte ni dowe elli
 . ymith neach roythin reyve di chur cowe fa zemeyg
 . na wonso darvir loom wrskal nar zawe roythim
 Di quhoala mee fad o hen—ut sequitur in alio loco etc.
 Mac sowalti ni bree binn daltan chaiff is chonell.

Is aoibhinn leam ge deacair roimhe, teughbail air ghoirt ena . . .
 A ta am bròn gu 'm chradhadh fo 'm chlàibh, is mòr mo ghràdh do'n . . .
 Tha mo chridhe 'na dha leth, cha-n ioghnadh e bhi briste,
 Tha mo chorp gun fheol gun fhuil, mar bhochd gun treoir . . .
 Cha-n ioghnadh cumha dh' a meud, orm an deigh Mhic Mairid,
 Abhi cuimhneach air mhaith an fhir, cha-n bheileamaid flath o dh'fhàg . . .
 Is truime dhuinne na dhol, anmhuinn 'n a dheigh 's an t-saoghal,
 Mo chràdh a's d'fhuaire air dhol as, an làmhach fhuaireas o Aonghus,
 Ge deacair leam dealach' ris, Mac Eoin a chomhraidh mhilis,
 Is miosa e gun mhilleadh esa, gun bhi tilleadh gu 'innis.
 Ge fada a bhitheam o m'agh, us mo luchd tuaileis a'm dheigh,
 Do bu dheanadh mo rath ruinn, ceannach cha-n iarradh orra . . .
 Cha-n ioghnadh m'aigne do bhaithte, ri faicsinn tighearn eile,
 Mi làn gun mo bhrìgh gu trom, o ta mo rìgh gun anamain.
 Do chràdhadh mo chridhe d'a éis, sgeul is furasd a fhaisneas,
 Cha-n eil fulachd air mo bhròn, do bhlagh cuiridh . . .
 Mor mo bhròn 'us ni h-ioghnadh dhomh, cha tuirse . . .
 Dheargainn mo chridhe gu lom, gun sliochd an Albain againn.
 Nis o 's éigin domh triall, mo bhi aig càch fo . . .
 Ri luidhese do b'aithne dhol, á h-innse ald na h-Albainn.
 Ge do thriallaim is deacair leam, ge ta mar fhiachaibh orm,
 Mo rùn do dhlù a mùghadh, cùl re'm dhùthaich a 'm dheigh.
 Is e an ni fa d'éirich dhomh, ar leam cha bheag an t-aobhar,
 Gun mo ghaoil a theachd air ais, Ile air a leth taobh Innis.
 Is trom na aghaidhsan, a lùth thainig dha aimsir,
 A cnàmh' chridhe 's a cràdh' chorp, gun slighe aig càch d'a dhiolt.
 Nior shaoileas duine ar domhainn, a mheud a rath air cheansachadh,
 Gur falamh oirnn agus ort, mala le'r h-oirnn a thigeadh.
 O 's e ghuineadar a dhol, truagh nach amhuil a bhamar,
 A Mhic Mhuire bhos-gheal bhinn, gun duine a d'asgainn againn.
 An aoin neach r'a aghaidh ghile, na gur gun dol 'n a dheigh,
 Noch rath is fada no sin, de'n mheud bha aig do mhuinntir.
 Luchd caidrimh a chuill cam, air n' aithnich càch an comunn,
 An aigne do chaidh air ais, is truagh gach caidrimh as d'eugmhais.
 Do bu dheacair coimeas rium, 'us do bhi o 'm thighearn agam,
 Caidreamh cochaill 'us daimh, aigne ro mhòr gun a laimh.
 'N uair theid càch dha do'n òl, is e mo chuid de'n onoir,
 Bhith fo bhròn gun deanamh mùgh, ag òl mo dhiol de chumha.
 Taim anmhuinn gun dol tar éis, cha-n anmhuinn cumha as m'eugmhais.
 Cach aig do'n chumha mi, is pailte na dubha eile,
 Iomadh neach romhainn riamh, do chur cumha fo dhimbiodh,
 . na bhuin so dearbhar leam, ursgeul na'r ghabh romham,—
 Do chuala mi fad o shean, etc.—Ut sequitur in alio loco.
 Mac samhailt na brìgh binn, daltan Chaoimh 'ns Chonuil.

Artour dawle mak gurkych.

Dail chawle er chastel soyne swork in nathre in innisfail
 Markeich yth rachtych nyth tonnyth glantyr barkyth done nyth zawe
 Fir ardyth geggyr nyth longso er lome loyth lenis cort
 Newe lawyth gin galzaith gast nare scarryth snast swork
 Dyth chottonew is dew zegre yin nyth barg fa chrewe laig
 Dyth chothrew in gress clar zone lochlynnych is armyn eaid
 Dyth clyew gin or is ded eggyr vark nyth brad done
 Narre claith dyth zaithew galzaith skaith re fraew lawrych long
 Er skayth scai er scwddai brakith broo scarrych chorkrych cloch nor
 Broythnyth ad keve agis collar er teve nyth slat ro zarrowe
 Geyth gorm in golnew lowark long gai lenyth nare traith
 Claith hend zai gohind dyth cholgeu forrin skaith re bordew barg
 Mnaew findmyth in grenanew longsyth lappyth ard ag naynyth vawle
 Pyllyth vrakkyth zawe gane darryth lap ag mnaew ra hanelait and
 Pyllyth wrakith royl is tynoll is e sen lochr in long
 Byve hwnenyth syth ror goth dwllych royl chorkir oss gych cran
 Gin lawin chroy gin chreiss codyth nar gerve seiss gin chur la clar
 Na said derrit and gyn nymirt dyth clarrew cland vyn ard vail
 Ner cholis urdil in nane zor nynoss gyn chur re kard
 Na said or o errin aggyth dyn wrone var hang dattyth derk
 Ni low la long zane loigew ym baith na nach is nid boe
 Gin ocht gin von dew gyn wronenyth snee el ter gyn lomyth loe
 Ne heillssyth loa carve zai garrew in lane dynnoss hyntych voy
 Ag ryne or er vardew ra hard zoive carve coyne
 Ymit fer land is fer lorych ymit fer loith gyth lem caith
 Ra sow monezone farg farzone ra hard in long banchar blaith
 Ka so la soltyr in cawlych er chaslane soyne sleive trom
 Fer srengych nach sechnit sedyth lai chryne schorryth codeith coy
 One m'soyne soil yth longsyth er drome yth choyne croy in kenn
 Cryne yth long deine chor in nard dervit tone in varg . . .
 Geith gyth derrych zove nane dye ag keil akkyth deryth trait
 Soil vrakkyth zove na bolgew oyne id tech gow bordew barg
 Gavis eine aggirsaid evin in nuch chnappiddil corg kow . . .
 Nawra vartew donenyth dalvyeh lakrych crandyth lowyth is
 Lynd ag ballichew albin fartych faltych ra hocht sliomis . . .
 Alin sin in gorkrych colane sillyth drochtych lomlane lynd
 Faltych ag sroythew sleyve moone re m'soynyth sleve miss
 Teggyth tantydh daksd nane nyrvr daltyr mir rask rinland riss
 Leggyth gaiggyth in glownyth fow fartych failtych rar vlaith coil
 Mest slantyth cowl gych callyth trome in valtyth nye oyne

Artuir dall Mac Gurcaich.

Dail chabhlaich air Chaisteal Suibhne, suaire an eachdraidh an Innisfail,
 Marcaich a rachadh nan tonn, glantair bare an tonn nior ghabh.
 Fir arda ag eagar na luingse, air leam luath a leanas cuairt,
 Ni bhith làmh gun ghalghath gasd, an aireamh sgarach, snasda, suaire.
 Do chotanaibh is duibh dh' eagraidh, do na bharc fa chraobh léig,
 De choraighibh an crios clàr-dhaoine, Lochlanaich is armuinn iad.
 De chleathaimh gon òr 'us deud, eagar bhàrc nam breid donn, [long.
 An aireamh cliath de ghathaibh galghath, sgiath ri fraighibh lamhrach
 Air sgiath sgiathach air sgud breac, brù sgarach chorcrach, chlothara,
 Broin fhad caomh 'us comhlair, air taobh nan slat ro gharbh. [traigh,
 Gaoth ghorm an guailnibh an luath bharc, long 'g a lionadh an éiridh
 Cliabh theann do chochuinge de cholgaibh, foirionn sgéith ri bordaibh bàrc.
 Mnathan fionn an grianuibh 'n longsa, leabaidh ard aig nigheanaibh mball,
 Pille bhreac dhoibh gun d'fhuaireadh, leap aig mnathaibh ri eanfhlaithe
 Pille bhreac de shroil is taitheanal, is e sin lothar an long, [ann.
 Baoibh, shonnanach, 's an ruathar gu dol, 'shroil chorcuir os gach crann.
 Gun lamhan chruaidh gun chrìos cuide, nar garbh sìos gun chur ri cleir,
 Na seoid d'éirich ann gun imirt, de chliaraibh, clann bhinn ard bhéil.
 Nior chualas urdail an Fhian, dh'ur n-innis gun chuir ri ceaird,
 Na seoid ùr o Eirinn aca de'n bhroin bhar-sheang, dathta, dearg.
 Ni luath leatha long dhe 'n longaibh, am bi na neach 'us ni 'd beo,
 Gun och, gun lionn dubh, gun bhròn, 's ni bheil teirginn loma leo.
 Ni shaoileadh si luath cairbh de chairbh, an làn de 'n nòs shiute
 Aig roinn òr air bhàrdaibh, ri h-àrd dhoibh cairbhe cuain. [uaith,
 Iomadh fear lann 'us fear luirich, iomadh fear luath gu leum catha,
 Ri sùgh muinghin fairg fearghuin, ra h-ard an luing banchair blaith.
 Cia so le soltar an cabhlach, air chaislean Suibhne Sleibh troma,
 Fear sreangach nach seachnadh seideadh, le chroinn sireadh chuid còir.
 Eoin Mac Suibhne, seol an longsa, air druim a chuain, cruaidh an ceann,
 Croinn an luing dean chur an aird, dearbhaid tuinn a bharc sin. . . .
 Gaoth gun d'éirich dhoibh 'n an deigh, aig Caol Aca deireadh tràigh,
 Siuil bhreaca dhoibh 'n am bolgaibh, Eoin a teachd gu bord . . .
 Gabhas an acarsaid aoibhin, an uchd Chnapadail coirce . . .
 An amhra mhòr, tiugh, donn, dealbhach, lacharach, crannach, luath 'us . . .
 Leinn aig ballachaibh Albainn, furtach failteach ri uchd sloimh . . .
 Aluinn sin an corcradh comhlàn, sìleadh driuchd lomlan loinn.
 Failteach aig sruthaibh Sleibh Muin, ri Mac Suibhne Sleibh Mis,
 Tigidh cainntich d'fhogus 'nan eirbhar, daltair mar rosg roinnlan ris.
 Leigidh geug an glùn fo fhàirtidh, failteach ri 'r bhlaith goil,
 Mìse slainte cùl gach cala, trom am failte an aghaidh Eoin.

Tegge eiss ellin albin yth farrit faltyth er one chone miss
 Lwch canteith myr venour dychnir failtyth o renew riss
 Grayth wee ymirwae ane ettryth feine in nan choil
 Annyth mir doesyth dey hr mr hai tullyth hanyth oyne
 Dyth neid caith in gasslane soyne fa hawik chroithin chryn vurb
 Soyit fa hymchil in scorsen fynvar neve luslane lurk
 Za ley hollis tewe nawit myr neve nathyr gone nyth grand
 Keil clave o zress ezoyr meilnayr less golayth gawle
 Cellar mitt oil v'soyne ra solss in nad clwk dyth choym
 Is feyr nach deine din klok in cawor sie deine doltnych valklang vor
 Nor nach deine dai lwrych thrawre er skai chottone na skadow
 Gavis rachlin sceinezar scarrych mevor clathwan calm cor
 In tane clai is farryth sin norpe sai is lewrych lenis myne
 Cai skaith sin doyn nach dingsen treach gyn noyn dlyne erm
 One m'soyne ny sly godyth lai cholg tane teskbych vawle
 Sar nach skaith wai skai brak done taris treach dekhorn dawle.
 Dail chawle.

Yssbell ne v'kellan.

Margi za gallir in grawg ga bee fa fane abbrum ee
 Degkir skarrichtin ra phart troyg in chayss in vellum feyn
 In grawg sen tuggis gin ness oss sai mi less gin a loyth
 Mir hwe mi furtych traas beeth mi wlaa gi tannyth troyg
 In fer sen za duggis graw ys nach feadis rawge oss nard
 Da gurfee missa boyn gymi do feyn is kayd marg.
 Margi.

A houdir so dunchaa ogga.

Seachta seyda ter mo hee ta gach sayada deive gim lot
 Teachta eddrim agis dea o say sin is mean lam chorp
 Hein dew ta in near ym bey za in goo anmyth creiss
 Menknit waal ay mee in boyt er ne hanyth foss yn neiss
 In darynth sayda in drwss sin a chwss da willum der
 Woo lot nyth syda na zoo ne ellwm boa woa a rein
 In tress dew id taa in naltew mi craw is steith
 Cha lega in lessga za doyn miss slee chor er beitht
 An carrow sayd in tant a zea mark in doyr ee gwn
 Furtych cha naym rem ray gin reach crea er mo vwn
 In cogew sayd din zlag chur demis a chur rwm gi holk

Tigidh aois Eilein Albainn, a farrach faillte air o'n thonn meise,
 Luchd cainnte mar bhuinear, deichnear faillte o rannaibh ris.
 Greath bhi iomarbhaidh ann, eadara féin ann an ceòl,
 Aithne nithear doibh 's an deagh uair, mar tha tulach àine Eoin.
 Do nithead cath an Caislean Suibhne, fa sheabhag chroidhein a chroinn
 Suidhead fa thimchioll an sgor sin, fionnmhor nimh luslan luirg. [bhuirb,
 De shleigh thollas taobh namhaid, mar nimh nathair guineich grannd,
 Caol chladheamb o ghreas a fhuair, meilnichear leis colna Ghall.
 Ceilearmaid uile Mhic Suibhne, ri soillse an fhad ghlug d' an chuain, [mòr.
 Is fìor nach dean do 'n ghlug an cabhar, 's e dian, diultnach, balglan,
 Nì'r nach dian doibh luireach threibheir air sgiath chotan na sgeith donn,
 Gabhas Reachlinn sgian-gheur sgarach, meobhar claidhean calma corr.
 An tan chladheamh is fearr 's an Eorpa, se is luireach le na 's miann,
 Cia sgiath 's an domhain nach dìongainn, treabhach gun on cloinn Èirinn.
 Eoin Mac Suibhne na sligheadach, le 'cholg tan, teasgach, mhall, [ach, dall.
 Fear noch 'sgiath bhi sgiath bhreac, dhonn, fhuaireas treabhach, deaghrun-
 Dail chabhlaich.

Iseabail ni Mhic Chailein.

Mairg do 'n galar an gràdh, ge b'e fàth fa 'n abraim e,
 Deacair sgarachdainn r'a phàirt, truagh an càs 's a bheileam féin,
 An gràdh sin thugas gun fhios, o 's e mo leas gun a luaidh,
 Mar fhaigh mi furtachd tràth, bithidh mo bhlàth gu tana truagh ;
 Am fear sin do 'n tugas gràdh, 'us nach faodas ràdh os n-aird,
 Da cuiridh mise am buan chioma, domh fein is ceud mairg.
 Mairg.

Is e ùghdair so Dunchadh òg.

Seachd saighid ta air mo thi, ta gach saighid diubh 'g am lot,
 'Teachd edraim agus Dia, o 's e sin is miann le' m chorp ;
 A h-aon diubh ta an t-uabhar, am bi dha an gath ann mo chrìos,
 Minic a mheall e mi am buaidh, air ni thainig fois a nis.
 An dara saighead an drus, sin a chuis do bheileam daor,
 O lot na saighid 'n a ghò, ni bheileam beò o a rian ;
 An treas diubh a ta, an altaibh mo chré a stigh,
 Cha leig an leisg dhe 'dheoin, mise slighe choir air bith ;
 An ceathramh saighead an t-sannt, a Dhia mairg an d'fhuair e guin,
 Furtachd cha-n fhaigheam ri m ré, gun riochd cré air mo mhuin.
 An cuigeamh saighead an glamair, dimeas a chuir rium gu h-ole,

Cut re marrum a chrawg agis o noch slane mi chorp
 Zeiwe in tessow sayd garga churris ferga eddrwm is cayd
 Mwrrre chaska nyn nurchir reym o nath wewm dein gow brath
 An seachtow sayd in tuil formit is tnaw riss gi neith
 Ni sayd gay in waymot kin inta sin cha nil er breith
 Zlaksin ille nach choyr mor a wilter lessin narm
 Char heilk dwn zeyve nar woyal char woul dwn reyve nor warve
 Currwm peaddir ein v'dey is crea nyn nostil gyth beacht
 Eddrwm agis gwn nyn arm is v psalm no vi no seacht.
 Seachta.

Auctor murreich albanach.

Meich doth treyl gow teigh pharris nor a zone gon a sorve
 Cossnome in teyg trane gin cherri gyn skail ag nach el orn
 Dane dy struth rad haggirt scor cwne gi dlow ymit tolk
 Na berra a hy reith gyn ag skail is preve ra akre ort
 Na dan folchan id fekgith ga grane re ynnis a holk
 Legga did chwt a clath davr mar be angre zayvil ort
 Dane di he ris in luchd drach ga din ga avezon lad cor
 Seur rid locht di zul dyn doyn ma ym be olk ri oyn ort
 Marg a threig teyg in ardre er zray phekke troy in nee
 In tolk in ne donna gi devyr ymmi in sin feyzin mon zneve
 Ag so sermon di heil nawzeve mir helim nath vil sche in brek
 Fulling a vaissyth schal gow sathin in fer noch dothe gin ded
 Ar a chenych seil nawzeve dwl a cholle agis da chree
 Er a reir gi dany salke gyr ga deine ra ym begca mee.
 Meich.

Murreich *ut supra*.

Baith yn cre vec zey pekkich mir a mee mor in skail
 Meissit dith di dor in neiss cross eiss crist er my vail
 A eissi crist sayn ditvoss mayth za choss is mo za lave
 Agis saynsi mis id zone a eddir ulli is sal is chnave
 Ner scurris danew ulk di chin voyr mi churp an . . .
 A choissvoyg gyn rove hawle er mi chenn is er mi chree
 Raith mis a voyr vor vin gi brone a ma dor li mai
 Sol fan dachaa mee fau nod gin rove roym gych rod raa.
 Baith.

Cuide ri m'urram a chràdhadh, agus o nach slan mo chorp ;
 Dhiubh an t-seathamh saighead gharg, chuireas fearg eadraim 'us càch,
 Muire 'chasgadh nan urchair rium, o nach fhaigheam dìon gu bràth ;
 An t-seachdamh saighead an t-sùil, farmad 'us tnù ris gach nì,
 Na saighid 'g am faigheamaid cion, annta sin cha-n 'eil ar brìgh ;
 Ghlac sin gille nach còir, mòr a mhilltear leis an arm,
 Char thilg duine dhoibh nar bhuail, char bhuail duine riamh nar mharbh.
 Cuiream paidear aoin mhic Dhé, 'us creud nan Abstol gu beachd,
 Eadraim agus guin nan arm, 'us cuig salm no sé no seachd.
 Seachd.

An t-ùghdair Muireadhach Albanach.

Mithich domh triall gu tigh Pharais, 'n uair a ghuin gun e soirbh,
 Cosnaim an tigh treun gun choire, gun sgeul aig neach eile oirn,
 Dean do sriuth ri 'd shagairt, 's coir cuimhneach gu dlù mu d' olc,
 Na beir do thigh rìgh gun agh, sgeul is prìomh ri agradh ort.
 Na dean folchann a'd pheacadh, ge grain ri innseadh a h-olc,
 Leigeadh do chuid an cleith dìomhair, mun bi angair gabhail ort,
 Dean do shìth ris an luchd dreuchd, ge dona, ge anbhuan le'd chor,
 Sguir ri'd lochd, do ghul dean domhain, mu 'm bi olc ri fhaighinn ort.
 Mairg a threigeadh tigh an Ardrigh, air ghràdh peacaidh, truagh an nì,
 An t-olc nì duine gu dìomhair, iomadh an sin fiachan mu'n ghnìomh.
 Aig so searmon do shìol an Adhaimh, mar shaoilim nach bheil se am
 Fulang a bhàis seal gu seachainn, is fìor nach deth gun d'theid, [breug,
 Fhìr a cheannaich sìol an Adhaimh, d' fhuil, a cholla, 'us da chridhe,
 Air a réir gun deanadh sealga, ge'r ge dian ri'm bitheadh mi.
 Mithich.

Am Muireadhach ceudna.

A bhi an cridhe Mhic Dhe, peacach mar mi mòr an sgeul,
 Mise d'a gun d'fhuair a nis, crois Iosa Criosd air mo bheul ;
 A Iosa Criosd sean de'd mhos, mo dha chos 'us mo dha làmh,
 Agus seansa mise de'd dhèoin, eadar fhuil, 'us shal, 'us chnàmh.
 Nìor sguireas deanamh uile, do chion mhòr mo chuirp a nì,
 A chaisrig gun robh thall, air mo cheann 'us air mo chridhe.
 Rath mis a mhoir fhìr bhinn, gach bròn mu'n d'fhuair le mì,
 Sul fa 'n deachaidh mi fo 'n fhoid, gun robh romham gach ròd reidh.
 A bhi.

A houdir soo murreich albanych.

Dane mi heggissk a threnoit a hearn in deit in choyl
 Ling er mi hange a threnot bennych inn id venot wor
 A threnot new er ni neyve nert marm neyve in noss
 Ling agis coddill ym chree a chinn phopbill neywe in noss
 Stur my layve teggisk mi chree teggisk mi roskg reith nyn skayle
 Ling er mi zouth gloss ym henge skouth reim chloos benne mi wayl
 Soo ym bayl leddri leive chaskis cayth chwneiss gi neith
 Soo yn tange nach terg lawryth benne a herk manmi ee
 Ort a threnoit ocht a threnoit ter yn leyghis lawyr rwmm
 Id ta a will zal chrann darrych cree pekkych sallych yn sown
 Gar zolk maa nar willis denyth ne zarni merlee a v'zey
 Mi law nochar leddar dwnyth fregir er zraw wur mee
 Fer gin danynsi dane breyga er wrega ella awra gorm
 Ne zin wreyga er wreyga ella re in deyde er ormmae
 Hwss a hug elle in nwm ne hagoyr zoiss zwll reay
 Noch cha lawe in rik no aalsi helic dane dawsi ach dea
 Ne dwni er talwun dim heggisk a hearn ach hwss feyn
 Ne far a ne rann ach re neiwe di ne hawle si chre cheyll
 Ma si licht fer er a willum caythe ay mayd moyd iun
 Mass er a wreyg a taym a threnot leyg er layr ner royd inn
 Ner choyr crea na tallow harrum ach tonn wraye beg in nerg
 Ner choyr ne elli dim allich a reith ach tennyth zarrych zerga
 Di zalvesi in teyve soo a threnot di hallow is di henni wee
 Dwnni di henni is hallown fwnni zy r awli ee.

THE following fragment is continued from pages 12 and 13 of the Gaelic, where the first twenty-two lines of the composition will be found. Having been misplaced in the ms., the leaf containing the following lines was only discovered after the rest had been printed off :—

Ga beg a chwle chronanych ni in dad one zat zryme
 Gin nis din re woralych ne rey fa wil a skaye
 Ne hay sin di v'cowle re math we sin ne faynow,
 Rachteis fir in doythin 'n a thigh wle gin nearri
 Is troygh lwm a henor is how in derri teissi
 Cha chorymich a wra sin ver how er mi reissi

Is e ùghdair so Muireadhach Albanach.

Dean mo theagasg a Thrianaid, a Thighearna d' an teid an ceòl,
 Ling air mo theangaidh a Thrianaid, beannaich ann ad bhinne mhòir,
 A Thrianaid naoimh air na neamhaibh, neartaich m' arm naomh a nis,
 Ling agus codail a'm chridhe, a chinn phobuill neimh an nois.
 Stiuir mo làmh, teagaisg mo chridhe, teagaisg mo rosg, rìgh nan sgeul,
 Ling air mo ghuth, gluais a'm theangaidh, sguth ri m chluais, beannaich mo
 So am beul leadradh leibh, chaisgeas cath, chuimhn 'eas gach ni, [bheul,
 So an teangaidh nach tearc labhradh, beannaich a sheirce m 'anamain.
 Ort a Thrianaid, och ! a Thrianaid, toir mo leigheas, labhair rium,
 A ta amhail gheal chrann daraich, cridhe peacach salach an sunn.
 Ge h-olc mi nior mhilleas daoine, ni dheanadh mearla, 'Mhic Dhé,
 Mo lamh noch char leadar duine, freagair air ghràdh Mhuire mi.
 Fior gun deanainnse dion breige, air bhreug eile amhra gorm,
 Ni dhe 'n bhreug air bhreug eile, a rìgh an teid air orm ;
 Thusa a thug eile annam, ni h-eucoir dhomhsa dhol réidh,
 Noch cha lamh ionraic no uasal, thiodhlaic dion dhomhsa ach Dia.
 Ni duine air thalmhainn do 'm theagasg, a Thighearna ach thusa féin,
 Ni fear a ni rann ach Rìgh neimh, do ni h-amhail 's a chré cheill.
 Ma 's e slighe fhior air a bheileam, gabhaidh e meud moid inn,
 Ma 's air a bhreug a taim a Thrianaid, leig air lathair an fhior roid fhinn.
 Nior chuireas cré na talamh tharam, ach tonn bhraigh, beag an fhearg,
 Nior chuireas ni eile do 'm fholach, a Rìgh ach teine gàireach dearg ;
 Do dhealbhassa an taobh so, a Thrianaid, do thalamh 'us de theine bhi,
 Duine de theine 'us thalmhainn, fuine gheibhear amhlaidh e.

Ge beag a chul chronanach, ni 'n teid aon ghath gréine,
 Gun fhios do 'n rìgh mhoralach 'n a ré fo bhil a sgéith.
 Ni tha sin do Mhac Cumhail, rìgh maith bhi sin na Fianna,
 Rachadas fir an domhain 'n a thigh uile gun iarraidh.
 Is truagh leam a sheanair 'us thu an deireadh d' aoise,
 Cha chothromach a bhreith sin bheir thu air mo rìghse.

Barr in chath layddir verri fenni ny fayni
 Na di hearnyth craue is tow feyn lay cheill
 Bog sin a henor a ne an coyra bolla
 Is far dea re hynlay na fayne errin olla
 Ga taring mi layis is me derri meissi
 Phadrik na toythr ayhis er mathew clynmi beiskni
 Ne hurrinn zwt aythris ossin v^c in reayne
 Ach nath innyn far mathis agis flathis mi heyarni
 Di warra aggwm conane far mewlass ni fayni
 Ne legfe layd wnnill di chomis a cleyrri
 Na habbir sen a ossin is anmein di wrayrri
 Be fest gi fostynich is gawe hugit me ryilt
 Da wacca ni catha is ni braddiche grast
 Ne wee ane reid id ter ter ach moyir ni fayni
 Ossin v^c ni flaa mest tanmyn a beithyll
 Na cwne ni cath cha nil ag asling sin seill
 Da glun ni gyir is meith ni shealga
 Bar lat wee na warri na wea si chaythir noya
 Troyg sin a henor is meithur ni schelga
 Faychin gi honnor za wil si chaythir noa
 Na habbir sin a phadrik is fallow di wrayrri
 In deggow sin daynyth barr finu is no fayni
 Er a lawe v^c eweissni ne fallow mi wrarri
 Is farr angil din di hanglew na finu is ni faynyth
 Da beanyth mir a weissith a gath zawryth ni beymin
 Di zelin in demis ver tow er ayne errin
 Dimmyth di wor zail er cath di heill
 Ni warrin did choyth lawyith ach how neiss a tenour
 Da marri mi zenissi ne estin di choyllane
 Is zoywo di hemoo in narrik di choyrri
 Da mardeis sin ulli si goynith ra cheilli
 Ne wea mi holli lwe re vii caithe ni fayni
 Vii fegthit urrit urrit vil tuss zi cleyrrew
 Di huttideis sin ulli lay oskir na heny
 Ta tou in der di heill a henor gin cheyll
 Scur a neiss id wreysrow is be fest zim rayr
 Da wacca in lwcht cogthoill a v^cfin in alvin
 Ne raacha za gomor re muntir ni caythre noya
 Aggis ner low ir dynoyll nor heg most gow tawri
 Sanossil ni braythryth fane woory zi rynis
 Mathwm zwt a cleyrre di sgeul na hynnis.

Innis down.

B' fhearr an cath laidir bheireadh Fionn na Feinn,
 No do Thighearn cràbhaidh 'us tu fhéin le chéile.
 Bochd sin a sheanair a ni an còmhradh boile,
 Is fearr Dia re h-aon la no Feinn Eirinn uile.
 Ge teirce mo laithese 'us mi an deireadh m' aoise,
 Phadruig na toir aitheas air maithibh Cloinne Baoisgne.
 Ni h-urrainn dhuit aithris Ossian Mhic an Rioghain,
 Ach nach ionann ar maithese 'us flaitheas mo Thighearna.
 Da marrainn agam Conan fear mi-bhlasd na Feinn,
 Ni leigeadh le d' mhuineal do chomas a chleirich.
 Na h-abair sin a Ossian 'us ainmeine do bhriathran,
 Bi feasd gu foistinneach 'us gabh thugad mo riaghailt.
 Da facadh na catha 'us na brataichean greasda,
 Ni bhi aon rud ann d' aire ach meoghair na Feinn.
 Oisiain, mhic na flath misd d' anamain a bicheanta,
 Na cuimhne na cath cha-n eil aig aisling 's an t-saoghail.
 Da cluinnteadh na gadhair us meoghair na seilge,
 B' fhearr leat bhi 'n a ghoire na bhi 's a chaithir naoimhe.
 Truagh sin a sheanair is meoghair na seilge,
 Fa chionn gach onoir dha bheil 's a chaithir naoimh.
 Na h-abair sin a Phadruig, is falamh do bhriathra,
 An deugaidh 's an deimhin, b' fhearr Fionn 's na Fianna.
 Air a laimh Mhic Baoisgne, ni falamh mo bhriathra,
 Is fearr aingeal de na h-ainglibh na Fionn 'us na Fianna.
 Da bithinn mar a bhitheas an cath Ghabhra nam beuman,
 Do dhiolainn an dimeas bheir tu air Feinn Eirinn.
 Do imich do mhòrdhail air càch de d' shaoghal,
 Ni marrainn de d' chomhlamhaich ach thu nis a'd aonar.
 Da maireadh mo dhaoinese ni éisdinn do ghòlan,
 'Us gheibheadh tu do iompaidh an éiric do chòmhradh.
 Da mhairdeas sinn uile 's sinn coinneachadh r' a chéile,
 Ni bhi mo h-uile luaidh, ri seachd cathan na Feinn.
 Seachd fichead uiread uiread am bheil tusa di chleirichibh
 Do thuiteadas sin uile le Osgar 'n a aonar.
 Tha thu an deireadh do shaoghail a sheanair gun cheill,
 Sguir a nis de'd bhriathraibh 'us bi feasd do 'm réir.
 Da fhacadh an luchd cochaill a Mhic Fhinn an Almhuinn,
 Ni rachadh do chomradh muinntir na cathrach naoimhe,
 Agus nior lugha ar tionoil 'n uair thigamaid gu Tabhra.
 Is anuasail na briathran fa 'n mhòr rìgh a rinneas,
 Matheam dhuit a chléirich, do sgeul 'n a h-innis.
 Innis duinn.

EONE makphadrik vec voylchollum v'eoin doif vec eone v'gregor
v'eone v'weillchollum vec conquhy veg v'conquly a strwlee v'illelane
v'ey urquhaych v'kennane vec alpen agis in kennan sen bee ardree albin
gi daywin ansi norsin agis in teone soo an in tean dwn deyk von
kennan so id dowirt me—agis duncha deyroclych m'dowle v'oyne
reywych di skreyve so a lowrow shenchyth nyn reig, agis roo zenyth
anno dⁿⁱ millesimo quin^{mo} duodecimo.

Eoin Mac Phadruig, mhic Mhaoilcholuim, mhic Eoin duibh, mhic Eoin, mhic Grigoir, mhic Eoin, mhic Mhaolcholuim, mhic Dhunchaidh bhig, mhic Dhunchaidh a Sruileadh, mhic Ghillfhaolain, mhic Aoidh Urchaidh, mhic Coinnich, mhic Alpain ; agus an Coinneach sin b'e ardrigh Albain gu deimhin 's an uair sin ; agus an t-Eoin so an t-aon duine deug o'n Choinneach so a dubhairt mi.—Agus Dunchadh daoroglach Mac Dhughaill, mhic Eoin Riabhaich, do sgriobh so á leabhraibh seanachaidh nan righ ; agus ro dheanadh Anno Domini Millesimo Quingentesimo duodecimo.

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

THE Dean's MS. was put into the hands of the present translator a few years ago by Mr. Cosmo Innes, with a view to a correct account being given of its contents. After a considerable time spent on deciphering the difficult handwriting, and resolving the strange and irregular orthography, he gave a fuller account of it than had been given before, in a paper read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. He was aware that a transcript of the MS. had been made by a Gaelic scholar of the highest reputation, the late Mr. M'Lachlan of Aberdeen; but that transcript was altogether unknown save by one or two individuals, and was at the time thought to be lost. In December 1860, the publishers proposed to the writer that he should undertake transcribing and translating the MS. with notes, Mr. Skene undertaking to write a historical introduction, with additional notes. There was good reason for reluctance in undertaking such a work. There was immense difficulty in the task itself, consisting very much in an exercise of ingenuity, the results to be tested by comparison, in guessing the meaning of words phonetically spelled; there was the labour of writing the same thing in three different forms; and there was in all this large demands upon time otherwise engrossed by the duties of a profession, whose calls the keeping of a good conscience, and duty to a Divine Master, would not admit of being neglected or postponed. The work itself,

however, was very congenial, as contributing somewhat to the literature of the Celtic countrymen of the writer, the literature of a period, too, of which few other literary remains of theirs exist. He therefore undertook to devote his spare hours for a season to the work, which is now laid before the public.

The difficulties did not become less than was anticipated when they came to be practically dealt with. There was first the transcription of the original. A facsimile specimen of the writing is given in this volume, from which some idea may be formed of its character. The handwriting is the current English hand of the fifteenth century, with a few additional peculiarities borrowed from the Gaelic writing of the same period, as practised both in Scotland and Ireland. As is common in the writing of the period, the same sign is used both for *c* and *t*. There is often no distinction between *o* and *e*, *u* and *n*, or *f* and *s*; and in the hurry of writing the Dean often wrote *m* for *n*, and *vice versâ*; and the letter *z* stands for all the sounds resembling the consonant *y*. Besides, there are numerous contractions, the same sign being often used for *in*, *im*, and *ir*, and the Irish dot (·) is often used as a substitute for *h*. The MS. is in many places much decayed, and the writing in consequence much obscured, while the orthography is by no means quite regular. The transcript has, however, been carefully made from the original, and compared again in proof, and the reader, with the allowance necessary in the circumstances already described, may feel assured that in the original, as printed, he has a correct copy of the Dean's work.

The work, however, was not beyond the threshold when the transcription was complete. It was in interpreting the Dean's phonetic Gaelic, so as to form the modern Gaelic edition, that the chief difficulty arose; and here the translator was left altogether without guide to lead the way, except in the case of a few

of the Ossianic poems. There were three peculiar difficulties to be encountered here,—first, the frequent occurrence of obsolete words,—words not to be found in any dictionary of the Scottish Gaelic,—and the meaning of which could only be learned from some acquaintance with the ancient MS. writings of Scottish and Irish scribes ; secondly, there was the introduction into the Dean's grammar of the Irish eclipsis, turning in his orthography *f* into *w*, *c* into *g*, *b* into *m*, and *d* into *n*, without any hyphen ; and there was, last of all, the accentuation, which, in a number of the pieces, lays the emphasis on the latter syllable of dissyllabic words, and thus alters to a Scotch reader the whole rhythm of the lines. Many of these pieces will not read as poetry at all, unless read in accordance with the Irish method of accentuation. It was known to all acquainted with early Gaelic literature, how much there was that was common to the literature of Scotland and Ireland. This miscellany fully establishes the fact, while it also shows that, in the fifteenth century, Scottish Gaelic, as exemplified in some of these compositions, especially those of Finlay M'Nab, had its own distinctive features. There is nothing more interesting than the weight given in the allusions in these poems to the existence and influence of the Bardic schools at the period, and the large prizes usually conferred by the wealthy on successful poets.

The translation into English was, upon the whole, a less arduous process than the previous one. It might have been otherwise had the attempt been made to translate into English poetry. This, however, has been carefully avoided. The rendering has been made so literal as that the meaning of every sentence in Gaelic is conveyed in English, so far as the editor has been able to do it ; and the translation is merely somewhat lightened, and the reading made more agreeable, by having the baldness of mere literality removed, and the lines made somewhat smooth and flowing.

In some cases the spelling and handwriting together have so obscured the words, that the editor has been quite unable to give anything like a satisfactory rendering ; hence there will be found, in a very few instances, what are apparently different words in the original and modern version. Some instances will also be found of words written in the modern version according to the analogy of the Dean's orthography, while the precise word intended has not been identified. The editor has only to say regarding these and any other cases of doubtful rendering, which in such a work must be numerous, that he will be happy to receive through the publishers any suggestions from Gaelic scholars which may help to secure greater accuracy.

It is only necessary to say farther, that in extending the modern Gaelic version of these poems, it was perfectly impossible to exclude all the older forms of the language. In many places to do so would have been to destroy the whole poetical structure of the composition. It was essential to retain the "da," *if*, the "fa," *on*, or *under*, and the "co" or "go," *with*, besides numerous forms of the verb, which it is the practice now to call Irish, but which were common at an early period to the literature of both countries. It was perfectly impossible, with anything like justice to these compositions, to bring them into exact conformity with the rules of modern Scottish Gaelic.

The present volume contains every line of Ossianic or Fenian poetry in the Dean's MS. It also contains every composition having reference to Scotland, with the exception of five ; two of these being so much defaced, and so many of the words obscured by time and exposure, that it is impossible to give anything like an accurate version of them. The other three are eulogies on the clan Gregor chiefs, so much of a piece with those already given, that they would not contribute to the literary value of the work. The purely Irish poems of the O'Huggins, the O'Dalys, etc., are not given in this work, whose object is to

illustrate the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands at an early period. A few specimens, such as the laments of Gormlay, wife of Nial Glundubh, and daughter of Flann Sionna, Queen of Ireland, have been transcribed as specimens, which may be not uninteresting either to the Scottish or Irish reader. The Irish compositions are, with few exceptions, of a religious character.

T. M'L.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1861.

In a note at p. 43, it is said that an edition of the poem by Allan M'Rory, there translated, would be given at the close of the work, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman, Christina Sutherland, in Caithness, in the year 1854. It is now given, but without a translation, which is not thought necessary.

DUAN CATHA GHABHRA.

Is trom an nochd mo chumha féin, guilgeantach mo rian,
 Smuaineachadh a chatha chruaidh, chuir mise 'us Cairbar claon-ruadh.
 A mhic 's a Chormaig shuinn, is mairg sin fhuaireadh fo a laimh,
 Laoch gun ghràin cha do chuir, ann a dha laimh iuthaidh.
 Labhairidh Baranta gu prap, cuimhnich Mucanais, cuimhnich fathasd,
 Cuimhnich 'ur sinnsreadh, 's 'ur linn, cuimhnich na cìsean bhitheadh
 cruaidh,
 Bha aca an Eirinn ri'r linn, gu 'n bhi ag iocadh do Mhac Cumhail.
 Gu 'm b'fhearr tuiteam air a mhaigh, sinn 'us an Fheinn le chéile,
 No bhi air barr a mhaigh, bhi an Fheinn air a mhadair thir.
 Chuir sinn ar comhairle chruaidh, sinn 'us an Fheinn ri aon uair,
 Feuchainn an cuireadh gach òg aghach, ceangal air . . .
 An oidhche sin duinn gu lè, eadar mhnathan Fhiann 's na Feinn og òl,
 An la sin gu 'm bitheamaid muigh, 'g oillt air Chairbar 'na liath-theach.

Chuir sinn sin Cath Ghabhra, 'us chuir gu fuathach, fuileach, feargach,
Thuit an Fheinn bonn ri bonn, 'us feara uasal Eirinn.

Deich fichead agus fichead ceud, sgeul fìor, nì abrain breug,
Gun robh sinte an la sin, air a mhagh gun anamain,
Dha uiread eile 'us sin bha ann, aig rìgh Eirinn, sgeul bu mho,
Gun robh sinte air an taobh eile, de uaislibh Eirinn airm-ghloin.

Chuir sinn ar teachdair saor, gu Fathacanain mac a Choin,
Rachad an teachdair o ar cinn, gu ard thulach Eirinn.

Ciod e sin a phlòdh a bhuail oirbh, ars' an rìgh le meud a thoirm,
Is e mheud 's a bha annaibhse d'an uabhar, sin a mhill na fir eile.

Ach innis duinn Oisiain fheile, 'n uair chuir thu gach iorghuill treun,
An d'fhuair thu do mhac anns a chath, no an d'rug air 'ard labhradh.

Thainig mi an deigh cur an àir, os cionn mo mhic Osgair àigh,
Gun d'fhuair mise a sgiath ri làr, 's 's a lann 'n a dheas laimh ;

Chuir mi bonn mo shleagh ri làr, 'us rinn mi os a chionn tàmh,
Phadruig, smuainich mise an sin, ciod a dheanainn ri mo shaoghal ;
Gum b'e freagairt mo mhicse féin, 'n uair bha e an deireadh anamain,
"Fo ris na duilibh, thusa a bhi lathair, athar."

Ach nìor their mise a ghò, freagairt cha robh agam dhò,
Ach an d' thainig Caoilte cain, thugamsa dh' fheuchainn Osgair.

'N uair dh' fheuch Caoilte gach cneadh air chòir, fhuair e gach aon nì o
dhòigh,

Fhuair e 'chorp creuchdach, glan, air a sgaradh le geur shleaghan ;
Sleagh chrithinn a Chairbair ruaidh, an innibh Osgair, mo thruaighe !

Bha lamh Chaoilte gu uileann deas, ann an àite na sleagha,
Leud na coise bhàn air 'fholt, cha robh sin slàn 'n a chorp,

Ach an ruigeadh e 'bhonn làr, ach 'eudan 'n a h-aonar.

Mar bhuinne aimline bha a shnuagh, no sruth reothairt bha ro luath,
Gun robh e 'cuir 'fhola dheth, 'am blaghaibh a luirich.

Thog sinn an t-Osgar suas, chunnacas tochdair mu 'r coinnimh,
Fionn mac Cumhail is e treunmhor, 'us e 'g imeachd feadh an t-sloigh,

Ag iarraidh mo chorpas 's a chath, 'us corp Osgair an aird fhilatha,
Corp Chaoilte nach tinn, deagh mhic a pheathair ionmhuinn.

Chunnaic sinn nis Fionn, 'us e 'g imeachd feadh an t-sloigh,

Thog sinn ar sleagha os ar cionn, 'us ruith sinn uile 'n a chomhdhail.

Bheannaich sinn an sin do Fhionn, 'us cha d'fheagair esan sinn,
Ach ruith gu tulach nan treun, far am bith Osgar nan arm geur.

'N uair chunnaic an t-Osgar Fionn, 'us e tamuil os a chionn,

Thog e air an aghaidh aluinn, 'us bheannaich e d'a sheanair,

Beagan bu mhiosa thu na sin, an la Chab-an-eudainn,

Chitheadh na neol troimh do shlios, 'us dh'fheudar do leigheas,

Rachad na coirean air luathainn, troimh do cholaimn chraobh uallaich,
D'fhuaigheal dl' iarr thu le goid, nach d'rinnacas air laoch romhad.

Mo leigheas cha-n 'eil aig fàil, noch-a-n fhaighear e gu bràth,
 Tuilleadh cha-n 'eil agaibh do 'm thoirbheirt, ach an t-sreangsa do 'm ard
 labhradh,

Sleadh Charbair chràdh mo chridhe 's gur i sgar mi o mo chairdibh,
 Chuir e sleadh nan naoi slinn, eadar m'imleag 'us m'airnean,
 Mo thruaighe sin ! Osgair fhéile, 's a dheagh mhic mo mhicse féin,
 Bha sgaradh na sleagh o do dhruim, 'n am togail cìs o shliochd mhòr
 Chuinn,

D'eisdeachd ri briathraibh Fhinn, an ainm an Osgair dhuinn,
 Shin e uaith a dha laimh, 'us dhùn e an rosg bha ro mhall.
 Thionndadh Fionn ruinn a chùl, 'us shìl a dheura gu dlù ;
 An taobh muigh de Osgar 'us de Bhran, gun chaoineadh air neach bh'air
 thalamh.

Cha chaoineadh duine a mhac féin, 's cha chaoineadh e brathair 'n a
 dhèigh,

Bha sinn mar sin uile, 's gach neach a caoineadh Osgair.
 A mhain ach mi féin 'us Fionn, cha robh aon neach os a chionn,
 Nach tug tri glaothan mu'n uaigh, chuir clos air Eirinn ri aon uair.
 D'eisdeachd ri beucaich nam fear, 'us sgreadail nan comh-mhilidh,
 Ri faicinn an oig-fhir threin, 'us e 'n a luidh 'n a bhaoth-neul,
 Ge b'e rìgh thigeadh an sin, gheibheadh e foide gun aoidh,
 Gun fhuathach, gun umhladh, gun dail, gun achumhasan, gun iomadan.
 O'n la chuir mi cath Ghabhra, gu dearbh mi gun trom labhradh,
 'Us oidheche cha robh mi no lo, gun osnadh bha gu lionmhor.

T. M.L.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

(*Introduction*, p. xv.)

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN IRISH AND SCOTCH GAELIC.

DR. O'DONOVAN, in his Irish Grammar, gives a statement of these differences, which is somewhat meagre. He appears, however, to have had little knowledge of Scotch Gaelic, except what he gathered from Stewart's Grammar; and this statement of the differences between the two dialects is taken almost *verbatim* from a prior statement of them by P. M'Eligott, in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, published in 1808, p. 15.

Dr. O'Donovan, in his account of grammars previously published, gives Stewart very just praise for the excellence of his Grammar; but throughout his own work he never loses an opportunity of carping at him, and is especially indignant at him for daring to state that the Scotch Gaelic wants the present tense of the verb, and very disingenuously quotes Shaw's Grammar as a superior authority. He likewise attacks Stewart for not producing ancient MSS. to prove it, and for not seeing that the present tense is used by Bishop Carsewell, in 1564. Stewart, however, was not undertaking a grammar of the *ancient* Scotch Gaelic, but of the dialect *then* spoken by the people; and most unquestionably, in the spoken dialect of Stewart's time, the present tense was not used. Dr. O'Donovan denies this fact, and even charges Stewart with dishonesty. His theory is, "that Stewart was induced to reject this tense, in order to establish a striking point of resemblance between the Erse and the Hebrew, which the Irish, supposed to be the mother tongue, had not,"—a most unworthy insinuation, and most unphilosophical, for O'Donovan ought to have known that the changes

which take place in the structure of spoken languages proceed from organic laws which cannot be influenced or directed by grammarians. The will of any single man is powerless to alter the minutest particle in the language; and the fact that the inflected present tense is not used in Scotch Gaelic, is evident to any one acquainted with the language, or who has come in contact with those who speak it.

Dr. O'Donovan also finds fault with Stewart for expressing an opinion that, "as the Erse dialect has not the inflections in the termination of its verbs, which characterize the Irish, it is therefore more original than the Irish." This is, no doubt, an erroneous view; and O'Donovan correctly states "that the mode of inflection, by varying the termination, is more ancient than the use of particles;" but he might have recollected that the contrary opinion was very generally held when Stewart wrote; that the sounder principles of philology, in this respect, were not known or understood till after the publication of his Grammar; and that he could not, with any candour, impute it to him as a fault that he had not anticipated the conclusions of a science which had, so to speak, been created subsequently to his time. That the same peculiarities existed in the language in the last century, is proved by the fact that the Gaelic colonists in Canada, who have been separated from the mother country since that period, speak a form of Scotch Gaelic precisely similar to that now spoken in the Highlands, and possessing all those dialectic peculiarities which distinguish it from Irish. Although the present tense of the verb is usually expressed by the auxiliary, the Highlanders also use the future tense to express the present.

The leading differences between Irish and Scotch Gaelic may be stated generally as follows :—

SOUNDS OF THE LANGUAGE.

1. The initial consonants are not affected to the same extent as in Irish and Welsh; and in pure Scotch Gaelic the eclipsis is unknown, except in the case of the letter *S*.

The following table will show their relative position in this respect:—

TABLE SHOWING THE CHANGE IN THE INITIAL CONSONANT IN
WELSH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH GAELIC.

Initial Consonants.	WELSH.			IRISH.		SCOTCH GAELIC.	
	Eclipsis.	Aspiration.	Nasal.	Eclipsis.	Aspiration.	Eclipsis.	Aspiration.
P	B	Ph	Mh	B	Ph	Wanting.	Ph
C	G	Ch	Ngh	G	Ch		Ch
T	D	Th	Nh	D	Th		Th
B	M	Bh or F		M	Bh		Bh
G	NG	—		NG	Gh		Gh
D	N	Dd or Dh		N	Dh		Dh
Ll		L			L		L
M		Mh or F			Mh		Mh
Rh		R			R		R
F				Bh	Fh		Fh
S				T	Sh	T	Sh

2. In Irish, words beginning with *A* may take the digamma *F*, as *aill*, *faill*, a rock; *ata*, *fata*, a plain; *iolair*, *fiolair*, an eagle, etc. The digamma never appears in Scotch Gaelic.

3. The vowel sounds *O* and *U* in Irish, pass into *A* in Scotch Gaelic; as, *oir*, Ir., *air*, Sc. G.; *og*, Ir., *ag*, Sc. G.; *ugadh*, Ir., *achadh*, Sc. G.; *chuidh*, Ir., *chaidh*, Sc. G.

4. The vowel at the end of nouns in Irish, is dropped in Scotch Gaelic; as, *tigherna*, Ir., *tighearn*, Sc. G.

5. In the consonants the older form is often retained in Scotch Gaelic; thus, the initial *S* in Irish, is often *D* in Scotch Gaelic, which is the older form, as *suil*, Ir., *duil*, Sc. G.,—hope. *S* is sometimes changed to *P*, as *siuthar*, Ir., *piuthar*, Sc. G.,—sister.

6. The accentuation in Scotch Gaelic in dissyllables is on the first syllable; in Irish, on the last.

GRAMMAR.

1. *Article.*

The genitive plural before a labial is *nam*.

2. *Noun.*

The nominative plural frequently ends like Welsh and Manx in *an*; as, *Slatan*, rods; *Maithean*, chiefs.

3. *Verbs.*

The analytic form is alone used, there being no inflections for persons or numbers.

The Irish present is used as the future, and there is no present tense.¹

The past-participle is invariably *te* hard, and is not varied as in Irish.

There are no consuetudinary tenses.

4. *Adverb.*

The negative is *Cha*, instead of *Ni*, in Irish.

VOCABULARY.

There is a considerable difference in the vocabulary words being now used in Irish, which are unknown in Scotch Gaelic, and *vice versa*, and a comparison of the lists of idiomatic phrases in Irish or Scotch Gaelic shows a very great difference in the mode of expressing familiar phrases.²

¹ In the old form of the verb, in German, the present tense exercised likewise the function of the future.

² Since this note was written, the writer has learned with great regret of the death of Dr. O'Donovan, and hesitated whether these strictures on some opinions in his able Irish Grammar

ought to be retained, but justice to an equally able Scotch grammarian seemed to require them; and he may be allowed this opportunity of expressing his sincere admiration of the great learning and knowledge of that distinguished Irish scholar, and his sense of the loss which Celtic philology has sustained by his lamented death.

(*Introduction*, p. lxxxiv.)

The Welsh poem alluded to is contained in the Welsh *Archæology*, vol. i. p. 168. The text is, however, very corrupt. It has been translated by Mr. Stephen in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, new Series, vol. ii. p. 150, who did not, however, see its real character, and very strangely supposes it to refer to the actions of Cuichelm, one of the West Saxon kings, who died in 636, and whom he identifies with the Chocholyn of the poem, while of Corroi, son of Dairy, he can give no account.

The poem is in reality an Ossianic poem referring to the death of Curoi, son of Daire, by Cuchullin, the celebrated Fenian hero of Ulster.

Keating gives the following account of the death of Curoi :—
 “The heroes of the red branch united to plunder an island near Alban, called Manann, where there was a great quantity of gold, silver, jewels, and many other valuable articles, and a lovely marriageable young lady, who surpassed all the women of her time in exquisite figure and beauty, the daughter of the governor of the island, and her name was Blanaid. When Curigh was informed that the heroes were setting out on this expedition, he transformed himself by magic into a disguised shape, and joined the party ; but when they were on the point of plundering the island, disguised like jugglers, they judged that there would be great difficulty in taking the fortress in the island, in which were secured Blanaid and the valuable treasures of the whole island, on account of its strength and the number of men who defended it. Then Curigh, who was attired in a coarse grey habit, engaged, if he were to get his choice of the treasures, that he would himself take possession of the fort. Cuchullin promises this, and immediately they attacked the castle with the man in the grey habit at their head, who stopped the motion of an enchanted wheel that was placed at the castle gate, and let in all the troops, by whom the fortress was sacked, and Blanaid and all the treasure borne away. They then set out for Ireland, and arrived at Evan ; and on dividing the treasure, the man in the grey habit demands his choice of the jewels, as was promised

to him. 'You shall have it,' says Cuchullin. 'Well, then,' says he, 'Blanaid is the jewel I choose.' 'Take your choice of all the jewels except Blanaid alone,' replies Cuchullin. 'I will not exchange her,' says Curigh, and thereupon he seeks to carry her off by force; and having surprised her unperceived, took her away concealed under an enchanted mask. When Cuchullin perceived that the lady was missing, he suspected that it was Curigh that stole her off, and pursued them directly to Munster, and overtook them at Sulchoid. The champions engage, and a brave and well-fought contest ensues; but at length Cuchullin was overcome by Curigh, who tied him neck and heels, and left him shackled like a captive, after cutting off his hair with his sword, and then carried away Blanaid into the west of Munster. Then, however, came up Laogh mac Riain of Gabhra, and unbound Cuchullin, and they set out for the north of Ulster, where they resided near the peaks of Boirche for the space of a year, without appearing in the Council of Ulster, until Cuchullin's hair grew again; and at the expiration of the year, happening to be on the peaks of Boirche, he saw a great flight of birds coming on the sea to the north, and on their landing upon the shore, he pursues them, and by a feat called *Taveim*, killed one of them with his sling in every district he passed through, until the last of them fell at Sruv Bron, in the west of Munster. On his return from the west, he found Blanaid in solitude near the Finglass, in Kerry, where Curigh had a palace at that time. A conversation ensued between them, in which she declared to him that there was not on the face of the earth a man she loved more, and entreated him to come near Allhallow-tide with an armed band, and carry her off with him by force; and that he might the more easily accomplish his design, she would take care that Curigh should, at that time, have but few soldiers or attendants. Cuchullin promises to come to her at the appointed time, and then takes his leave, and sets out for Ulster, and relates the adventure to Choncubar.

In the meantime Blanaid told Curigh that he ought to erect a palace for himself that should exceed all the royal palaces in the kingdom, and that he might do so by sending the Clanna

Deaguid to gather and collect all the large upright stones in the kingdom to form this palace. Blanaid's reason for this was, that the Clanna Deaguid might be dispersed in distant parts of Ireland, far from Curigh, at the time that Cuchullin should come to carry her off. Cuchullin, being informed that the Clanna Deaguid were scattered over the kingdom, sets out privately, and soon arrived at a wood near the seat of Curigh, and sends secretly to inform Blanaid of his arrival with a large body of troops along with him. She sends him word that she would steal Curigh's sword; and then, as a sign of attack, that she would spill a large vessel of new milk that was in the house into the rivulet which flowed from the castle through the wood where Cuchullin was concealed. Having heard this, in a short time he perceived the stream white with the milk, when, sallying out, they forced into the palace, and slew Curigh, who was alone and unarmed, and took Blanaid away with them to Ulster."

WELSH POEM.

MARWNAD CORROI MAB DAIRY.

Dy ffynhawn lydan dyleinw aches
 Dyddaw dyhepeyr dybris dybrys
 Marwnad Corroy am Cyffroes.

Ordyviwr garw ei anwydeu
 A oedd mwy ei ddrwg nis mawr gogleu
 Mab Dairy dalei lyw ar for deheu
 Dathl oedd ei glod cyn noi adneu.

Dy ffynhawn lydan deleinw nonneu
 Dyddaw dyhepeyr dybrys dybreu
 Marwnad Corroy genhyf inheu.

Dy ffynhawn lydan dyleinw dyllyr
 Dy saeth dychyrch draetb diwg dybyr
 Gwr a werescyn mawr ei faranrhes.

(Line wanting.)

A wedy mynaw myned trefydd
 A ant wy ffres fira wynonydd
 Tra fu vuddugre vore ddugrawr
 Chwedleu amgwyddir o wir hyd law
 Cyfranc Corroy a Chocholyn.

Lliaws eu terfysg am eu terfyn
 Tarddei pen amwern gwerin goadd fwyn
 Caer y su gulwydd ni gwydd ni gryn
 Gwyn ai fyd yr enaid ui harobryn.

TRANSLATION.

THE DEATH-SONG OF CORROY, SON OF DAIRY.

I.

Thy large fountain fills the river,
 Thy coming will make thy value of little worth,
 The death-song of Corroy agitates me.

II.

If the warrior will come, rough his temper.
 And his evil was greater than its renown was great,
 To seize the son of Dairy, lord of the Southern Sea.
 Celebrated was his praise before she was intrusted to him.

III.

Thy large fountain fills the stream.
 Thy coming will cause saddling without haste.
 The death-song of Corroi is with me now.

IV.

Thy large fountain fills the deep ;
 Thy arrows traverse the strand, not frowning or depressed.
 The warrior conquers, great his rank of soldiers,
 (Line wanting.)

And after penetrating, enters the towns,
 And . . . the pure stream was promptly whitened.
 Whilst the victorious one in the morning heaps carnage,
 Tales will be known to me from the sky to earth,
 Of the encounter of Corroi and Chocholyn.
 Numerous their tumults about their borders,
 Springs the chief o'er the surrounding mead of the somewhat
 gentle wood.
 A city there was, love—diffusing, not paling, not trembling.
 Happy is he whose soul is rewarded.

The allusions in this poem are to Cuchullin's expedition to attack Curroi, to Blanaid's giving the signal by filling the stream with milk from a large vessel, and to the encounter between Curroi and Cuchullin, in which the former fell.

It may not be out of place to insert here a few stanzas of an old Manx historical poem, written between 1504 and 1522, to show the relation of the Manx orthography to the Welsh and to that of the Dean of the same age.

I.

Dy neaishtagh shin aghrish my skeayll
As dy ving lhielu ayns my chant
Myr share dy voddym's lesh my veel,
Yinnin diu geill da 'n Ellan Sheeant.

II.

Quoi yn chield er ec row rieau ee
Ny kys eisht myr haghyn da
Ny kys hug Parick ayns Creestiaght
Ny kys myr haink ee gys Stanlaa.

III.

Manannan beg va Mac y Leirr,
Shen yn chield er ec row rieau ee,
Agh myr share oddym's cur my ner,
Cea row eh hene agh an chreestee.

TRANSLATION.

If you would listen to my story,
I will pronounce my chant
As best I can. I will with my mouth
Give you notice of the Holy Island;
Who he was that had it first,
And then what happened to him;
And how Patrick brought in Christianity,
And how it came to Stanley.
Manannan beg was son of Leirr,
He was the first that ever had it;
But as I can best conceive,
He himself was not a Christian.

Poems, p. 3.

This poem has a strong resemblance in its character and sentiment to the oldest poems in the Cymmrian dialect.

The oldest known poem in this dialect which has been preserved in its original orthography is a short poem of three stanzas, written in the Irish character in a parchment MS. at Cambridge, containing a paraphrase of the Gospels by Iuvencus, a Latin poet. The writing of this MS. is anterior to the year 700.

The poem is as follows :—

I.

Ni guorcosam nemheunaur henoid,
Mi telu nit gurmaur.
Mi am franc dam an calaur.

II.

Ni canu ni guardam ni cusam henoid,
Cet iben med nouel
Mi am franc dam an patel.

III.

Na mereit im nepleguenit henoid
Is diszur mi coueidid
Donn am riceur im guetid.

It is the song of a warrior mourning his fate and his solitude, and may be thus translated :—

Neither repose nor sleep for me this night,
My house is no longer great.
For me and my servant no caldron more,
No songs, no smiles, no kisses this night,
As when I drank the fortifying mead.
For me and my servant no goblet more,
No longer joy for me this night.
My supporter is discouraged ;
No one aids me in my distress.

The Irish character, in which this poem is written, is of the eighth century, and Villemarqué has remarked upon its resemblance in sentiment and character to a poem of Llywarch Hen, a Cumbrian bard of the sixth or seventh century, whose

poems are universally admitted to be genuine, the orthography of which is much more modern. The poem is in triplets, the first line also ending with "heno," and a single stanza or two will show the resemblance :—

Y stafel Kyndylan nis esmwyth-heno
Ar benn karec Hydwyth
Heb ner, Heb nifer, Heb ammwyth.
Istafel kyndylan ys tywyll—heno
Heb dan, Heb gerddau
Dygystudd deurudd dagrau.

The following are a few of the verses :—

The hall of Kyndylan is not joyous this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,
Without its lord, without company, without feasts.
The hall of Kyndylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without songs,
Tears afflict the cheeks.

The poem, attributed to Ossian in the Dean's MS., is of the same character :—

Long are the clouds this night above me ;
The last was a long night to me.
This day, although I find it long,
Yesterday was longer still.

:

Long are the clouds this night above me.
No rising up to noble feats ;
No mirthful sport as we would wish,
No swimming heroes on our lakes.
Long are the clouds this night above me, etc.

Poem, p. 4.

This is a well-known poem, termed *Sliabh nam ban Fionn*. A copy almost identic with this is published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin in their sixth volume, and a comparison of the first stanza with that of the Dean will show the relation the orthography of it bears to his :—

DEAN.

La zay deacha finn mo rayth
 Di helg'er sleyve ny ban finn
 Tri meillith wathyon ny wayn
 Ne zeaath skaow vass in ginn.

IRISH.

La da n-deachaidh Fionn na bhfiann
 Do sheilg ar shliabh na m-ban fionn
 Tri mhile do mhaithibh na bhfiann
 Sul n-deachaidh grian os ar g-cionn.

It will be observed that the Irish eclipsis is only partially recognised by the Dean.

There is a copy of this poem in Kennedy's Collection, p. 29.

The number of verses is the same, but some variation occurs in the reading of several of them.

Dr. Smith remarks, in the Highland Society's Report, that an edition of this poem, under the title of *La mor Seilg na Feinne*, occurs in the oral recitations communicated by the Rev. Francis Stewart of Craignish, and another was written from memory by Archibald M'Callum.

Poem, p. 20.

The King of Sorcha is here opposed to the daughter of the King of the Tir fo thuinn, or land beneath the waves; and in this respect it resembles the Welsh poems, where the King of Annwn and his daughter play so great a part.

Sorcha is light, in opposition to Dorecha, dark; and there seems to be a poetic contrast between the kingdom of light and the kingdom under the waves.

Historically the land under the waves was the low-lying coast of Holland and Germany, extending from the Rhine to the Elbe.

Dr. Smith remarks that this poem differs little from Kennedy's and other oral editions in the possession of the Society.

Poem, p. 26.

There is an edition of this poem in one of M'Vurich's mss. in the collection deposited in the Faculty Library. The lan-

guage is more Irish than the Dean's. The first verse may be given for the purpose of comparison:—

DEAN.

Sai la guss in dei
Oy nach vaga mai finn
Chanaka rem rai
Sai boo yar lym.

M'VURICH.

Se la gus an de
Nach faca me fionn
Ni fhaca re mo re
Se budh faide leam.

It will be observed that the Dean uses the Scotch negative *Cha*, while M'Vurich has the Irish *Ní*.

Poem, p. 30.

Dr. Smith states that this poem corresponds in a great measure with one taken down from oral recitation in Sutherland and another in Isla.

Poems, p. 35 and p. 48.

This poem is one of the editions of the Cath Gabhra, and, along with the poem by Feargus Filidh on the same subject, forms part of the long poem called Cath Gabhra, printed by the Ossianic Society of Dublin in their first volume.

In this poem it is said—

Eastward we sent ambassadors,
To Fatha of Conn's great son,
Or more literally—
To Fatha, son of Maccon.

The expression east or eastward always refers to Alba or Scotland, in contradistinction to west, which was Sire, and the allusion here is to one of the mythic colonies from Ireland to Scotland.

In addition to the historic colony of Dalriada in the sixth century, the Irish historians record four colonies in pre-historic times.

These were—

1. Dalriads under Cairbre Riada, in the third century.
2. The Clanna Breogan, under the Fathads, sons of Lugad Mac Con, King of Ireland, in the third century, from whom the Campbells are said to be descended.
3. Eremonians, under Colla Uais, King of Ireland, in the fourth century, from whom the M'Donalds are said to be descended.
4. Eberians, under Cairbre Cruithnechan and Maine Leamhna, sons of Corc mac Lughadh, in the fourth century, from whom the Maormers of Marr and Lennox are said to be descended.

The second of these colonies, under Fatha Canann, is here connected with the legends of the Feinne.

Dr. Smith states that this poem agrees, with some variation in words and arrangement, with one transmitted by Mr. Maclagan from oral recital.

The poem on the battle of Gabhra, attributed to Fergus, is obviously the older piece, and some of the stanzas are the same with those in the Irish poems. It also refers to the Feinne of Britain and of Lochlan.

There is an edition of this poem in Kennedy's Collection, p. 148 ; and another, taken down from recitation, was communicated to the Highland Society by Mr. Malcolm M'Donald.

The first stanza of this poem, with the corresponding stanza in the Irish poem, is given for the purpose of comparison :—

DEAN.

Innis donn a carris
 Ille feynni errin
 Kynis tarle zevin
 In gath zawrych ni beymin.

IRISH.

Innis duinn a Oisin
 Re h'anam Fhianna Eirionn
 Cia agaibh ba threise
 I g-cath Gabhra na m-beimionn.

It will be again observed that the eclipsis is only partially recognised. The Dean seems rarely to employ it in the genitive plural, where it is rigorously demanded by the rules of Irish grammar.

Poem, p. 50.

Dr. Smith remarks that this poem agrees very much with one got from Isla by recitation, and communicated to the Society by Robert Campbell, Esq., Advocate.

Poem, p. 54.

Dr. Smith states that this poem, on the death of Fraoch, differs very little from Mr. Jerome Stone's edition, and still less from Mr. Gillies' Collection, page 107.

Poem, p. 58.

Dr. Smith remarks that this poem nearly agrees with one in Kennedy's Collection, p. 69. Some of the names are different, and the stanzas not all in the same order.

The same poem appears, with a few lines more or less, and a slight variation of words and arrangement, in one of the MSS. deposited in the Faculty Library; and two editions were communicated to the Highland Society taken down from oral recitation, one from an old man in Isla, the other from Donald M'Callum in Kilcalmonell, in Kintyre.

Poem, p. 72.

The idea which forms the subject of this poem is common to the Gael and the Welsh.

Poem by Gilchrist Taylor, p. 93.

This poem certainly refers to the taking of the murderers of James I., by Robert Reoch Duncanson of Strowan, and John Gorme Stewart of Garth. Robert Reoch bears on his seal two greyhounds, and on 15th August 1451 received a charter from James II. of the barony of Strowan "pro zelo, favore et amore quos gerimus erga dictum Robertum Duncanson pro captione iniquissimi proditoris quondam Roberti de Graham."

John Gorme Stewart receives in the Exchequer Rolls a payment “pro arrestatione Roberti Grahame traditoris et suorum complicitium.”

Poem by John of Knoydart, p. 99.

In the Annals of Ulster there is the following notice of the murder of Angus Og, son of John, Lord of the Isles :—

Aois Criost 1490, Mac mic Domnaill na h-Alpan, .i. Aengus, .i. nec da n-gairti an Tigerna Aacc do marbad a fill le ferted Erennac, .i. Diarmidh h-ua Cairpri, 7 a n-Inhernis do marbad h-e. That is,—Year of Christ 1490, Angus, son of Macdonald of Scotland, who was called the young Lord, was murdered by his Irish harper, Dermid O’Cairbre, and at Inverness he was slain.

The Annals of Ulster are cotemporary authority for the event.

Poem by Finlay M’Nab, p. 125.

The Dougall, son of John, who is here reproached as a slug-gard, and exhorted to write in the Book of Poems, was no doubt the Dean’s father, Dougall Johnson. It would appear from this that the taste for collecting Gaelic poetry was a family quality.

The genealogical poems relating to the M’Gregors, M’Dougalls, and M’Donalds, are curious, but it would be out of place to enter here upon the family history of these clans.

W. F. S.

I N D E X.

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ENGLISH.

- Page 3, line 10, *for* "No crushing bones," *read* "No giving gold."
 ,, 5, ,, 18, *for* "Coat of mail of brightest steel," *read* "a javelin of bright sharp point."
 ,, 10, ,, 2, *for* "to whom," etc., *read* "whose breast was of the purest white."
 ,, 12, ,, 27, *for* "There never was," etc., *read* "The end of our days we had not reached."
 ,, 16, ,, 14, *for* "Deach Fichid's son," *read* "The thirty sons."
 ,, 17, ,, 7, *for* "is ours," *read* "I may read."
 ,, 18, ,, 11, *for* "Though little room," etc., *read* "Though little the humming fly, not even a sunbeam."
 ,, 21, ,, 3, *for* "Come," etc., *read* "She came to," etc.
 ,, 26, ,, 4, *for* "A braver man," *read* "a longer week."
 ,, 26, ,, 7, *for* "fortune," *read* "patron."
 ,, 26, ,, 18, *for* "Despised," etc., *read* "A rider bold."
 ,, 58, n. *delete* "or the betrothed."
 ,, 59, ,, 4, *for* "Said," *read* "Erc."
 ,, 104, ,, 5, *for* "A crown," etc., *read* "a sickle without a crop."

GAELIC.

- Page 3, line 13, *for* "gun phronnadh cnaimh," *read* "gun bhronnadh credh."
 ,, 7, ,, 34, *for* "dhiubh a breith a gheill," *read* "fa 'n braigh a ghile."
 ,, 13, ,, 17, *for* "is leinn," *read* "a leughainn."
 ,, 18, ,, 5, *for* "zar," *read* "zad."
 ,, 19, ,, 5, *for* "saoi bu gheire," *read* "sé a b' fhaide."
 ,, 19, ,, 7, *for* "M'eud," *read* "M' oide."
 ,, 19, ,, 9, *for* "mairg," *read* "marcaich."
 ,, 25, ,, 32, *for* "fáth," *read* "Fatha;" *for* "Cuinn," *read* "Con."
 ,, 25, ,, 35, *for* "oir," *read* "oirbh;" *for* "a," *read* "ars'."
 ,, 41, ,, 18, *for* "ars," *read* "Erc."
 ,, 57, ,, 18, *for* "Cao," *read* "Caol."
 ,, 59, ,, 19, *for* "Faicibh," *read* "faicinn."
 ,, 79, ,, 3, *for* "Coroin," *read* "corran."

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